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THE COURTING OF SISTER WISBY.

ALL the morning there had been an increasing temptation to take an outdoor holiday, and early in the afternoon the temptation outgrew my power of resistance. A far-away pasture on the long southwestern slope of a high hill was persistently present to my mind, yet there seemed to be no particular reason why I should think of it. I was not sure that I wanted anything from the pasture, and there was no sign, except the temptation, that the pasture wanted anything of me. But I was on the farther side of as many as three fences before I stopped to think again where I was going, and why.

There is no use in trying to tell another person about that afternoon unless he distinctly remembers weather exactly like it. No number of details concerning an Arctic ice-blockade will give a single shiver to a child of the tropics. This was one of those perfect New England days in late summer, when the spirit of autumn takes a first stealthy flight, like a spy, through the ripening country-side, and, with feigned sympathy for those who droop with August heat, puts her cool cloak of bracing air about leaf and flower and human shoulders. Every living thing grows suddenly cheerful and strong; it is only when you catch sight of a horror-stricken little maple in swampy soil, — a little maple that has second sight and foreknowledge of coming disaster to her race, — only then does a distrust of autumn's friendliness dim your joyful satisfaction.

In midwinter there is always a day when one has the first foretaste of spring; in late August there is a morning when the air is for the first time autumn like. Perhaps it is a hint to the squirrels to get in their first supplies for the winter hoards, or a reminder that summer will soon end, and everybody had better make the most of it. We are always looking forward to the passing and ending of winter, but when summer is here it seems as if summer must always last. As I went across the fields that day, I found myself half lamenting that the world must fade again, even that the best of her budding and bloom was only a preparation for another spring-time, for an awakening beyond the coming winter's sleep.

The sun was slightly veiled; there was a chattering group of birds, which had gathered for a conference about their early migration. Yet, oddly enough, I heard the voice of a belated bobolink, and presently saw him rise from the grass and hover leisurely, while he sang a brief tune. He was much behind time if he were still a housekeeper; but as for the other birds, who listened, they cared only for their own notes. An old crow went sagging by, and gave a croak at his despised neighbor, just as a black reviewer croaked at Keats: so hard it is to be just to one's contemporaries. The bobolink was indeed singing out of season, and it was impossible to say whether he really belonged most to this

summer or to the next. He might have been delayed on his northward journey; at any rate, he had a light heart now, to judge from his song, and I wished that I could ask him a few questions, — how he liked being the last man among the bobolinks, and where he had taken singing lessons in the South.

Presently I left the lower fields, and took a path that led higher, where I could look beyond the village to the northern country mountainward. Here the sweet fern grew, thick and fragrant, and I also found myself heedlessly treading on pennyroyal. Near by, in a field corner, I long ago made a most comfortable seat by putting a stray piece of board and bit of rail across the angle of the fences. I have spent many a delightful hour there, in the shade and shelter of a young pitch-pine and a wild-cherry tree, with a lovely outlook toward the village, just far enough away beyond the green slopes and tall elms of the lower meadows. But that day I still had the feeling of being outward bound, and did not turn aside nor linger. The high pasture land grew more and more enticing.

I stopped to pick some blackberries that twinkled at me like beads among their dry vines, and two or three yellow-birds fluttered up from the leaves of a thistle, and then came back again, as if they had complacently discovered that I was only an overgrown yellow-bird, in strange disguise but perfectly harmless. They made me feel as if I were an intruder, though they did not offer to peck at me, and we parted company very soon. It was good to stand at last on the great shoulder of the hill. The wind was coming in from the sea, there was a fine fragrance from the pines, and the air grew sweeter every moment. I took new pleasure in the thought that in a piece of wild pasture land like this one may get closest to Nature, and subsist upon what she gives of her own free will. There have been no drudging, heavy-

shod ploughmen to overturn the soil, and vex it into yielding artificial crops. Here one has to take just what Nature is pleased to give, whether one is a yellow-bird or a human being. It is very good entertainment for a summer wayfarer, and I am asking my reader now to share the winter provision which I harvested that day. Let us hope that the small birds are also faring well after their fashion, but I give them an anxious thought while the snow goes hurrying in long waves across the buried fields, this windy winter night.

I next went farther down the hill, and got a drink of fresh cool water from the brook, and pulled a tender sheaf of sweet flag beside it. The mossy old fence just beyond was the last barrier between me and the pasture which had sent an invisible messenger earlier in the day, but I saw that somebody else had come first to the rendezvous: there was a brown gingham cape-bonnet and a sprigged shoulder-shawl bobbing up and down, a little way off among the junipers. I had taken such uncommon pleasure in being alone that I instantly felt a sense of disappointment; then a warm glow of pleasant satisfaction rebuked my selfishness. This could be no one but dear old Mrs. Goodsoe, the friend of my childhood and fond dependence of my maturer years. I had not seen her for many weeks, but here she was, out on one of her famous campaigns for herbs, or perhaps just returning from a blue-berrying expedition. I approached with care, so as not to startle the gingham bonnet; but she heard the rustle of the bushes against my dress, and looked up quickly, as she knelt, bending over the turf. In that position she was hardly taller than the luxuriant junipers themselves.

"I'm a-gittin' in my mulleins," she said briskly, "an' I've been thinking o' you these twenty times since I come out o' the house. I begun to believe you must ha' forgot me at last."

"I have been away from home," I explained. "Why don't you get in your pennyroyal too? There's a great plantation of it beyond the next fence but one."

"Pennyr'yal!" repeated the dear little old woman, with an air of compassion for inferior knowledge; "'tain't the right time, darlin'. Pennyr'yal's too rank now. But for mulleins this day is prime. I've got a dreadful graspin' fit for 'em this year; seems if I must be goin' to need 'em extry. I feel like the squirrels must when they know a hard winter's comin'." And Mrs. Goodsoe bent over her work again, while I stood by and watched her carefully cut the best full-grown leaves with a clumsy pair of scissors, which might have served through at least half a century of herb-gathering. They were fastened to her apron-strings by a long piece of list.

"I'm going to take my jack-knife and help you," I suggested, with some fear of refusal. "I just passed a flourishing family of six or seven heads that must have been growing on purpose for you."

"Now be keerful, dear heart," was the anxious response; "choose 'em well. There's odds in mulleins same's there is in angels. Take a plant that's all run up to stalk, and there ain't but little goodness in the leaves. This one I'm at now must ha' been stepped on by some creatur' and blighted of its bloom, and the leaves is han'some! When I was small I used to have a notion that Adam an' Eve must a took mulleins fer their winter wear. Ain't they just like flannel, for all the world? I've had experience, and I know there's plenty of sickness might be saved to folks if they'd quit horse-radish and such fiery, exasperating things, and use mullein drarves in proper season. Now I shall spread these an' dry 'em nice on my spare floor in the garrit, an' come to steam 'em for use along in the winter there'll be the vally of the whole summer's goodness in 'em,

sartin." And she snipped away with the dull scissors, while I listened respectfully, and took great pains to have my part of the harvest present a good appearance.

"This is most too dry a head," she added presently, a little out of breath. "There! I can tell you there's win'trows o' young doctors, bilin' over with book-larnin', that is truly ignorant of what to do for the sick, or how to p'int out those paths that well people foller toward sickness. Book-fools I call 'em, them young men, an' some on 'em never 'll live to know much better, if they git to be Methuselahs. In my time every middle-aged woman, who had brought up a family, had some proper ideas o' dealin' with complaints. I won't say but there was some fools amongst *them*, but I'd rather take my chances, unless they'd forsook herbs and gone to dealin' with patent stuff. Now my mother really did sense the use of herbs and roots. I never see anybody that come up to her. She was a meek-looking woman, but very understandin', mother was."

"Then that's where you learned so much yourself, Mrs. Goodsoe," I ventured to say.

"Bless your heart, I don't hold a candle to her; 'tis but little I can recall of what she used to say. No, her l'arnin' died with her," said my friend, in a self-depreciating tone. "Why, there was as many as twenty kinds of roots alone that she used to keep by her, that I forget the use of; an' I'm sure I should n't know where to find the most of 'em, any way. There was an herb — *airb*, she called it — "an herb called masterwort, that she used to get way from Pennsylvany; and she used to think everything of noble-liverwort, but I never could seem to get the right effects from it as she could. Though I don't know as she ever really did use masterwort where somethin' else would n't a served. She had a cousin married out in Pennsylvany that used to take pains to get it to

her every year or two, and so she felt 't was important to have it. Some set more by such things as come from a distance, but I rec'lect mother always used to maintain that folks was meant to be doctored with the stuff that grew right about 'em; 't was sufficient, an' so ordered. That was before the whole population took to livin' on wheels, the way they do now. 'T was never my idee that we was meant to know what's goin' on all over the world to once. There's goin' to be some sort of a set-back one o' these days, with these telegraphs an' things, an' letters comin' every hand's turn, and folks leavin' their proper work to answer 'em. I may not live to see it. 'T was allowed to be difficult for folks to git about in old times, or to git word across the country, and they stood in their lot an' place, and were n't all just alike, either, same as pine-spills."

We were kneeling side by side now, as if in penitence for the march of progress, but we laughed as we turned to look at each other.

"Do you think it did much good when everybody brewed a cracked quart mug of herb-tea?" I asked, walking away on my knees to a new mullein.

"I've always lifted my voice against the practice, far's I could," declared Mrs. Goodsoe; "an' I won't deal out none o' the herbs I save for no such nonsense. There was three houses along our road,—I call no names,—where you could n't go into the livin' room without findin' a mess o' herb-tea drorin' on the stove or side o' the fireplace, winter or summer, sick or well. One was thoroughwut, one would be camomile, and the other, like as not, yellow dock; but they all used to put in a little new rum to git out the goodness, or keep it from spilin'." (Mrs. Goodsoe favored me with a knowing smile.) "Land, how mother used to laugh! But, poor creaturs, they had to work hard, and I guess it never done 'em a mite o' harm; they was all good herbs. I wish you could hear the

quawkin' there used to be when they was indulged with a real case o' sickness. Everybody would collect from far an' near; you'd see 'em coming along the road and across the pastures then; everybody clamorin' that nothin' would n't do no kind o' good but her choice o' teas or drarves to the feet. I wonder there was a babe lived to grow up in the whole lower part o' the town; an' if nothin' else 'peared to ail 'em, word was passed about that 't was likely Mis' So-and-So's last young one was goin' to be foolish. Land, how they'd gather! I know one day the doctor come to Widder Peck's, and the house was crammed so 't he could scarcely git inside the door; and he says, just as polite, 'Do send for some of the neighbors!' as if there wa'n't a soul to turn to, right or left. You'd ought to seen 'em begin to scatter."

"But don't you think the cars and telegraphs have given people more to interest them, Mrs. Goodsoe? Don't you believe people's lives were narrower then, and more taken up with little things?" I asked, unwisely, being a product of modern times.

"Not one mite, dear," said my companion stoutly. "There was as big thoughts then as there is now; these times was born o' them. The difference is in folks themselves; but now, instead o' doin' their own housekeepin' and watchin' their own neighbors,—though that was carried to excess,—they git word that a niece's child is aillin' the other side o' Massachusetts, and they drop everything and git on their best clothes, and off they jiggit in the cars. 'T is a bad sign when folks wears out their best clothes faster'n they do their every-day ones. The other side o' Massachusetts has got to look after itself by rights. An' besides that, Sunday-keepin's all gone out o' fashion. Some lays it to one thing an' some another, but some o' them old ministers that folks are all a-sighin' for did preach a lot o' stuff

that wa'n't nothin' but chaff; 't wa'n't the word o' God out o' either Old Testament or New. But everybody went to meetin' and heard it, and come home, and was set to fightin' with their next-door neighbor over it. Now I'm a believer, and I try to live a Christian life, but I'd as soon hear a surveyor's book read out, figgers an' all, as try to get any simple truth out o' most sermons. It's them as is most to blame."

"What was the matter that day at Widow Peck's?" I hastened to ask, for I knew by experience that the good, patient, clear-minded soul beside me was apt to grow unduly vexed and distressed when she contemplated the state of religious teaching.

"Why, there wa'n't nothin' the matter, only a gal o' Miss Peck's had met with a dis'pintment and gone into screechin' fits. 'T was a rovin' creatur' that had come along hayin' time, and he'd gone off an' forsook her betwixt two days; nobody ever knew what become of him. Them Pecks was 'Good Lord, anybody!' kind o' gals, and took up with whoever they could get. One of 'em married Heron, the Irishman; they lived in that little house that was burnt this summer, over on the edge o' the plains. He was a good-hearted creatur', with a laughin' eye and a clever word for everybody. He was the first Irishman that ever come this way, and we was all for gettin' a look at him, when he first used to go by. Mother's folks was what they call Scotch-Irish, though; there was an old race of 'em settled about here. They could foretell events, some on 'em, and had the second sight. I know folks used to say mother's grandmother had them gifts, but mother was never free to speak about it to us. She remembered her well, too."

"I suppose that you mean old Jim Heron, who was such a famous fiddler?" I asked with great interest, for I am always delighted to know more about that

rustic hero, parochial Orpheus that he must have been!

"Now, dear heart, I suppose you don't remember him, do you?" replied Mrs. Goodsoe earnestly. "Fiddle! He'd about break your heart with them tunes of his, or else set your heels flying up the floor in a jig, though you was minister o' the First Parish and all wound up for a funeral prayer. I tell ye there ain't no tunes sounds like them used to. It used to seem to me summer nights, when I was comin' along the plains road, and he set by the window playin', as if there was a bewitched human creatur' in that old red fiddle o' his. He could make it sound just like a woman's voice tellin' somethin' over and over, as if folks could help her out o' her sorrows if she could only make 'em understand. I've set by the stone-wall and cried as if my heart was broke, and dear knows it wa'n't in them days. How he would twirl off them jigs and dance tunes! He used to make somethin' han'some out of 'em in fall an' winter, playin' at huskins and dancin' parties; but he was unstidby by spells, as he got along in years, and never knew what it was to be forehanded. Everybody felt bad when he died; you could n't help likin' the creatur'. He'd got the gift, — that's all you could say about it.

"There was a Mis' Jerry Foss, that lived over by the brook bridge, on the plains road, that had lost her husband early, and was left with three child'n. She set the world by 'em, and was a real pleasant, ambitious little woman, and was workin' on as best she could with that little farm, when there come a rage o' scarlet fever, and her boy and two girls was swept off and laid dead within the same week. Every one o' the neighbors did what they could, but she'd had no sleep since they was taken sick, and after the funeral she set there just like a piece o' marble, and would only shake her head when you spoke to her. They all thought her reason would go; and

't would certain, if she could n't have shed tears. An' one o' the neighbors — 't was like mother's sense, but it might have been somebody else — spoke o' Jim Heron. Mother an' one or two o' the women that knew her best was in the house with her. 'T was right in the edge o' the woods, and some of us younger ones was over by the wall on the other side of the road, where there was a couple of old willows, — I remember just how the brook damp felt; and we kept quiet's we could, and some other folks come along down the road, and stood waitin' on the little bridge, hopin' somebody 'd come out, I suppose, and they 'd git news. Everybody was wrought up, and felt a good deal for her, you know. By an' by Jim Heron come stealin' right out o' the shadows an' set down on the doorstep, an' 't was a good while before we heard a sound; then, oh, dear me! 't was what the whole neighborhood felt for that mother all spoke in the notes, an' they told me afterwards that Mis' Foss's face changed in a minute, and she come right over an' got into my mother's lap, — she was a little woman, — an' laid her head down, and then she cried herself into a blessed sleep. After awhile one o' the other women stole out an' told the folks, and we all went home. He only played that one tune.

"But there!" resumed Mrs. Goodsoe after a silence, during which my eyes were filled with tears. "His wife always complained that the fiddle made her nervous. She never 'peared to think nothin' o' poor Heron after she 'd once got him."

"That's often the way," said I, with harsh cynicism, though I had no guilty person in my mind at the moment; and we went straying off, not very far apart, up through the pasture. Mrs. Goodsoe cautioned me that we must not get so far off that we could not get back the same day. The sunshine began to feel very hot on our backs, and we both turned toward the shade. We had already col-

lected a large bundle of mullein leaves, which were carefully laid into a clean, calico apron, held together by the four corners, and proudly carried by me, though my companion regarded them with anxious eyes. We sat down together at the edge of the pine woods, and Mrs. Goodsoe proceeded to fan herself with her limp cape-bonnet.

"I declare, how hot it is! The east wind's all gone again," she said. "It felt so cool this forenoon that I overburdened myself with as thick a petticoat as any I've got. I'm despri't afeared of having a chill, now that I ain't so young as once. I hate to be housed up."

"It's only August, after all," I assured her unnecessarily, confirming my statement by taking two peaches out of my pocket, and laying them side by side on the brown pine needles between us.

"Dear sakes alive!" exclaimed the old lady, with evident pleasure. "Where did you get them, now? Does n't anything taste twice better out-o'-doors? I ain't had such a peach for years. Do le's keep the stones, an' I'll plant 'em; it only takes four year for a peach pit to come to bearing, an' I guess I'm good for four year, 'thout I meet with some accident."

I could not help agreeing, or taking a fond look at the thin little figure, and her wrinkled brown face and kind, twinkling eyes. She looked as if she had properly dried herself, by mistake, with some of her mullein leaves, and was likely to keep her goodness, and to last the longer in consequence. There never was a truer, simple-hearted soul made out of the old-fashioned country dust than Mrs. Goodsoe. I thought, as I looked away from her across the wide country, that nobody was left in any of the farm-houses so original, so full of rural wisdom and reminiscence, so really able and dependable, as she. And nobody had made better use of her time in a world foolish enough to sometimes undervalue medicinal herbs.

When we had eaten our peaches we still sat under the pines, and I was not without pride when I had poked about in the ground with a little twig, and displayed to my crony a long fine root, bright yellow to the eye, and a wholesome bitter to the taste.

"Yis, dear, goldthread," she assented indulgently. "Seems to me there's more of it than anything except grass an' hardhack. Good for canker, but no better than two or three other things I can call to mind; but I always lay in a good wisp of it, for old times' sake. Now, I want to know why you should a bit it, and took away all the taste o' your nice peach? I was just thinkin' what a han'some entertainment we've had. I've got so I 'sociate certain things with certain folks, and goldthread was somethin' Lizzy Wisby could n't keep house without, no ways whatever. I believe she took so much it kind o' puckered her disposition."

"Lizzy Wisby?" I repeated inquiringly.

"You knew her, if ever, by the name of Mis' Deacon Brimblecom," answered my friend, as if this were only a brief preface to further information, so I waited with respectful expectation. Mrs. Goodsoe had grown tired out in the sun, and a good story would be an excuse for sufficient rest. It was a most lovely place where we sat, half-way up the long hillside; for my part, I was perfectly contented and happy. "You've often heard of Deacon Brimblecom?" she asked, as if a great deal depended upon his being properly introduced.

"I remember him," said I. "They called him Deacon Brimfull, you know, and he used to go about with a witch-hazel branch to show people where to dig wells."

"That's the one," said Mrs. Goodsoe, laughing. "I did n't know 's you could go so far back. I'm always divided between whether you can remember everything I can, or are only a babe in arms."

"I have a dim recollection of there being something strange about their marriage," I suggested, after a pause, which began to appear dangerous. I was so much afraid the subject would be changed.

"I can tell you all about it," I was quickly answered. "Deacon Brimblecom was very pious accordin' to his lights in his early years. He lived way back in the country then, and there come a rovin' preacher along, and set everybody up that way all by the ears. I've heard the old folks talk it over, but I forget most of his doctrine, except some of his followers was persuaded they could dwell among the angels while yet on airth, and this Deacon Brimfull, as you call him, felt sure he was called by the voice of a spirit bride. So he left a good, deservin' wife he had, an' four children, and built him a new house over to the other side of the land he'd had from his father. They didn't take much pains with the buildin', because they expected to be translated before long, and then the spirit brides and them folks was goin' to appear and divide up the airth amongst 'em, and the world's folks and onbelievers was goin' to serve 'em or be sent to torments. They had meetins about in the school-houses, an' all sorts o' goins on; some on 'em went crazy, but the deacon held on to what wits he had, an' by an' by the spirit bride did n't turn out to be much of a housekeeper, an' he had always been used to good livin', so he sneaked home ag'in. One o' mother's sisters married up to Ash Hill, where it all took place; that's how I come to have the particulars."

"Then how did he come to find his Eliza Wisby?" I inquired. "Do tell me the whole story; you've got mullein leaves enough."

"There's all yisterday's at home, if I have n't," replied Mrs. Goodsoe. "The way he come a-courtin' o' Sister Wisby was this: she went a-courtin' o' him."

"There was a spell he lived to home, and then his poor wife died, and he had a spirit bride in good earnest, an' the child'n was placed about with his folks and hers, for they was both out o' good families; and I don't know what come over him, but he had another pious fit that looked for all the world like the real thing. He had n't no family cares, and he lived with his brother's folks, and turned his land in with theirs. He used to travel to every meetin' an' conference that was within reach of his old sorrel hoss's feeble legs; he j'ined the Christian Baptists that was just in their early prime, and he was a great exhorter, and got to be called deacon, though I guess he wa'n't deacon, 'less it was for a spare hand when deacon timber was scercer 'n usual. An' one time there was a four days' protracted meetin' to the church in the lower part of the town. 'T was a real solemn time; something more 'n usual was goin' forward, an' they collected from the whole country round. Women folks liked it, an' the men, too; it give 'em a change, an' they was quartered round free, same as conference folks now. Some on 'em, for a joke, sent Silas Brimblecom up to Lizy Wisby's, though she 'd give out she could n't accommodate nobody, because of expectin' her cousin's folks. Everybody knew 't was a lie; she was amazin' close considerin' she had plenty to do with. There was a streak that wa'n't just right somewheres in Lizy's wits, I always thought. She was very kind in case o' sickness, I 'll say that for her.

"You know where the house is, over there on what they call Windy Hill? There the deacon went, all unsuspectin'; and 'stead o' Lizy's resentin' of him she put in her own hoss, and they come back together to evenin' meetin'. She was prominent among the sect herself, an' he bawled and talked, and she bawled and talked, an' took up more 'n the time allotted in the exercises, just as if they was showin' off to each other

what they was able to do at expoundin'. Everybody was laughin' at 'em after the meetin' broke up, and that next day an' the next, an' all through, they was constant, and seemed to be havin' a beautiful occasion. Lizy had always give out she scorned the men, but when she got a chance at a particular one 't was altogether different, and the deacon seemed to please her somehow or 'nother, and — There! you don't want to listen to this old stuff that 's past an' gone?"

"Oh yes, I do," said I.

"I run on like a clock that's onset her striking hand," said Mrs. Goodsoe mildly. "Sometimes my kitchen time-piece goes on half the forenoon, and I says to myself the day before yisterday I would let it be a warnin', and keep it in mind for a check on my own speech. The next news that was heard was that the deacon an' Lizy — well, opinions differed which of 'em had spoke first, but them fools settled it before the protracted meetin' was over, and give away their hearts before he started for home. They considered 't would be wise, though, considerin' their short acquaintance, to take one another on trial a spell; 't was Lizy's notion, and she asked him why he would n't come over and stop with her till spring, and then, if they both continued to like, they could git married any time 't was convenient. Lizy, she come and talked it over with mother, and mother disliked to offend her, but she spoke pretty plain; and Lizy felt hurt, an' thought they was showin' excellent judgment, so much harm come from hasty unions and folks comin' to a realizin' sense of each other's failin's when 't was too late.

"So one day our folks saw Deacon Brimfull a-ridin' by with a gre't coopful of hens in the back o' his wagon, and bundles o' stuff tied on top and hitched to the exes underneath; and he riz a hymn just as he passed the house, and was speedin' the old sorrel with a willer switch. 'T was most Thanksgivin' time,

an' sooner 'n she expected him. New Year's was the time she set; but he thought he 'd better come while the roads was fit for wheels. They was out to meetin' together 'Thanksgivin' Day, an' that used to be a gre't season for marryin'; so the young folks nudged each other, and some on' 'em ventured to speak to the couple as they come down the aisle. Lizy carried it off real well; she wa'n't afraid o' what nobody said or thought, and so home they went. They 'd got out her yaller sleigh and her hoss; she never would ride after the deacon's poor old creatur', and I believe it died long o' the winter from stiffenin' up.

"Yes," said Mrs. Goodsoe emphatically, after we had silently considered the situation for a short space of time, — "yes, there was consider'ble talk, now I tell you! The raskil boys pestered 'em just about to death for a while. They used to collect up there an' rap on the winders, and they 'd turn out all the deacon's hens 'long at nine o'clock o' night, and chase 'em all over the dingle; an' one night they even lugged the pig right out o' the sty, and shoved it into the back entry, an' run for their lives. They 'd stuffed its mouth full o' somethin', so it could n't squeal till it got there. There wa'n't a sign o' nobody to be seen when Lizy hasted out with the light, and she an' the deacon had to persuade the creatur' back as best they could; 't was a cold night, and they said it took 'em till towards mornin'. You see the deacon was just the kind of a man that a hog would n't budge for; it takes a masterful man to deal with a hog. Well, there was no end to the works nor the talk, but Lizy left 'em pretty much alone. She did 'pear kind of dignified about it, I must say!"

"And then, were they married in the spring?"

"I was tryin' to remember whether it was just before Fast Day or just after," responded my friend, with a careful look

at the sun, which was nearer the west than either of us had noticed. "I think likely 't was along in the last o' April, any way some of us looked out o' the window one Monday mornin' early, and says, 'For goodness' sake! Lizy 's sent the deacon home again!' His old sorrel havin' passed away, he was ridin' in Ezry Welsh's hoss-cart, with his hen-coop and more bundles than he had when he come, and he looked as meechin' as ever you see. Ezry was drivin', and he let a glance fly swiftly round to see if any of us was lookin' out; an' then I declare if he did n't have the malice to turn right in towards the barn, where he see my oldest brother, Joshuay, an' says he real natural, 'Joshuay, just step out with your wrench. I believe I hear my kingbolt rattlin' kind o' loose.' Brother, he went out an' took in the sitooation, an' the deacon bowed kind of stiff. Joshuay was so full o' laugh, and Ezry Welsh, that they could n't look one another in the face. There wa'n't nothin' ailed the kingbolt, you know, an' when Josh riz up he says, 'Goin' up country for a spell, Mr. Brimblecom?'

"I be," says the deacon, lookin' dreadful mortified and cast down.

"Ain't things turned out well with you an' Sister Wisby?" says Joshuay. 'You had ought to remember that the woman is the weaker vessel.'

"Hang her, let her carry less sail, then!" the deacon bu'st out, and he stood right up an' shook his fist there by the hen-coop, he was so mad; an' Ezry's hoss was a young creatur', an' started up an' set the deacon right over backwards into the chips. We did n't know but he 'd broke his neck; but when he see the women folks runnin' out, he jumped up quick as a cat, an' clim' into the cart, an' off they went. Ezry said he told him that he could n't git along with Lizy, she was so fractious in thundery weather; if there was a rumble in the daytime she must go right to bed an' screech, and if 't was night she must git right up an'

go an' call him out of a sound sleep to set with her. But everybody knew he 'd never a gone home unless she 'd sent him.

"Somehow they made it up agin right away, him an' Lizy, and she had him back. She 'd been countin' all along on not havin' to hire nobody to work about the gardin an' so on, an' she said she wa'n't goin' to let him have a whole winter's board for nothin'. So the old hens was moved back, and they was married right off fair an' square, an' I don't know but they got along well as most folks. He brought his youngest girl down to live with 'em after a while, an' she was a real treasure to Lizy; everybody spoke well o' Phebe Brimblecom. The deacon got over his pious fit, and there was 'consider'ble work in him if you kept right after him. He was an amazin' cider-drinker, and he airnt the name you know him by in his latter days. Lizy never trusted him with nothin', but she kep' him well. She left everything she owned to Phebe, when she died, 'cept somethin' to satisfy the law. There, they're all gone now: seems to me sometimes, when I get thinkin', as if I'd lived a thousand years!"

I laughed, but I found that Mrs. Goodsoe's thoughts had taken a serious turn.

"There, I come by some old graves

down here in the lower edge of the pasture," she said as we rose to go. "I could n't help thinking how I should like to be laid right out in the pasture ground, when my time comes; it looked sort o' comfortable, and I have ranged these slopes so many summers. Seems as if I could see right up through the turf and tell when the weather was pleasant, and get the goodness o' the sweet fern. Now, dear, just hand me my apenful o' mulleins out o' the shade. I hope you won't come to need none this winter, but I'll dry some special for you."

"I'm going home by the road," said I, "or else by the path across the meadows, so I will walk as far as the house with you. Are n't you pleased with my company?" for she demurred at my going the least bit out of the way.

So we strolled toward the little gray house, with our plunder of mullein leaves slung on a stick which we carried between us. Of course I went in to make a call, as if I had not seen my hostess before; she is the last maker of mustering-bread, and before I came away I was kindly measured for a pair of mittens.

"You'll be sure to come an' see them two peach-trees after I get 'em well growin'?" Mrs. Goodsoe called after me when I had said good-by, and was almost out of hearing down the road.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

CHINA AND THE UNITED STATES.

ONLY to my long residence in the far East can I attribute an invitation received some years ago to address a celebrated club in a summer city on Our Relations with China, and our Interests in that Country. Having warned the members that I should tell them a very different story from those they had heard narrated in time past, I proceeded to

destroy their illusions; and my summing up was to the effect that our relations there were as bad as they could possibly be, and we had no interests. Of course I should claim, on such an occasion, a latitude of expression not permissible in the pages of a magazine, but this petulant peroration was not very far from the truth; for, if we had substantial in-

terests in the East, our people would not display such crass ignorance and indifference about China and Chinese affairs as they do now. So marked, indeed, is this prevailing ignorance, that one may well despair of making an impression thereon; but it must be attempted at this time, in view of the fact that the Chinese Question is no longer one of diplomatic negotiation as to the admission of that people to the United States, but, considering recent happenings, now involves the honor and good name of our country.

To judge from the utterances of the press, speeches in Congress and elsewhere, and reports at various times, also from the opinions of nine persons in ten with whom one converses on the subject, our people have given credence to some absolute fallacies in the matters of our (1) diplomatic, (2) business, and (3) missionary standing with the Chinese; and some facts bearing upon these three different points may not be amiss.

(1.) Our diplomatic standing. The Chinese statesmen are extremely able; far more so than is generally believed. I had it from the late Charles Sumner's own lips that Sir Frederic Bruce told him the officials of the *Tsung Le Yamun*, or Foreign Office, were "unequaled for character and ability." When Mr. Sumner asked him if he made no exception, not even Palmerston, Sir Frederic repeated his assertion; and this was strong testimony from the man whose embassy even the guns of Sir James Hope's fleet could not force past the Peiho forts. It is certain that these able diplomatists have a very correct and comprehensive knowledge of the methods adopted by foreign nations in dealing with them, and classify said nations very distinctly in their estimates.

Two of the powers have dealt successfully with China: the Russians, and, after them, *longo intervallo*, the English. The former manage their affairs in the Oriental manner, and their influence at

Pekin has always been great. Just as they press eastward and southward in central Asia, so do they patiently, but with grim persistence, advance upon the northern borders of China, Japan, and Corea, and toward a satisfactory open port on the Pacific. The southern line of eastern Siberia made a great stride in 1858; and in 1867 the Russians took the upper half, and in 1875 the lower half, of the Island of Saghalien. Their remedy for grievances is a "rectification" of the frontier; and, when three of their countrymen were accidentally included in the Tientsin massacre of 1870, a witty man said epigrammatically, "Pour enterrer ces trois Russes là, il faudra un grand morceau de terrain."

The English, in the early days of their intercourse with the Flowery Land, submitted to slights and indignities which would now seem incredible; but, after they had once adopted a firm policy, they carried it out with considerable force. In three wars, those of 1840, 1857, and 1860, they wrung one concession after another from their adversaries; and the commercial facilities now enjoyed in China by foreign nations are due to the impact of the strong British battalions. Such policy has two great merits: it is forcible and it is consistent; and those with whom it is practiced have a perfect comprehension of its aims and methods. Then, again, both Russia and Great Britain maintain legations at Peking on an adequate scale, and omit none of those formalities and ceremonials which are so congenial and impressive from an Oriental point of view.

In their dealings with China, these two great nations have, it cannot possibly be denied, found their account. They may be feared, disliked, hated even, but they are thoroughly and habitually respected. How is it with us? From the very first we have taken a course which is humiliating, hypocritical, and Pharisaical. We should never have

advanced a foot nor gained one concession but for the guns of the English; and we have invariably waited until they spent all the needful blood and treasure, and then crawled in behind them and demanded (under what is called the "most favored nation clause" in the treaties) our share of privileges. It cannot be too strongly asserted that China dislikes all foreigners, and would have none of them, if she could help it; but that, when she has been forced at the point of the bayonet to admit thousands of English, she cares little about tens and hundreds of Americans who follow in their train. We even come boldly in with our little bills, when the Chinese power has been humbled, and the *quart d'heure de Rabelais* has arrived. After the destruction of Canton, the Americans collected pay for all property which was sacrificed, down to dressing-gowns, slippers, and meerschaum pipes; and one individual put in a claim of \$15,000 for "loss of peace of mind."

In just three cases have we made beligerent demonstrations. Two were creditable: the landing of a force at Shanghai in 1854, to act in conjunction with others against Chinese troops threatening the foreign settlement, and the attack by Commander (afterwards Admiral) A. H. Foote on the barrier forts in the Canton River in 1856, after he had been fired on and was compelled to do something. The third was one about which an immense amount of fable has been narrated and false sentiment expended; so the true story may be worth telling here.

When the mission of Sir Frederic Bruce arrived at the mouth of the Peiho River in 1859, *en route* for Tientsin and escorted by the fleet, the Minister was informed that he could not pass, but must take another course. This declaration, coming from a lately conquered power, was more than Sir Frederic could bear, so he simply asked the admiral to break the way for him. Then ensued the cel-

ebrated repulse of the British, for the painful details of which there is no room here. It cost them the lives of some of their bravest and most distinguished naval officers and many fine seamen. But they took royal revenge for the defeat next year, when their own column under Sir Robert Napier, and the French under General Collinet, assaulted the works on one side, and a powerful fleet of gunboats bombarded them from the other; and when one fort was carried and another blown up almost in the twinkling of an eye.

After the disastrous occurrences early in the fight of 1859, Admiral Hope sent for reinforcements, which were waiting in boats. Near these boats was a small chartered steamer, called the *Toey-wan*. As the United States frigate *Powhatan* drew too much water to come in, the American Minister and his staff had been transferred from her to this small vessel, that they might, as usual, follow in the wake of the English. On the *Toey-wan* was also Flag Officer Tatnall; and, when he saw the British boats waiting for a tow, he rashly volunteered to give it with the little passenger ship, and did so. Then, entering his barge, he went to the British flag-ship to call on the admiral. During this call, the men from his barge climbed on deck and helped work the British guns (a very natural thing for brave and irresponsible "Jacks" to do); but, in the discharge of his duty, the coxswain was killed by a shot. It was on this occasion that the flag officer used the expression "Blood is thicker than water!" which, although somewhat dubious of application, sounds, as it sounded then, particularly well, and has made a capital text for poems and essays. As a matter of fact, however, this officer's course was wholly unjustifiable, from the traditional American standpoint. Had we ever adopted a vigorous and aggressive policy, or given the English substantial backing, as (with almost no commer-

cial interests at stake) did the French, it would have been natural and right enough to lend them a hand in that time of trouble. But no! Our Minister, passed in by a kind of back door, rode to Peking in a yellow cart; and we lifted up our hands and thanked God that we were not as those wicked English, who attack the poor Chinese. Yet, really, our officer had committed an act which with a strong nation would have been an inevitable and immediate *casus belli*. Even with Chinese, it is surprising that it was not; and we may be sure that the astute officials of the Foreign Office made a note of it for future use.

At Canton in old days, and at Shanghai and Peking of late, our ministers have made their stays, entered their protests and demands, written their dispatches, and gone away, leaving the late Dr. S. Wells Williams, nine or ten times, *chargé d'affaires*. They have borne, as best they could, the humiliating contrast between their position and that of their colleagues; and I believe only one of them was actually refused entrance to Peking, and finally smuggled in on a friend's passport. I am happy to say that another, the late Mr. Anson Burlingame, displayed such ability to rise superior to circumstances and make bricks without straw, that the astonished Chinese thought him far too good a man to represent so weak a nation as in their eyes, the Americans are, and promptly adopted him as an envoy of their own.

And now, to this long, monotonous tale of poor and feeble dealing is added, as a sequel, a scandalous treatment of the immigration question.

(2.) Our business standing. Here, fortunately, we deal with figures and facts which he who runs may read. Optimists think our trade with China important and improving; on the contrary, it is in a wretched condition, and going from bad to worse. One after another, most of the great American

"China houses" of the last generation have met with misfortunes, or withdrawn from a difficult and losing business. Our fine clipper ships, which carried cargoes not only to this country, but also to England, are but a memory. Of the teas received in this country from China, the bulk are bought by Englishmen under English credits, shipped in English vessels, and sold in New York by Englishmen for English account. In exports, we talk about our cotton goods, and every now and then some optimistic and wholly misleading paragraphs in this connection appear in the papers. A computation made not long ago shows that the English shipped as many goods in a week as we in a year, say about fifty-two times our allowance. Our manufacturers care nothing about the nature of Chinese demands, and think only of getting rid of a surplus; and the absence of banking facilities and credit here, as compared with England, is a fatal handicap.

Occasionally we hear of a chance of our getting contracts in this country for railroad materials or construction. In view of what will be shortly narrated, nothing could be more improbable.

(3.) Our missionary standing. There is a sort of disparaging cant current in this country on this subject, which is as ignorant as it is vicious. The faithful work, the devotion, and the genuine, unmistakable success of our American missionaries in time past should be a source of pride to the country, as they are of gratitude to the churches. I have had, in a long residence in China, unusual facilities for gaining information on this much-misunderstood subject, and I distinctly challenge any disproof or criticism of my assertion.

Now, however, with what sinking hearts must these faithful workers contemplate the prospect before them! Suppose one of them were to meet an intelligent Chinaman, and speak to him of the gospel of peace and good-will. What is

he to say when, with that imperturbable and exasperating coolness which the race know so well how to assume, this benighted heathen asks him if he come not from where they exemplify the teachings of this gospel, and uphold the kingdom of the Prince of Peace, by murdering his poor countrymen in cold blood; when he asks him how, in the name of all that is good, he can preach this gospel in China, while proclaiming himself a citizen of the United States; and when he bids him go home and convert his own countrymen before he presumes to teach the Chinese?

In these our missionary relations, we have indeed fallen upon evil times.

Of course there is something to be said on the other side of these questions, or there would be were our relations with the Chinese as they were a few years ago; but the laches on their part in the matter of treaty observance are so insignificant, in the light of recent occurrences, as not to be worth mentioning. Of these same occurrences it remains to speak.

The treatment of the Chinese who have had the misfortune to come to this country has been very bad indeed, and culminated in a perfectly logical way. Other people, notably other aliens, have objected to their presence, and set themselves to work to make the lives of these "moon-eyed lepers" as unbearable as possible. The poor wretches have been disgracefully, abominably, and cruelly maltreated, harried from place to place, cursed, beaten, and stoned; but it was reserved for certain residents of the Territory of Wyoming to cap the climax of cowardly and brutal dealing by such deeds of darkness as ought to make our people shrink with horror from their very recital.

A number of these unfortunates ran the long gauntlet of suffering from the Pacific coast to this inland Territory, to work in the coal mines. The white people, the "Caucasians," similarly employed, requested them to join in a strike, which they were disinclined to do. Then these same white men took Winchester rifles and shot them down in cold blood! I could not and would not here narrate the ghastly details of this dreadful massacre, but they can readily be imagined. Those, indeed, who were killed at once had the easier fate; for the wounded died lingering deaths in the surrounding desert. It will be remembered that these murderers are not Geronimo, Natchez, and their followers, at whose atrocities the country stands aghast; but they are far worse. The Indians are seeking revenge for some fancied, but many real and grievous wrongs; these others are carrying to its legitimate conclusion the favorite Western theory that "the Chinese must go." They seem to have earned the good will of their neighbors, for it cannot be ascertained that, up to the present time, any one of them has received punishment, nor even a meed of disapprobation. Upon our diplomatic, business, and missionary relations with China, as just outlined, these doings will have a fatal effect.

There are those who call this a Christian nation; and they will admit that, if it be such, it is liable to the retributive justice, the certain punishment, prepared for countries as well as individuals who sin against knowledge. Furthermore, let a word of warning and prediction, from one who knows the Chinese well, be here recorded. Their memories are long, and time is fleeting. Some day they will collect their bill, — and it will be made up with compound interest.

A. A. Hayes.

THE LAST CÆSAR.

1851-1870.

I.

Now there was one who came in later days
To play at Emperor: in the dead of night
Stole crown and sceptre, and stood forth to light
In sudden purple. The dawn's straggling rays
Showed Paris fettered, murmuring in amaze,
With red hands at her throat — a piteous sight.
Then the new Cæsar, stricken with affright
At his own daring, shrunk from public gaze

In the Elysée, and had lost the day
But that around him flocked his birds of prey,
Sharp-beaked, voracious, hungry for the deed.

'Twixt hope and fear behold great Cæsar hang!
Meanwhile, methinks, a ghostly laughter rang
Through the rotunda of the Invalides.

II.

What if the boulevards, at set of sun,
Reddened, but not with sunset's kindly glow?
What if from quai and square the murmured woe
Swept heavenward, pleadingly? The prize was won,
A kingling made and Liberty undone.
No Emperor, this, like him awhile ago,
But his Name's shadow; that one struck the blow
Himself, and sighted the street-sweeping gun!

This was a man of tortuous heart and brain,
So warped he knew not his own point of view —
The master of a dark, mysterious smile.

And there he plotted, by the storied Seine
And in the fairy gardens of St. Cloud,
The Sphinx that puzzled Europe, for awhile.

III.

I see him as men saw him once — a face
Of true Napoleon pallor; round the eyes
The wrinkled care; mustache spread pinion-wise,
Pointing his smile with odd sardonic grace
As wearily he turns him in his place,
And bends before the shrill Parisian cries, —
Then vanishes, with glitter of gold-lace
And trumpets blaring to the patient skies.

Not thus he vanished later! On his path
The Furies waited for the hour and man,
Foreknowing that they waited not in vain.

Then fell the day, O day of dreadful wrath!
Bow down in shame, O crimson-girt Sedan!
Weep, fair Alsace! weep, loveliest Lorraine!

So mused I, sitting underneath the trees
In that old garden of the Tuileries,
Watching the dust of twilight sifting down
Through chestnut boughs just touched with autumn's brown —
Not twilight yet, but that ineffable bloom
Which holds before the deep-etched shadows come;
For still the garden stood in golden mist,
Still, like a river of molten amethyst,
The Seine slipt through its spans of fretted stone,
And, near the grille that once fenced in a throne,
The fountains still unbraided to the day
The unsubstantial silver of their spray.

A spot to dream in, love in, waste one's hours!
Temples and palaces, and gilded towers,
And fairy terraces! — and yet, and yet
Here in her woe came Marie Antoinette,
Came sweet Corday, Du Barry with shrill cry,
Not learning from her betters how to die!
Here, while the Nations watched with bated breath,
Was held the saturnalia of Red Death!
For where that slim Egyptian shaft uplifts
Its point to catch the dawn's and sunset's drifts
Of various gold, the busy Headsman stood. . . .
Place de la Concorde — no, the Place of Blood!

And all so peaceful now! One cannot bring
Imagination to accept the thing.
Lies, all of it! some dreamer's wild romance —
High-hearted, witty, laughter-loving France!
In whose brain was it that the legend grew
Of Mænads shrieking in this avenue,
Of watch-fires burning, Famine standing guard,
Of long-speared Ulans on that esplanade!
What ruder sound this soft air ever smote
Than a bird's twitter or a bugle's note?
What darker crimson ever splashed these walks
Than that of rose-leaves dropping from the stalks?
And yet — what means that windowless façade,
That sculptured marble, splintered so and charred,
Looming among the trees there? . . . And you say
This happened, as it were, but yesterday?

And here the Commune stretched a barricade,
 And there the final desperate stand was made?
 Such things have been? How all things change and fade!
 How little lasts in this brave world below!
 Love dies; hate cools; the Cæsars come and go;
 Gaunt Hunger fattens, and the weak grow strong.
 Even Republics are not here for long!

Ah, who can tell what hour may bring the doom,
 The lighted torch, the tocsin's heavy boom!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

MARCO MINGHETTI.

WITH Marco Minghetti passed away, on the 10th of December, 1886, the last survivor of that group of unselfish, high-souled patriots who, each in accordance with his special gifts, each at his opportunity, united to lead Italy up from her political degradation to independence, to nationality, and to an honored place among the greater European powers.

It was the glory of the Italian revolution and the recompense for much that Italy had borne, that when the fullness of her time had come she had not only one preëminently great constructive political genius, but also a group of statesmen and soldiers to prepare for him, to coöperate with him, and to carry on his work to its consummation, — statesmen and soldiers whose largeness of view and elevation of character, whose singleness of purpose, whose utter self-abnegation and nobility of soul, were betrayed by no lower and more personal ends and aims. Truly glorious, indeed, is the revolution of which it can fairly be said that its successful issue was due even less to the abilities than to the civic virtues of its leaders. Happy the country to whom, in the day of her supreme opportunity, the providence of God gave, with Cavour and Victor Emmanuel, such men also as Mazzini, Gioberti, Balbo, D'Azeglio, Ricasoli, Mamiani, La Mar-

mora, Farini, Garibaldi, and Minghetti. Happy they, too, who, if not compatriots, are at least contemporary with such men, and can tell of them to those who are to come after.

Marco Minghetti was born November 8, 1818, of a family of means and of high social standing, in Bologna; and he was, consequently, a subject of the Papacy. Losing his father in his infancy, he was one of those, of whom the world has had reason to be grateful for so many, whose early education, alike of intellect and character, was a mother's charge. His academic training, which was a liberal one, was supplemented by extended travel and residence in France, Switzerland, Germany, and England, with especial reference to the study of political institutions and to the acquaintance of public men.

Upon the death of Pope Gregory XVI., in 1846, Minghetti returned at once to Italy. He took a leading part in the preparation of a petition addressed to the Conclave assembled, in June, for the election of a new Pope; and in August following, being not yet twenty-eight years old, he published a pamphlet in reference to the policy of the Cardinal Secretary of State, Gizzi. The next year he was summoned to Rome, and appointed a member of the new Con-

sulta; and in March, 1848, when Pius IX. granted a constitution and formed a ministry, largely of laymen under Cardinal Antonelli, Minghetti was intrusted with the portfolio of Public Works. He held this post, however, but for a short time; for when the Pope, by his allocution of April 29th, withdrew from all participation in the war against Austria, Minghetti promptly resigned, and, repairing to the camp of Charles Albert, offered his sword to Italy, serving under the king for the rest of the campaign of that year, and receiving from him the cross of *cavaliere* in recognition of his gallant conduct in the battle of Goito. Recalled to Rome by Prime Minister Rossi, he arrived on the very day of the assassination of that statesman. He took office, indeed, under his successor, Galletti; but thoroughly dissatisfied with his course, he soon returned to the army, and was present on the disastrous field of Novara, March 23, 1849.

Minghetti now retired, for some years, to private life, visiting Turin from time to time for purposes of conference with Cavour; but when in 1856, at the close of the Crimean war, Cavour represented the cause of Italy as well as the King of Sardinia at the Congress of Paris, he selected Minghetti to accompany him thither; as, still later, he called him to Turin, to inform him of the understanding arrived at with Napoleon at Plombières.

During the two following years of patient waiting, Minghetti gave himself up to study, and published several pamphlets and treatises on subjects of political interest; acquiring an ever widening reputation as a statistician and an economist, and illustrating that generous and philosophic confidence in law-guarded liberty which characterized his whole political career.

Early in 1859, Cavour recalled Minghetti from the East, where he was then traveling, to public life, shortly afterwards associating him with himself as

his secretary general for foreign affairs. After the peace of Villafranca, Minghetti, of course, resigned with Cavour. Coöperating actively with Farini to secure the independence of the Romagna and its annexation to Piedmont and Lombardy, he took his seat, in 1860, in the first Parliament of North Italy as deputy from Bologna. From this time he continued in active public life until his death.

In October, 1860, Minghetti became Minister of the Interior under Cavour, a position which, after the death of that statesman in June, 1861, he also held for a short time under Ricasoli. The year after, he accepted the portfolio of Finance under Farini; and in March, 1863, he succeeded the latter as Prime Minister. This position he held, indeed, but eighteen months; resuming his seat in Parliament for some nine years, with the exception of a few weeks' service as Minister of Agriculture and Commerce in 1869. In 1873, he was called for the second time to the responsible direction of the government, assuming the portfolio of Finance in connection with the presidency of the Council. In March, 1876, however, the Left acquired the control of Parliament; and the second Minghetti ministry fell, and with it the so-called Moderate party, which had for sixteen years held the government of Italy, and successfully guided her policy and her fortunes through her wonderful revolution.

During the ten years which yet remained of his career, Minghetti was ever faithful to the political traditions which he had inherited from Cavour and which he had represented when himself in office; but he was too true a patriot to be a factious opponent of any ministry. A story is told of him which illustrates his political course during this period. In 1883, under some circumstances of special embarrassment to the ministry then in power, one of his most active and influential political colleagues called

to consult him as to the course to be taken by their party. "We must sustain Depretis," was Minghetti's prompt reply. "What!" replied the other; "and our party, then? *E noi?*" Minghetti answered, "Our party! We neither can nor ought to think of ourselves, but only of Italy."

Two crises in the story of the Italian revolution are, and will ever be associated especially with Minghetti, — crises in which, to all human judging, the fortunes of Italy turned upon his wisdom, political foresight, and disinterested patriotism.

Of these, the one arose during the first Minghetti ministry, and is remembered in connection with what was known as the Convention of September, 1864. The French troops, at that time, still occupied the city and territory of Rome. Venetia remained in the power of Austria. To Italian statesmanship, the former fact presented the more perplexing problem of the two. It was quoted as one of the *dicta* of Cavour: "Even were Italy to be entirely freed from Austrian domination in Venetia, it would none the less be very difficult to relieve herself wholly from the presence of the French at Rome, and from their consequent power to interfere in Italy."

The grounds upon which this French occupation was ostensibly based were not merely the duty of protecting the Holy Father, but also the political necessity of counterbalancing what would otherwise be a possible Austrian ascendancy in the peninsula. Minghetti argued, therefore, that the French troops once withdrawn, not only would the way to Rome be left open for some future eventuality, but that it would at once become the interest and the policy of France to promote, in every practicable way, the definitive exclusion of Austria from Venetia. He considered, moreover, that this withdrawal of French occupancy might be secured if Italy would renounce her own right to interfere in Rome, —

a right more nominal than real, while the French troops remained, — and undertake herself to guarantee the Pope from all attack on the side of Italy; and that a sufficient motive could be found in the great irritation which the French occupation of Rome caused throughout Italy, — an irritation which would be to the disadvantage of France in case of war with Prussia.

On these grounds, Minghetti successfully negotiated with Napoleon the Convention of September, in accordance with which the French troops were withdrawn from Rome; Italy undertaking, on her part, to guarantee the Pope against all invasion from without, and also, as a corollary to that guarantee, to remove the seat of government from Turin to Florence.

The advantages to Italy of this convention were not only important, but they were absolute. The sacrifices made to secure these advantages might well prove to be only nominal; or, if real, but provisional and temporary. Though Italy should remove her capital to Florence, and thus seem to renounce her claims to Rome, yet Florence was, after all, halfway to Rome. Though the Italian government should guarantee the Pope from all hostile interference from without, yet the people of Rome were also thereby secured from all foreign interference in support of the temporal power. It was a concession rather to the susceptibilities of France; it was a practical and a real gain to the then future possibilities — nay, to the probabilities — of the Italian revolution.

But it was a convention almost sure to be generally misunderstood, and to be most unpopular. It was a diplomatic policy whose ultimate gain to Italy would not be so manifest as its immediate sacrifices and apparent betrayal of their passionate hopes. It was, therefore, by no means a policy which would have been entertained for an instant by a politician who weighed his own per-

sonal ambitions against the good of his country and his duty to his king.

In fact, nothing could well have been less favorably received by the Italian people than such a pledge that Italy would not go to the support of a revolutionary movement in Rome against the Pope. Nothing could well have been more bitter to the Piedmontese than the removal of the capital to any other place than Rome. The convention was executed; but Minghetti was driven from office by the indignant feeling with which it was generally received.

As a consequent of this convention, none the less, the La Marmora ministry was able to secure the friendly neutrality of France in the war of 1866, and the Ricasoli ministry her friendly mediation between Italy and Austria at the close of that war, by which Venetia was ceded by Austria to France, and by France transferred to Italy. The more immediate object of the convention was, however, lost to Italy in consequence of the Garibaldian attack on Rome in the fall of 1867, — an attack that gave France a sufficient political justification for the prompt reoccupation of that city, which they held for three years more. Yet even this left Italy also free to occupy Rome, and to remove her capital thither, when the French troops were again withdrawn during the Franco-German war of 1870.

The second occasion when the political wisdom and foresight of Minghetti were preëminently useful to the interests of Italy was five years afterwards, when he held a subordinate portfolio in the Menabrea ministry of 1869.

Napoleon had proposed a triple alliance between France, Austria, and Italy against any advance of Prussia and the unification of Germany, — an alliance which should have for its immediate object a mutual guarantee of the integrity of the three nations; and which, in case of successful war, would give to Italy the Tyrol as far as Trent, some modifi-

cation of the cession of Nice to France, and perhaps a foothold for Italy on the opposite coast of Africa. The king was most favorably inclined towards the proposed alliance, and the majority of the ministry also approved of it.

Minghetti, however, differed from both. He believed that the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, in consequence of war between France and Prussia, was more probable than that Italy would gain an equivalent advantage from her participation in such an alliance; and he also believed that the future of Italy was more nearly dependent upon a good understanding with Germany than upon the policy and fortunes of France. This overture was, indeed, renewed in substance a second time, through Austria, as the Franco-Prussian war approached; but, in the one case as in the other, the arguments and the influence of Minghetti, whether with the cabinet or with the king, were successful in preserving the neutrality of Italy, the great advantage of which she reaped in the power to occupy Rome in 1870. The only serious obstacle to this step, to be considered at the time, was Austro-Hungary; and Minghetti, being sent to Vienna, was able to secure from Count Beust, not merely non-interference, but a moral support, which, under the circumstances of the time, involved a virtually European sanction to Italy in the occupation of her capital.

Finally, when Minghetti was again, in 1873, at the head of the government, he was able to secure the permanent results of his diplomatic policy. There still remained, after the peace of 1871, a possibility that the question of Rome might, at the instance of France, be reopened. With a view to placing the perfected nationality of Italy on the basis of a formally recognized *fait accompli*, he proposed to Victor Emmanuel an interchange of visits with the emperors of Austria and Germany. To this, with the memories of the wars of 1859 and

1866, and of his leaning towards France in 1869 and 1870, both in mind, the king was at first most averse. But yielding to the counsels and influence of his minister, he sanctioned the suggestion of these visits, and this being cordially received on the part of both emperors, Victor Emanuel went, accompanied by Minghetti, to Vienna and Berlin. The king was more than warmly welcomed, and the result, of which Minghetti had assured himself, was the formal return of these visits by the German emperor in Milan, and by Francis Joseph, at his own suggestion, in Venice, both in 1875. The Italian revolution, being thus recognized, in all that had been involved therein, by the two great powers of central Europe, a virtual alliance, on the basis of that recognition, resulted between Germany, Austria, and Italy, and the peace of Europe and the stability of the kingdom of Italy were assured.

Since the political reaction which in 1876 brought the Minghetti ministry to an end, and which up to the present time has kept the so-called parliamentary Left in power, Minghetti, though always faithful to his convictions, has, nevertheless, scorned a factious opposition. While, latterly, it has seemed very probable that a politico-ecclesiastical struggle might soon be thrust upon Italy, not a few, even among his political opponents, have believed that it would call him, for the third time, to the direction of affairs. At once a Catholic so decided that none could accuse or suspect him of hostility or even of alienation from the Church of his people, and yet equally firm and uncompromising in his resistance to all ecclesiastical or religious interference, on the part of the Papacy, with the government or national interests of Italy, Minghetti seemed to be the only one left to Italy who could guide her successfully through the perplexities and perils of such a crisis. Minghetti may fairly be regarded as, politically speaking, a virtual Old Catholic; for, like Ricasoli,

he really occupied what would be the political position in which the Italian Old Catholics would of necessity be placed, should such a crisis once arise. It is evident that something of this occupied his mind towards the last, and there seems reason to think that such eventualities had been the subject of personal conference with King Umberto. Among his last words were these, to his wife, a few days before the end: "I do not intend to make any retractions or declarations whatever. I have ever labored with a clear conception, and with firm and profound convictions. I have nothing to repent of; but I wish to die in the religion of my fathers." He was anxious lest some priest, present at his death-bed, should either abuse his failing powers, or misrepresent his last convictions; and he expressly asked for his friend, Canonico Anzino, the chaplain of the late as of the present king. This good priest, telegraphed for, hastened to him. To him Minghetti said, "With you I am tranquil. In God have I always believed." To the king, coming to his bedside, "I could have wished to live only that I might still serve my country and thee." And as his mind wandered, towards the last, "I must render other services to the country. The king said so. Let me rise. I will retract nothing. I am a Christian, but also a patriot."

Had Marco Minghetti lived, to him alone, of Italian public men, would the overwhelming majority have turned instinctively in a great political emergency. He has left none behind him of whom as much can now be said. The statesman who, in such a crisis, is to render a great service to his country is yet unknown; or, if he be among those who are now coming forward to take up the work bequeathed to Italy by the associates and co-workers of Cavour, the opportunity has not yet singled out and revealed his name to history.

"After the Count de Cavour," says

the Nazione, "Marco Minghetti was the most liberal spirit that remained to labor for the redemption of Italy. . . . He never doubted liberty; nor had he any suspicions or fears of its advances. . . . Minghetti was a statesman whom the greatest nations of the world must admire and envy us. . . . As an orator he was preëminent; but it is impossible to say whether his discourses were powerful rather for fullness and accuracy of thought, or for the beauty and splendor of their form. . . . And in such a lofty and uncontested superiority Marco Minghetti was humble."

Clear in thought, fresh and eloquent in language, and forcible in utterance, the intention and purpose of his policy was ever plain to every one. There was no darkening of counsel in his public speech. Sanguine of temperament, he was sometimes disposed to undervalue the difficulties to which any given policy was subject; but he was one of those, of whom there are but few among the public men of any people, to whom the thought of consequences to himself in no way entered into the question of what was or was not best for the interests of which he was put in trust.

Italy may have other sons who shall yet prove the equals of Minghetti as sta-

tisticians and publicists; who may exert an equal influence upon the floor of Parliament; who may, like him, "ennoble the political and parliamentary struggle" in which they take part; but she can ask of them no more than that there may be found among them one, at least, who to his refinement, culture, and erudition, to his calm, clear, business-like knowledge of men and profound insight into affairs, to his unsullied reputation, and to the pure and elevated dignity of his private life and personal character shall add the modesty which can quietly remain in retirement, combined with the courage which shrinks from no responsibility — the wisdom which knows how to act together with the self-abnegation which acts with no less decision and energy, though it be certain that such action will involve the political sacrifice of self.

The Italian revolution has given to the history of the generation now almost gone the memory of men, the study of whose lives and characters were an example to set before our own publicists, and especially before our sons, the quality of whose work in the world is yet to be determined; and among these, one of the noblest and the last to be taken from his Italy has been Marco Minghetti.

Wm. Chauncy Langdon.

PAUL PATOFF.

X.

THE professor pushed aside the heavy curtain, and we entered a small room, simply furnished with a couple of tables, a bookcase, one or two easy-chairs, and a divan. The walls were dark, and the color of the curtains and carpet was a dark green, but two large lamps illuminated every corner of the apartment. At one of the tables a middle-aged wo-

man sat reading; as we entered she looked up at us, and I saw that she was one of the nurses in charge of Madame Patoff. She wore a simple gown of dark material, and upon her head a dainty cap of French appearance was pinned, with a certain show of taste. The nurse had a kindly face and quiet eyes, accustomed, one would think, to look calmly upon sights which would astonish ordinary people. Her features were

strongly marked, but gentle in expression and somewhat pale, and as she sat facing us, her large white hands were folded together on the foot of the open page, with an air of resolution that seemed appropriate to her character. She rose deliberately to her feet, as we came forward, and I saw that she was short, though when seated I should have guessed her to be tall.

"Mrs. North," said the professor, "this is my friend Mr. Griggs, who formerly knew Madame Patoff. I have hopes that she may recognize him. Can we see her now?"

"If you will wait one moment," answered Mrs. North, "I will see whether you may go in." Her voice was like herself, calm and gentle, but with a ring of strength and determination in it that was very attractive. She moved to the door opposite to the one by which we had entered, and opened it cautiously; after looking in, she turned and beckoned to us to advance. We went in, and she softly closed the door behind us.

I shall never forget the impression made upon me when I saw Madame Patoff. She was tall, and, though she was much over fifty years of age, her figure was erect and commanding, slight, but of good proportion; whether by nature, or owing to her mental disease, it seemed as though she had escaped the effects of time, and had she concealed her hair with a veil she might easily have passed for a woman still young. Mary Carvel had been beautiful, and was beautiful still in a matronly, old-fashioned way; Hermione was beautiful after another and a smaller manner, slender and delicate and lovely; but Madame Patoff belonged to a very different category. She was on a grander scale, and in her dark eyes there was room for deeper feeling than in the gentle looks of her sister and niece. One could understand how in her youth she had braved the opposition of father and mother and sisters, and had married the brilliant Russian,

and had followed him to the ends of the earth during ten years, through peace and through war, till he died. One could understand how some great trouble and despair, which would send a duller, gentler soul to prayers and sad meditations, might have driven this grand, passionate creature to the very defiance of all despair and trouble, into the abyss of a self-sought death. I shuddered when I remembered that I had seen this very woman suspended in mid-air, her life depending on the slender strength of a wild cherry tree upon the cliff side. I had seen her, and yet had not seen her; for the sudden impression of that terrible moment bore little or no relation to the calmer view of the present time.

Madame Patoff stood before us, dressed in a close-fitting gown of black velvet, closed at the throat with a clasp of pearls; her thick hair, just turning gray, was coiled in masses low behind her head, drawn back in long broad waves on each side, in the manner of the Greeks. Her features, slightly aquiline and strongly defined, wore an expression of haughty indifference, not at all like the stolid stare which John Carvel had described to me, and though her dark eyes gazed upon us without apparent recognition, their look was not without intelligence. She had been walking up and down in the long drawing-room where we found her, and she had paused in her walk as we entered, standing beneath a chandelier which carried five lamps; there were others upon the wall, high up on brackets and beyond her reach. There was no fireplace, but the air was very warm, heated, I suppose, by some concealed apparatus. The furniture consisted of deep chairs, lounges and divans of every description; three or four bookcases were filled with books, and there were many volumes piled in a disorderly fashion upon the different tables, and some lay upon the floor beside a cushioned lounge, which looked

as though it were the favorite resting-place of the inmate of the apartment. At first sight it seemed to me that few precautions were observed; the nurse was seated in an outer apartment, and Madame Patoff was quite alone and free. But the room where she was left was so constructed that she could do herself no harm. There was no fire; the lamps were all out of reach; the windows were locked, and she could only go out by passing through the antechamber where the nurse was watching. There was a singular lack of all those little objects which encumbered the drawing-room of Carvel Place; there was not a bit of porcelain nor glass, nor a paper-knife, nor any kind of metal object. There were a few pictures upon the walls, and the walls themselves were hung with a light gray material, that looked like silk and brilliantly reflected the strong light, making an extraordinary background for Madame Patoff's figure, clad as she was in black velvet and white lace.

We stood before her, Cutter and I, for several seconds, watching for some change of expression in her face. He had hoped that my sudden appearance would arouse a memory in her disordered mind. I understood his anxiety, but it appeared to me very unlikely that when she failed to recognize him she should remember me. For some moments she gazed upon me, and then a slight flush rose to her pale cheeks, her fixed stare wavered, and her eyes fell. I could hear Cutter's long-drawn breath of excitement. She clasped her hands together and turned away, resuming her walk. It was strange,—perhaps she really remembered.

"He saved your life in Weissenstein," said Cutter, in loud, clear tones. "You ought to thank him for it,—you never did."

The unhappy woman paused in her walk, stood still, then came swiftly towards us, and again paused. Her face had changed completely in its expres-

sion. Her teeth were closely set together, and her lip curled in scorn, while a dark flush overspread her pale face, and her hands twisted each other convulsively.

"Do you remember Weissenstein?" asked the professor, in the same incisive voice, and through his round glasses he fixed his commanding glance upon her. But as he looked her eyes grew dull, and the blush subsided from her cheek. With a low, short laugh she turned away.

I started. I had forgotten the laugh behind the latticed wall, and if I had found time to reflect I should have known, from what John Carvel had told me, that it could have come from no one but the mad lady, who had been walking in the garden with her nurse, on that bright evening. It was the same low, rippling sound, silvery and clear, and it came so suddenly that I was startled. I thought that the professor sighed as he heard it. It was, perhaps, a strong evidence of insanity. In all my life of wandering and various experience I have chanced to be thrown into the society of but one insane person besides Madame Patoff. That was a curious case: a hardy old sea-captain, who chanced to make a fortune upon the New York stock exchange, and went stark mad a few weeks later. His madness seemed to come from elation at his success, and it was very curious to watch its progress, and very sad. He was a strong man, and in all his active life had never touched liquor nor tobacco. Nothing but wealth could have driven him out of his mind, but within two months of his acquiring a fortune he was confined in an asylum, and within the year he died of softening of the brain. I only mention this to show you that I had had no experience of insanity worth speaking of before I met Madame Patoff. I knew next to nothing of the signs of the disease.

Madame Patoff turned away, and crossed the room; then she sank down upon the lounge which I have described

as surrounded with books, and, taking a volume in her hand, she began to read, with the utmost unconcern.

"Come," said the professor, "we may as well go."

"Wait a minute," I suggested. "Stay where you are." Cutter looked at me, and shrugged his shoulders.

"You can't do any harm," he replied, indifferently. "I think she has a faint remembrance of you."

You know I can speak the Russian language fairly well, for I have lived some time in the country. It had struck me, while I was waiting in the study, that it would be worth while to try the effect of a remark in a tongue with which Madame Patoff had been familiar for over thirty years. I went quietly up to the couch where she was lying, and spoke to her.

"I am sorry I saved your life, since you wished to die," I said, in a low voice, in Russian. "Forgive me."

Madame Patoff started violently, and her white hands closed upon her book with such force that the strong binding bent and cracked. Cutter could not have seen this, for I was between him and her. She looked up at me, and fixed her dark eyes on mine. There was a great sadness in them, and at the same time a certain terror, but she did not speak. However, as I had made an impression, I addressed her again in the same language.

"Do you remember seeing Paul to-day?" I asked.

"Paul?" she repeated, in a soft, sad voice that seemed to stir the heart into sympathy. "Paul is dead."

I thought it might have been her husband's name as well as her son's.

"I mean your son. He was with you to-day; you were unkind to him."

"Was I?" she asked. "I have no son." Still her eyes gazed into mine as though searching for something, and as I looked I thought the tears rose in them and trembled, but they did not

overflow. I was profoundly surprised. They had told me that she had no memory for any one, and yet she seemed to have told me that her husband was dead, — if indeed his name had been Paul, — and although she said she had no son, her tears rose at the mention of him. Probably for the very reason that I had not then had any experience of insane persons, the impression formed itself in my mind that this poor lady was not mad, after all. It seemed madness on my own part to doubt the evidence before me, — the evidence of attendants trained to the duty of watching lunatics, the assurances of a man who had grown famous by studying diseases of the brain as Professor Cutter had, the unanimous opinion of Madame Patoff's family. How could they all be mistaken? Besides, she might have been really mad, and she might be now recovering; this might be one of her first lucid moments. I hardly knew how to continue, but I was so much interested by her first answers that I felt I must say something.

"Why do you say you have no son? He is here in the house; you have seen him to-day. Your son is Paul Patoff. He loves you, and has come to see you."

Again the low, silvery laugh came rippling from her lips. She let the book fall from her hands upon her lap, and leaned far back upon the couch.

"Why do you torment me so?" she asked. "I tell you I have no son." Again she laughed, — less sweetly than before. "Why do you torment me?"

"I do not want to torment you. I will leave you. Shall I come again?"

"Again?" she repeated, vacantly, as though not understanding. But as I stood beside her I moved a little, and I thought her eyes rested on the figure of the professor, standing at the other end of the room, and her face expressed dislike of him, while her answer to me was a meaningless repetition of my own word.

"Yes," I said. "Shall I come again?"

Do you like to talk Russian?" This time she said nothing, but her eyes remained fixed upon the professor. "I am going," I added. "Good-by."

She looked up suddenly. I bowed to her, out of habit, I suppose. Do people generally bow to insane persons? To my surprise, she put out her hand and took mine, and shook it, in the most natural way imaginable; but she did not answer me. Just as I was turning from her she spoke again.

"Who are you?" she asked in English.

"My name is Griggs," I replied, and lingered to see if she would say more. But she laughed again, — very little this time, — and she took up the book she had dropped and began to read.

Cutter smiled, too, as we left the room. I glanced back at the graceful figure of the gray-haired woman, extended upon her couch. She did not look up, and a moment later Cutter and I stood again in the antechamber. The professor slowly rubbed his hands together, — his gigantic hands, modeled by nature for dealing with big things. Mrs. North rose from her reading.

"I have an idea that our patient has recognized this gentleman," said the scientist. "This has been a remarkably eventful day. She is probably very tired, and if you could induce her to go to bed it would be a very good thing, Mrs. North. Good-evening."

"Good-evening," I said. Mrs. North made a slight inclination with her head, in answer to our salutation. I pushed aside the heavy curtain, and we went out. Cutter had a pass-key to the heavy door in the passage, and opened it and closed it noiselessly behind us. I felt as though I had been in a dream, as we emerged into the dimly lighted great hall, where a huge fire burned in the old-fashioned fireplace, and Fang, the white deerhound, lay asleep upon the thick rug.

"And now, Mr. Griggs," said the professor, stopping short and thrusting

his hands into his pockets, "will you tell me what she said to you, and whether she gave any signs of intelligence?" He faced me very sharply, as though to disconcert me by the suddenness of his question. It was a habit he had.

"She said very little," I replied. "She said that 'Paul' was dead. Was that her husband's name as well as her son's?"

"Yes. What else?"

"She told me she had no son; and when I reminded her that she had seen him that very afternoon, she laughed and answered, 'I tell you I have no son, — why do you torment me?' She said all that in Russian. As I was going away you heard her ask me who I was, in English. My name appeared to amuse her."

"Yes," assented Cutter, with a smile. "Was that all?"

"That was all she said," I answered, with perfect truth. Somehow I did not care to tell the professor of the look I thought I had seen in her face when her eyes rested on him. In the first place, as he was doing his best to cure her, it seemed useless to tell him that I thought she disliked him. It might have been only my imagination. Besides, that nameless, undefined suspicion had crossed my brain that Madame Patoff was not really mad; and though her apparently meaningless words might have been interpreted to mean something in connection with her expression of face in speaking, it was all too vague to be worth detailing. I had determined that I would see her again, and see her alone, before long. I might then make some discovery, or satisfy myself that she was really insane.

"Well," observed the professor, "it looks as though she remembered her husband's death, at all events; and if she remembers that, she has the memory of her own identity, which is something in such cases. I think she faintly recognized you. That flush that came into

her face was there when she saw her son this afternoon, so far as I can gather from Carvel's description. I wish they had waited for me. This remark about her son is very curious, too. It is more like a monomania than anything we have had yet. It is like a fixed idea in character; she certainly is not sane enough to have meant it ironically, — to have meant that Paul Patoff is not a son to her while thinking only of the other one who is dead. Did she speak Russian fluently? She has not spoken it for more than eighteen months, — perhaps longer."

"She speaks it perfectly," I replied.

"What strange tricks this brain of ours will play us!" exclaimed the professor. "Here is a woman who has forgotten every circumstance of her former life, has forgotten her friends and relations, and is puzzling us all with her extraordinary lack of memory, and who, nevertheless, remembers fluently the forms and expressions of one of the most complicated languages in the world. At the same time we do not think that she remembers what she reads. I wish we could find out. She acts like a person who has had an injury to some part of the head which has not affected the rest. But then, she never received any injury, to my knowledge."

"Not even when she fell at Weissenstein?"

"Not the least. I made a careful examination."

"I do not see that we are likely to arrive at a conclusion by any amount of guessing," I remarked. "Nothing but time and experiments will show what is the matter with her."

"I have not the time, and I cannot invent the experiments," replied the professor, impatiently. "I have a great mind to advise Carvel to put her into an asylum, and have done with all this sort of thing."

"He will never consent to do that," I answered. "He evidently believes that

she is recovering. I could see it in his face this evening. What do the nurses think of it?"

"Mrs. North never says anything very encouraging, excepting that she has taken care of many insane women before, and remembers no case like this. She is a famous nurse, too. Those people, from their constant daily experience, sometimes understand things that we specialists do not. But on the other hand, she is so taciturn and cautious that she can hardly be induced to speak at all. The other woman is younger and more enthusiastic, but she has not half so much sense."

I was silent. I was thinking that, according to all accounts, I had been more successful than any one hitherto, and that a possible clue to Madame Patoff's condition might be obtained by encouraging her to speak in her adopted language. Perhaps something of the sort crossed the professor's mind.

"Would you like to see her again?" he inquired. "It will be interesting to know whether this return of memory is wholly transitory. She recognized her son to-day, and I think she had some recognition of you. You might both see her again to-morrow, and discover if the same symptoms present themselves."

"I should be glad to go again," I replied. "But if I can be of any service, it seems to me that I ought to be informed of the circumstances which led to her insanity. I might have a better chance of rousing her attention."

"Carvel will never consent to that," said the professor, shortly, and he looked away from me as I spoke.

I was about to ask whether Cutter himself was acquainted with the whole story, when Fang, the dog, who had taken no notice whatever of our presence in the hall, suddenly sprang to his feet, and trotted across the floor, wagging his tail. He had recognized the tread of his mistress, and a moment later Hermione entered and came towards us.

Hermione did not like the professor very much, and the professor knew it; for he was a man of quick and intuitive perceptions, who had a marvelous understanding of the sympathies and antipathies of those with whom he was thrown. He sniffed the air rather discontentedly as the young girl approached, and he looked at his watch.

"Fang has good ears, Miss Carvel," said he. "He knew your step before you came in."

"Yes," answered Hermione, seating herself in one of the deep chairs by the fireside, and caressing the dog's head as he laid his long muzzle upon her knee. "Poor Fang, you know your friends, don't you? Mr. Griggs, this new collar is always unfastening itself. I believe you have bewitched it! See, here it is falling off again."

I bent down to examine the lock. The professor was not interested in the dog nor his collar, and, muttering something about speaking to Carvel before he went to bed, he left us.

"I could not stay in there," said Hermione. "Aunt Chrysophrasia is talking to cousin Paul in her usual way, and Macaulay has got into a corner with mamma, so that I was left alone. Where have you been all this time?"

"I have heard about what you could not tell me," I answered. "I have been to see Madame Patoff with the professor."

"Not really? Oh, I am so glad! Now I can always talk to you about it. Did papa tell you? Why did he want you to go?"

I briefly explained the circumstances of my seeing Madame Patoff in the Black Forest, and the hope that was entertained of her recognizing me.

"Do you ever go in to see her, Miss Carvel?" I asked.

"Sometimes. They do not like me to go," said she; "they think it is too depressing for me. I cannot tell why. Poor dear aunt! she used to be glad to

see me. Is not it dreadfully sad? Can you imagine a man, who has just seen his mother in such a condition, behaving as Paul Patoff behaves this evening? He talks as if nothing had happened."

"No, I cannot imagine it. I suppose he does not want to make everybody feel badly about it."

"Mr. Griggs, is she really mad?" asked Hermione, in a low voice, leaning forward and clasping her hands.

"Why," I began, very much surprised, "does anybody doubt that she is insane?"

"I do," said the young girl, decidedly. "I do not believe she is any more insane than you and I are."

"That is a very bold thing to say," I objected, "when a man of Professor Cutter's reputation in those things says that she is crazy, and gives up so much time to visiting her."

"All the same," said Hermione, "I do not believe it. I am sure people sometimes try to kill themselves without being insane, and that is all it rests on."

"But she has never recognized any one since that," I urged.

"Perhaps she is ashamed," suggested my companion, simply.

I was struck by the reply. It was such a simple idea that it seemed almost foolish. But it was a woman's thought about another woman, and it had its value. I laughed a little, but I answered seriously enough.

"Why should she be ashamed?"

"It seems to me," said the young girl, "that if I had done something very foolish and wicked, like trying to kill myself, and if people took it for granted that I was crazy, I would let them believe it, because I should be too much ashamed of myself to allow that I had consciously done anything so bad. Perhaps that is very silly; do you think so?"

"I do not think it is silly," I replied. "It is a very original idea."

"Well, I will tell you something. Soon after she was first brought here I

used to go and see her more often than I do now. She interested me so much. I was often alone with her. She never answered any questions, but she would sometimes let me read aloud to her. I do not know whether she understood anything I read, but it soothed her, and occasionally she would go to sleep while I was reading. One day I was sitting quite quietly beside her, and she looked at me very sadly, as though she were thinking of somebody she had loved, — I cannot tell why; and without thinking I looked at her, and said, ‘Dear aunt Annie, tell me, you are not really mad, are you?’ Then she turned very pale and began to cry, so that I was frightened, and called the nurse, and went away. I never told anybody, because it seemed so foolish of me, and I thought I had been unkind, and had hurt her feelings. But after that she did not seem to want to see me when I came, and so I have thought a great deal about it. Do you see? Perhaps there is not much connection.”

“I think you ought to have told some one; your father, for instance,” I said. “It is very interesting.”

“I have told you, though it is so long since it happened,” she answered; and then she added, quickly, “Shall you tell Professor Cutter?”

“No,” I replied, after a moment’s hesitation, “I do not think I shall. Should you like me to tell him?”

“Oh, no,” she exclaimed quickly, “I should much rather you would not.”

“Why?” I inquired. “I agree with you, but I should like to know your reason.”

“I think Professor Cutter knows more already than he will tell you or me” — She checked herself, and then continued in a lower voice: “It is prejudice, of course, but I do not like him. I positively cannot bear the sight of him.”

“I fancy he knows that you do not like him,” I remarked. “Tell me, Miss Carvel, do you know anything of the

reason why Madame Patoff became insane? If you do know, you must not tell me what it was, because your father does not wish me to hear it. But I should like to be sure whether you know all about it, or not; whether you and I judge her from the same point of view, or whether you are better instructed than I am.”

“I know nothing about it,” said Hermione, quietly.

She sat gazing into the great fire, one small hand supporting her chin, and the other resting upon the sharp white head of Fang, who never moved from her knee. There was a pause, during which we were both wondering what strange circumstance could have brought the unhappy woman to her present condition, whether it were that of real or of assumed insanity.

“I do not know,” she repeated, at last. “I wish I did, but I suppose it was something too dreadful to be told. There are such dreadful things in the world, you know.”

“Yes, I know there are,” I answered, gravely; and in truth I was persuaded that the prime cause must have been extraordinary indeed, since even John Carvel had said that he could not tell me.

“There are such dreadful things,” Hermione said again. “Just think how horrible it would be if” — She stopped short, and blushed crimson in the ruddy firelight.

“What?” I asked. But she did not answer, and I saw that the idea had pained her, whatever it might be. Presently she turned the phrase so as to make it appear natural enough.

“What a horrible thing it would be if we found that poor aunt Annie only let us believe she was mad, because she had done something she was sorry for, and would not own it!”

“Dreadful indeed,” I replied. Hermione rose from her deep chair.

“Good-night, Mr. Griggs,” she said.

"I hope we may all understand everything some day."

"Good-night, Miss Carvel."

"How careful you are of the formalities!" she said, laughing. "How two years change everything! It used to be 'Good-night, Hermy,' so short a time ago!"

"Good-night, Hermy," I said, laughing, too, as she took my hand. "If you are old enough to be called Miss Carvel, I am old enough to call you Hermy still."

"Oh, I did not mean that," she said, and went away.

I sat a few minutes by the fire after she had gone, and then, fearing lest I should be disturbed by the professor or John Carvel, I too left the hall, and went to my own room, to think over the events of the day. I had learned so much that I was confused, and needed rest and leisure to reflect. That morning I had waked with a sensation of unsatisfied curiosity. All I had wanted to discover had been told me before bedtime, and more also; and now I was unpleasantly aware that this very curiosity was redoubled, and that, having been promoted from knowing nothing to knowing something, I felt I had only begun to guess how much there was to be known.

Oh, this interest in other people's business! How grand and beautiful and simple a thing it is to mind one's own affairs, and leave other people to mind what concerns them! And yet I defy the most indifferent man alive to let himself be put in my position, and not to feel curiosity; to be taken into a half confidence of the most intense interest, and not to desire exceedingly to be trusted with the remainder; to be asked to consider and give an opinion upon certain effects, and to be deliberately informed that he may never know the causes which led to the results he sees.

On mature reflection, what had struck me as most remarkable in connection

with the whole matter was Hermione's simple, almost childlike guess, — that Madame Patoff was ashamed of something, and was willing to be considered insane, rather than let it be thought she was in possession of her faculties at the time when she did the deed, whatever it might be. That this was a conceivable hypothesis there was no manner of doubt, only I could hardly imagine what action, apart from the poor woman's attempt at suicide, could have been so serious as to persuade her to act insanity for the rest of her life. Surely John Carvel, with his great, kind heart, would not be unforgiving. But John Carvel might not have been concerned in the matter at all. He spoke of knowing the details and being unable to tell them to me, but he never said they concerned any one but Madame Patoff.

Strange that Hermione should not know, either. Whatever the details were, they were not fit for her young ears. It was strange, too, that she should have conceived an antipathy for the professor. He was a man who was generally popular, or who at least had the faculty of making himself acceptable when he chose; but it was perfectly evident that the scientist and the young girl disliked each other. There was more in it than appeared upon the surface. Innocent young girls do not suddenly contract violent prejudices against elderly and inoffensive men who do not weary them or annoy them in some way; still less do men of large intellect and experience take unreasoning and foolish dislikes to young and beautiful maidens. We know little of the hidden sympathies and antipathies of the human heart, but we know enough to say with certainty that in broad cases the average human being will not, without cause, act wholly in contradiction to the dictates of reason and the probabilities of human nature.

I lay awake long that night, and for many nights afterwards, trying to ex-

plain to myself these problems, and planning ways and means for discovering whether or not the beautiful old lady down-stairs was in her right mind, or was playing a shameful and wicked trick upon the man who sheltered her. But though other events followed each other with rapidity, it was long before I got at the truth and settled the question. Whether or not I was right in wishing to pursue the secret to its ultimate source and explanation, I leave you to judge. I will only say that, although I was at first impelled by what seems now a wretched and worthless curiosity, I found, as time went on, that there was such a multiplicity of interests at stake, that the complications were so singular and unexpected and the passions aroused so masterful and desperate, that, being in the fight, I had no choice but to fight it to the end. So I did my very best in helping those to whom I owed allegiance by all the laws of hospitality and gratitude, and in concentrating my whole strength and intelligence and activity in the discovery of an evil which I suspected from the first to be very great, but of which I was far from realizing the magnitude and extent. You will forgive my thus speaking of myself, and this apology for my doings at this stage of my story; but I am aware that my motives hitherto may have appeared contemptible, and I am anxious to have you understand that when I found myself suddenly placed in what I regard as one of the most extraordinary situations of my life, I honestly put my hand out, and strove to become an agent for good in that strange series of events into which my poor curiosity had originally brought me. And having thus explained and expressed myself in concluding what I may regard as the first part of my story, I promise that I will not trouble you again, dear lady, with any unnecessary asseverations of my good faith, nor with any useless defense of my actions; conceiving that although I

am responsible to you for the telling of this tale, I am answerable to many for the part I played in the circumstances here related; and that, on the other hand, though no one can find much fault with me for my doings, none but you will have occasion to criticise my mode of telling them.

Henceforth, therefore, and to the end, I will speak of events which happened from an historical point of view, frequently detailing conversations in which I took no part and scenes of which I had not at the time any knowledge, and only introducing myself in the first person when the nature of the story requires it.

XI.

One might perhaps define the difference between Professor Cutter and Paul Patoff by saying that the Russian endeavored to make a favorable impression upon people about him, and then to lead them on by means of the impression he had created, whereas the scientist enjoyed feeling that he had a hidden power over his surroundings, while he allowed people to think that he was only blunt and outspoken. Essentially, there was between the two men the difference that exists between a diplomatist and a conspirator. Patoff loved to appear brilliant, to talk well, to be liked by everybody, and to accomplish everything by persuasion; he seemed to enjoy the world and his position in it, and it was part of his plan of life to acknowledge his little vanities, and to make others feel that they need only take a sufficient pride in themselves to become as shining lights in the social world as Paul Patoff. At a small cost to himself, he favored the general opinion in regard to his eccentricity, because the reputation of it gave him a certain amount of freedom he would not otherwise have enjoyed. He undertook many obligations, in his constant readiness to be agreeable to all men, and

perhaps, if he had not reserved to himself the liberty of some occasional repose, he would have found the burden of his responsibilities intolerable. It was his maxim that one should never appear to refuse anything to any one, and it is no easy matter to do that, especially when it is necessary never to neglect an opportunity of gaining an advantage for one's self. For the whole aim of Patoff's policy at that time was selfish. He believed that he possessed the secret of power in his own indomitable will, and he cultivated the science of persuasion, until he acquired an infinite art in adapting the means to the end. Every kind of knowledge served him, and though his mind was perhaps not really profound, it was far from being superficial, and the surface of it which he presented when he chose was vast. It was impossible to speak of any question of history, science, ethics, or æsthetics of which Patoff was ignorant, and his information on most points was more than sufficient to help him in artfully indorsing the opinions of those about him. He was full of tact. It was impossible to make him disagree with any one, and yet he was so skillful in his conversation that he was generally thought to have a very sound judgment. His system was substantially one of harmless flattery, and he never departed from it. He reckoned on the unfathomable vanity of man, and he rarely was out in his reckoning; he counted upon woman's admiration of dominating characters, and was not disappointed, for women respected him, and were proportionately delighted when he asked their opinion.

In this, as in all other things, the professor was the precise opposite of the diplomatist. Cutter affected an air of sublime simplicity, and cultivated a straightforward bluntness of expression which was not without weight. He prided himself on saying at once that he either had an opinion upon a subject, or had none; and if he chanced to have formed any

judgment he was hot in its support. His intellect was really profound within the limits he had chosen for his activity, and his experience of mankind was varied and singular. He was a man who cared little for detail, except when details tended to elucidate the whole, for his first impressions were accurate and large. With his strong and sanguine nature he exhibited a rough frankness appropriate to his character. He was strong-handed, strong-minded, and strong-tongued; a man who loved to rule others, and who made no secret of it; impatient of contradiction when he stated his views, but sure never to assume a position in argument or in affairs which he did not believe himself able to maintain against all comers.

But with this appearance of hearty honesty, the scientist possessed the remarkable quality of discretion, not often found in sanguine temperaments. He loved to understand the secrets of men's lives, and to feel that if need be he could govern people by main force and wholly against their will. He could conceal anything, any knowledge he possessed, any strong passion he felt, with amazing skill. At the very time when he seemed to be most frankly speaking his mind, when he made his honest strength appear as open as the day, as though scorning all concealment and courting inquiry into his motives, he was capable of completely hiding his real intentions, of professing ignorance in matters in which he was profoundly versed, of appearing to be as cold as stone when his heart was as hot as fire. He was a man of violent passions in love and hate, unforgetting and unforgiving, who never relented in the pursuit of an object, nor weighed the cruelty of the means in comparison with the importance of the end. He had by nature a temperament fitted for conspiracy and planned to disarm suspicion. He was incomparably superior to Paul Patoff in powers of mind and in the art of concealment, he was equal to

him in the unchanging determination of his will, but he was by far inferior to him in those external gifts which charm the world and command social success.

These two remarkable men had met before they found themselves together under John Carvel's roof, but they did not appear to have been intimate. It was, indeed, very difficult to imagine what their relations could have been, for they occasionally seemed to understand each other perfectly upon matters not understood by the rest of us, whereas they sometimes betrayed a surprising ignorance in regard to each other's affairs.

From the time when the professor arrived it was apparent that Hermione did not like him, and that Cutter was aware of the fact. It had not needed the young girl's own assurance to inform me of the antipathy she felt for the man of science. He had seen her before, but Hermione had suddenly grown into a young lady since his last visit, and the consequence was that she was thrown far more often into the society of the man she disliked than had been the case when she was still in the school-room. John Carvel never liked governesses, and as soon as practicable the last one had been discharged, so that Hermione was left to the society of her mother and aunt and of such visitors as chanced to be staying in the house. She was fond of her brother, but had seen little of him, and stood rather in awe of his superior genius; for Macaulay was a young man who possessed in a very high degree what we call the advantages of modern education. She loved him and looked up to him, but did not understand him in the least, because people who have a great deal of heart do not easily comprehend the nature of people who have little; and Macaulay Carvel's manner of talking about men, and even nations, as though they were mere wooden pawns or sets of pawns, puzzled his sister's simpler views of humanity. Her mother did not always interest her, either; she

was devotedly attached to her, but Mrs. Carvel, as she grew older, became more and more absorbed in the strange sort of inner religious life which she had created for herself as a kind of stronghold in the midst of her surroundings, and when alone with her daughter was apt to talk too much upon serious subjects. To a young and beautiful girl, who felt herself entering the vestibule of the world in the glow of a wondrous dawn, the somewhat mournful contemplation of the spiritual future could not possibly have the charm such meditation possessed for a woman in middle age, who had passed through the halls of the palace of life without seeing many of its beauties, and who already, in the dim distance, caught sight of the shadowy gate whereby we must all descend from this world's sumptuous dwelling, to tread the silent labyrinths of the unknown future.

Such society as Mrs. Carvel's was not good for Hermione. It is not good for any girl. It is before all things important that youth should be young, lest it should not know how to be old when age comes upon it. Nor is there anything that should be further removed from youth than the contemplation of death, which to old age is but a haven of rest to be desired, whereas to those who are still young it is an abyss to be abhorred. It is well to say, "*Memento, homo, quia pulvis es,*" but not to say it too often, lest the dust of individual human existence make cobwebs in the existence of humanity.

As for her aunt Chrysophrasia, Hermione liked to talk to her, because Miss Dabstreak was amusing, with her everlasting paradoxes upon everything; and because, not being by nature of an evil heart, and desiring to be eccentric beyond her fellows, she was not altogether averse to the mild martyrdom of being thought ridiculous by those who held contrary opinions. Nevertheless, her aunt's company did not satisfy all Hermione's want of society, and the advent

of strangers, even of myself, was hailed by her with delight. The fact of her conceiving a particular antipathy for the professor was therefore all the more remarkable, because she rarely shunned the society of any one with whom she had an opportunity of exchanging ideas. But Cutter did not like to be disliked, and he sought an occasion of making her change her mind in regard to him. A few days after my visit to Madame Patoff, the professor found his chance. Macaulay Carvel, Paul Patoff, and I left the house early to ride to a distant meet, for Patoff had expressed his desire to follow the hounds, and, as usual, everybody was anxious to oblige him.

After breakfast the professor watched until he saw Hermione enter the conservatory, where she usually spent a part of the morning alone among the flowers; sometimes making an elaborate inspection of the plants she loved best, sometimes sitting for an hour or two with a book in some remote corner, among the giant tropical leaves and the bright-colored blossoms. She loved not only the flowers, but the warmth of the place, in the bitter winter weather.

Cutter entered with a supremely unconscious air, as though he believed there was no one in the conservatory. There was nothing professorial about his appearance, except his great spectacles, through which he gazed benignly at the luxuriant growth of plants, as he advanced, his hands in the pockets of his plaid shooting-coat. He was dressed as any other man might be in the country; he had selected an unostentatious plaid for the material of his clothes, and he wore a colored tie, which just showed beneath the wave of his thick beard. He trod slowly but firmly, putting his feet down as though prepared to prove his right to the ground he trod on.

"Oh! Are you here, Miss Carvel?" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of Hermione installed in a cane chair behind some plants. She was not much pleased

at being disturbed, but she looked up with a slight smile, willing to be civil.

"Since you ask me, I am," she replied.

"Whereas if I had not asked you, you would have affected not to be here, you mean? How odd it is that just when one sees a person one should always ask them if one sees them or not! In this case, I suppose the pleasure of seeing you was so great that I doubted the evidence of my senses. Is that the way to turn a speech?"

"It is a way of turning one, certainly," answered Hermione. "There may be other ways. I have not much experience of people who turn speeches."

"I have had great experience of them," said the professor, "and I confess to you that I consider the practice of turning everything into compliment as a disagreeable and tiresome humbug."

"I was just thinking the same thing," said Hermione.

"Then we shall agree."

"Provided you practice what you preach, we shall."

"Did you ever know me to preach what I did not practice?" asked Cutter, with a smile of honest amusement.

"I have not known much of you, either in preaching or in practicing, as yet. We shall see."

"Shall I begin now?"

"If you like," answered the young girl.

"Which shall it be, preaching or practicing?"

"I should say that, as you have me entirely at your mercy, the opportunity is favorable for preaching."

"I would not make such an unfair use of my advantage," said the professor. "I detest preaching. In practice I never preach" —

"You are making too much conversation out of those two words," interrupted Hermione. "If I let you go on, you will be making puns upon them."

"You do not like puns?"

"I think nothing is more contemptible."

"Merely because that way of being funny is grown old-fashioned," said Cutter. "Fifty or sixty years ago, a hundred years ago, when a man wanted to be very bitingly sarcastic, he would compose a criticism upon his enemy which was only a long string of abominable puns; each pun was printed in italics. That was thought to be very funny."

"You would not imitate that sort of fun, would you?" asked Hermione.

"No. You would think it no joke if I did," answered Cutter, gravely.

"I am not going to laugh," said Hermione. But she laughed, nevertheless.

"Pray do not laugh if you do not want to," said Cutter. "I am used to being thought dull. Your gravity would not wound me though I were chief clown to the whole universe, and yours were the only grave face in the world. By the bye, you are laughing, I see. I am much obliged for the appreciation. Shall I go on being funny?"

"Not if you can help it," said Hermione.

"Do you insinuate that I am naturally an object for laughter?" asked Cutter, smiling. "Do you mean that 'I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men'? If so, I may yet make you spend a pleasant hour in despite of yourself, without any great effort on my own part. I will sit here, and you shall laugh at me. The morning will pass very agreeably."

"I should think you might find something better to do," returned Hermione. "But they say that small things amuse great minds."

"If I had a great mind, do you think I should look upon it as a small thing to be laughed at by you, Miss Carvel?" inquired Cutter, quietly.

"You offer yourself so readily to be my laughing-stock that I am forced to consider what you offer a small thing," returned his companion.

"You are exceedingly sarcastic. In that case, I have not a great mind, as you supposed."

"You are fishing for a compliment, I presume."

"Perhaps. I wish you would pay me compliments—in earnest. I am vain. I like to be appreciated. You do not like me,—I would like to be liked by you."

"You are talking nonsense, Professor Cutter," said the young girl, raising her eyebrows a little. "If I did not like you, it would be uncivil of you to say you had found it out, unless I treated you rudely."

"It may be nonsense, Miss Carvel. I speak according to my lights."

"Then I should say that for a luminary of science your light is very limited," returned Hermione.

"In future I will hide my light under a bushel, since it displeases you."

"Something smaller than a bushel would serve the purpose. But it does not please me that you should be in the dark; I would rather you had more light."

"You have only to look at me," said the scientist, with a laugh.

"I thought you professed not to make silly compliments. My mother tells me that the true light should come from within," added Hermione, with a little scorn.

"Religious enthusiasts, who make those phrases, spend their lives in studying themselves," retorted Cutter. "They think they see light where they most wish to find it. I spend my time in studying other people."

"I should think you would find it vastly more interesting."

"I do; especially when you are one of the people I am permitted to study."

"If you think I will permit it long, you are mistaken," said Hermione, who was beginning to lose her temper, without precisely knowing why. She took up her book and a piece of embroidery

she had brought with her, as though she would go.

"You cannot help my making a study of you," returned the professor, calmly. "If you leave me now, I regard it as an interesting feature in your case."

"I will afford you that much interest, at all events," answered Hermione, rising to her feet. She was annoyed, and the blood rose to her delicate cheeks, while her downcast lashes hid the anger in her eyes. But she did not know the man, if she thought he would let himself be treated so lightly. She knew neither him nor his weapons.

"Miss Carvel, permit me to ask your forgiveness," he said. "I am so fond of hearing myself talk that my tongue runs away with me."

"Why do you tease me so?" asked Hermione, suddenly raising her eyes and facing Cutter. But before he could answer her she laid down her work and her book, and walked slowly away from him. She reached the opposite side of the broad conservatory, and turned back.

Cutter's whole manner had changed the moment he saw that she was seriously annoyed. He knew well enough that he had said nothing for which the girl could be legitimately angry, but he understood her antipathy to him too well not to know that it could easily be excited at any moment to an open expression of dislike. On the present occasion, however, he had resolved to fathom, if possible, the secret cause of the feeling the beautiful Hermione entertained against him.

"Miss Carvel," he said, very gently, as she advanced again towards him, "I like to talk to you, of all people, but you do not like me, — forgive my saying it, for I am in earnest, — and I lose my temper because I cannot find out why."

Hermione stood still for a moment, and looked straight into the professor's eyes; she saw that they met hers with such an honest expression of regret that her heart was touched. She stooped and

picked a flower, and held it in her hand some seconds before she answered.

"It was I who was wrong," she said, presently. "Let us be friends. It is not that I do not like you, — really I believe it is not that. It is that, somehow, you do manage to — to tease me, I suppose." She blushed. "I am sure you do not mean it. It is very foolish of me, I know."

"If you could only tell me exactly where my fault lies," said Cutter, earnestly, "I am sure I would never commit it again. You do not seriously believe that I ever intend to annoy you?"

"N— no," hesitated Hermione. "No, you do not intend to annoy me, and yet I think it amuses you sometimes to see that I am angry about nothing."

"It does not amuse me," said Cutter. "My tongue gets the better of me, and then I am very sorry afterwards. Let us be friends, as you say. We have more serious things to think of than quarrelling in our conversation. Say you forgive me, as freely as I say that it has always been my fault."

There was something so natural and humble in the way the man spoke that Hermione had no choice but to put out her hand and agree to the truce. Professor Cutter was as old as her father, though he looked ten years younger, or more; he had a world-wide reputation in more than one branch of science; he was altogether what is called a celebrated man; and he stood before her asking to "make friends," as simply as a schoolboy. Hermione had no choice.

"Of course," she answered, and then added with a smile, "only you must really not tease me any more."

"I won't," said Cutter, emphatically.

They sat down again, side by side, and were silent for some moments. It seemed to Hermione as though she had made an important compact, and she did not feel altogether certain of the result. She could have laughed at the idea that her making up her differences with the

professor was of any real importance in her life, but nevertheless she felt that it was so, and she was inclined to think over what she had done. Her hands lay folded upon her lap, and she idly gazed at them, and thought how small and white they looked upon the dark blue serge. Cutter spoke first.

"I suppose," he began, "that when we are not concerned with our own immediate affairs, we are all of us thinking of the same thing. Indeed, though we live very much as though nothing were the matter, we are constantly aware that one subject occupies us all alike."

To tell the truth, Hermione was not at that moment thinking of poor Madame Patoff. She raised her eyes with an inquiring glance.

"I am very much preoccupied," continued the professor. "I have not the least idea whether we have done wisely in allowing Paul to see his mother."

"If she knew him, I imagine it was a good thing," answered Hermione. "How long is it since they met?"

"Eighteen months, or more. They met last in very painful circumstances, I believe. You see the impression was strong enough to outlive her insanity. She was not glad to see him."

"Why will they not tell me what drove her mad?" asked Hermione.

"It is not a very nice story," answered the professor. "It is probably on account of Paul." There was a short pause.

"Do you mean that she went mad on account of something Paul did?" asked Hermione, presently.

"I am not sure I can tell you that. I wish you could know the whole story, but your father would never consent to it, I am sure."

"If it is not nice, I do not wish to hear it," said Hermione, quietly. "I only wanted to know about Paul. You gave me the impression that it was in some way his fault."

"In some way it was," replied Cutter.

"Poor lady, — I am not sure we should have let her see him."

"Does she suffer much, do you think?"

"No. If she suffered much, she would fall ill and probably die. I do not think she has any consciousness of her situation. I have known people like that who were mad only three or four days in the week. She never has a lucid moment. I am beginning to think it is hopeless, and we might as well advise your father to have her taken to a private asylum. The experiment would be interesting."

"Why?" asked Hermione. "She gives nobody any trouble here. It would be unkind. She is not violent, nor anything of that sort. We should all feel dreadfully if anything happened to her in the asylum. Besides, I thought it was a great thing that she should have known Paul yesterday."

"Not as great as one might fancy. I think that if there were much chance of her recovery, the recognition of her son ought to have brought back a long train of memories, amounting almost to a lucid interval."

"I understood that you had spoken more hopefully last night," said Hermione, doubtfully. "You seem discouraged to-day."

"With most people it is necessary to appear hopeful at any price," answered Cutter. "I feel that with you I am perfectly safe in saying precisely what I think. You will not misinterpret what I say, nor repeat it to every other member of the household."

"No, indeed. I am glad you tell me the truth, but I had hoped it was not so bad as you say."

"Your aunt is very mad indeed, Miss Carvel," said the professor.

I may observe, in passing, that what the professor said to me differed very materially from what he said to Hermione, a circumstance we did not discover until a later date. For Hermione, having given her promise not to repeat

what Cutter told her about her aunt, kept it faithfully, and did not even assume an air of superiority when speaking about the case to others. She believed exactly what the professor said, namely, that he trusted her, and no one else, with his true views of the matter; and that, to all others, he assumed an air of hopefulness very far removed from his actual state of mind.

Singularly, — or naturally, as you look at it, — the result of the conversation between Hermione and the professor was the complete disappearance, for some time, of all their differences. Cutter ceased to annoy her with his sharp answers to all she said, and she showed a growing interest in him and in his conversation. They were frequently seen talking together, apparently taking pleasure in each other's society, a fact which I alone noticed as interesting, for Patoff had not been long enough at Carvel Place to discover that there had ever been any antipathy between the two. On looking back, I ascribe the change to the influence Cutter obtained over Hermione by suddenly affecting a great earnestness and a sincere regret for the annoyance he had given in the past, and by admitting her, as he gave her to understand that he did, to his confidence in the matter of Madame Patoff's insanity. Be that as it may, the result was obtained very easily by the professor; and when Hermione left him, before lunch, it is probable that in the solitude of the conservatory the man of science rubbed his gigantic hands together, and beamed upon the orchids with unusual benignity.

But while this new alliance was being formed in the conservatory, another conversation was taking place in a distant part of the house, not less interesting, perhaps, but not destined to reach so peaceable a conclusion. The scene of this other meeting was Miss Chrysophrasia Dabstreak's especial boudoir, an apartment so singular in its furniture and

adornment that I will leave out all description of it, and ask you merely to imagine, at will, the most æsthetic retreat of the most æsthetic old maid in existence.

After breakfast, that morning, Chrysophrasia had sent word to Mrs. Carvel that she should be glad to see her, if she could come up to her boudoir. Chrysophrasia never came down to breakfast. She regarded that meal as a barbarism, forgetting that the mediæval persons she admired began their days by taking to themselves a goodly supply of food. She never appeared before lunch, but spent her mornings in the solitude of her own apartment, probably in the composition of verses which have remained hitherto unpublished. Mrs. Carvel at once acceded to the request conveyed in her sister's message, and went to answer the summons. She was not greatly pleased at the idea of spending the morning with her sister, for she devoted the early hours to religious reading whenever she was able; but she was the most obliging woman in the world, and so she quietly put aside her own wishes, and mounted the stairs to Miss Dabstreak's boudoir. She found the latter clad in loose garments of strange cut and hue, and a green silk handkerchief was tied about her forehead, presumably out of respect for certain concealed curl papers rather than for any direct purpose of adornment. Chrysophrasia looked very faded in the morning. As Mrs. Carvel entered the room, her sister pointed languidly to a chair, and then paused a moment, as though to recover from the exertion.

"Mary," said she at last, and even from the first tone of her voice Mrs. Carvel felt that a severe lecture was imminent, — "Mary, this thing is a hollow sham. It cannot be allowed to go on any longer."

Mrs. Carvel's face assumed a sweet and sad expression, and folding her hands upon her knees, she leaned slightly for-

ward from the chair upon which she sat, and prepared to soothe her sister's views upon hollow shams in general.

"My dear," said she, "you must endeavor to be charitable."

"I do not see the use of being charitable," returned Chrysophrasia, with more energy than she was wont to display. "Dear me, Mary, what in the world has charity to do with the matter? Can you look at me and say that it has anything to do with it?"

No. Mary could not look at her and say so, for a very good reason. She had not the most distant idea what Chrysophrasia was talking about. On general principles, she had made a remark about being charitable, and was now held to account for it. She smiled timidly, as though to deprecate her sister's vengeance.

"Mary," said Chrysophrasia, in a tone of sorrowful rebuke, "I am afraid you are not listening to me."

"Indeed I am," said Mrs. Carvel, patiently.

"Well, then, Mary, I say it is a hollow sham, and that it cannot go on any longer."

"Yes, my dear," assented her sister. "I have no doubt you are right; but what were you referring to as a hollow sham?"

"You are hopeless, Mary, — you have no intuitions. Of course I mean Paul."

Even this was not perfectly clear, and Mrs. Carvel looked inquiringly at her sister.

"Is it possible you do not understand?" asked Chrysophrasia. "Do you propose to allow my niece — my niece, Mary, and your daughter," she repeated with awful emphasis — "to fall in love with her own cousin?"

"I am sure the dear child would never think of such a thing," answered Mary Carvel, very gently, and as though not wishing to contradict her sister. "He has not been here twenty-four hours."

"The dear child is thinking of it at this very moment," said Chrysophrasia. "And what is more, Paul has come here with the deliberate intention of marrying her. I have seen it from the first moment he entered the house. I can see it in his eyes."

"Well, my dear, you may be right. But I have not noticed anything of the sort, and I think you go too far. You will jump at conclusions, Chrysophrasia."

"If I went at them at all, Mary, I would glide, — I certainly would not jump," replied the æsthetic lady, with a languid smile. Mrs. Carvel looked wearily out of the window. "Besides," continued Chrysophrasia, "the thing is quite impossible. Paul is not at all a match. Hermy will be very rich, some day. John will not leave everything to Macaulay. I have heard him say so."

"Why do you discuss the matter, Chrysophrasia?" objected Mrs. Carvel, with a little shade of very mild impatience. "There is no question of Hermy marrying Paul."

"Then Paul ought to go away at once."

"We cannot send him away. Besides, I think he is a very good fellow. You forget that poor Annie is in the house, and he has a right to see her, at least for a week."

"It seems to me that Annie might go and live with him."

"He has no home, poor fellow, — he is in the diplomatic service. He is made to fly from Constantinople to Persia, and from Persia to St. Petersburg; how could he take poor Annie with him?"

"If poor Annie chose," said Chrysophrasia, sniffing the air with a disagreeable expression, "poor Annie could go. If she has sense enough to dress herself gorgeously and to read dry books all day, she has sense enough to travel."

"Oh, Chrysophrasia! How dreadfully unkind you are! You know how — ill she is."

Mrs. Carvel did not like to pronounce the word "insane." She always spoke of Madame Patoff's "illness."

"I do not believe it," returned Miss Dabstreak. "She is no more crazy than I am. I believe Professor Cutter knows it, too. Only he has been used to saying that she is mad for so long that he will not believe his senses, for fear of contradicting himself."

"In any case I would rather trust to him than to my own judgment."

"I would not. I am utterly sick of this perpetual disturbance about Annie's state of mind. It destroys the charm of a peaceful existence. If I had the strength, I would go to her and tell her that I know she is perfectly sane, and that she must leave the house. John is so silly about her. He turns the place into an asylum, just because she chooses to hold her tongue."

Mrs. Carvel rose with great dignity.

"I will leave you, Chrysophrasia," she said. "I cannot bear to hear you talk in this way. You really ought to be more charitable."

"You are angry, Mary," replied her sister. "Good-by. I cannot bear the strain of arguing with you. When you are calmer you will remember what I have said."

Poor Mrs. Carvel certainly exhibited none of the ordinary symptoms of anger, as she quietly left the room, with an expression of pain upon her gentle face. When Chrysophrasia was very unreasonable her only course was to go away; for she was wholly unable to give a rough answer, or to defend herself against her sister's attacks. Mary went in search of her husband, and was glad to find him in the library, among his books.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE MÆNADS.

FROM the woodland gnarled and gray,
Where the leafage dims the day,
With a clash of cymbals loud,
Through the grasses, zephyr-bowed,
Where the slumberous poppies burn,
Raising each a fiery urn,
Comes a throng with frantic air,
Following fast a fleeing hare.

Wild the gleam that lights their eyes,
Strange the clamor of their cries;
Ivy binds their glistening brows,
Twined with sprays from myrtle boughs.
Each a slender spear upholds;
Leopard skins, in tawny folds,
Partly hide and partly show
Limbs as white as winter snow.

One restrains with leathern rein
Sinewy, sleek-limbed panthers twain;
One waves high, with motions lithe,
Mottled snakes that hiss and writhe;

And another bears along
 Wine to cheer the masking throng,
 Brewed by Bacchus in a still
 High upon Hymettus hill.

Woe to him who meets this band
 Faring through the forest land!
 Earth shall know his face no more;
 Like that hapless youth of yore
 In the sweet Arcadian days,
 Deep in sunless beechen ways
 Lifeless he shall lie, and cold,
 Trampled out of mortal mould.

Clinton Scollard.

THE SHAKESPEARE-SHAPLEIGH ENTANGLEMENT.

[The editor finds it expedient to lay before the readers of this correspondence the following letter, which accompanied the MS. to his hands:—

MY DEAR A——: Some time ago,—it may be a year, or perhaps more, time flies so,—Professor Dowden, in one of the London weeklies, if I remember rightly, revived the story of this mask, with an evident desire to believe in it. The article brought out from Karl Elze, of Bonn, one of the least mystifying of the German Shakespearean commentators, a pretty broad intimation that the mask was a fabrication. Whether Elze had got on the track of these letters or not I do not know, but, as you recall, the finding of the mask, in the ordinary story about it, appeals to our belief by not very strong links of circumstantial evidence; and it would now seem that the matter is not, under the light of this correspondence, to be got clear of the same treacherous kind of testimony. Many a poor fellow has hanged upon a less curious commingling and interlinking of fact and error than may possibly be found to be the warp and woof of this strange recital, quite worthy, it seems to me, of apt pupils—if there be such—of that teacher of novel-writing by correspondence, Mr. Hale. The letters as they are before me are copies; and judging from the change of a name in one case, at least, which I recognize, I suspect they all are changed, as they say, “for obvious reasons,” so that there is no clue to these epistolary participants in the patronymics here employed. Cordially yours,

JUSTIN WINSOR.]

I. W—— TO HIS WIFE IN BOSTON.

LONDON, October 15, 1877.

MY DEAR KATE,—I must tell you what a week of delights the last has been to me. A fortnight ago yesterday I was at Sotheran’s, in Piccadilly, talking with E—— about Shakespeare matters, and he told me of an old Elizabethan library in Northamptonshire which I ought to see. Presently he said, “And here comes the owner of it.” Turning to the door, I saw a gentleman of about sixty entering, and E—— introduced me to Sir George Beecham. I was soon engaged to visit Beecham Hall, to see the library, which I was glad to do, and to ride after the hounds, which I was not anxious to do. So down I went ten days ago, by rail, and was most royally treated. I saw Sir George and his son-in-law, Captain Roberts, of the Guards, start off with the hounds one morning, but the finest hunter in the stable could not tempt me; beside, Lady Beecham and I had, the night before, made what I thought was a discovery, and I was anxious to follow it up.

You must know that the hall dates back to James the First’s days. It has

been added to somewhat since; but the original builder was made a baronet by that monarch, and to him, Sir Gregory Beecham, the chief glory, in my eyes, of the estate is due, and that is its grand old library. I never saw a finer collection of Elizabethan literature in its original editions. The good old baronet seems to have been a devotee of the drama, and from his yearly visit to London and its theatres he appears to have brought away a stock of plays for his nine months of country life. Here are shelf after shelf of those small quartos of plays and poems which are the delight of the collectors of our days, — all fresh in their pristine glory, uncut and unrumpled. It would make an epoch in Sotheby's history if he could have the selling of them. There is much about the house to interest anybody: a chess-board, for instance, which belonged to Queen Elizabeth, with her monogram; a buff jerkin, whose leather is as stiff as galvanized rubber, and stained deep brown with blood of Naseby Field, — for the Beechams were stanch royalists; and in the large hall a *replica* of Vandyke's Charles on the horse. But what Lady Beecham and I found last night is quite another thing. Malone puts down an edition of Shakespeare's *Lucrece* for 1596; but no one else ever saw one, and the bibliographers are all at a loss. Well, Malone was right, — here it was. But what is singular about Malone's notice, he makes no mention of what this copy yields, — which leads me to think, after all, that he never saw it; that is, a dedication by Shakespeare himself to William Heminge, speaking in it of his brother John Heminge, the player, you know, who was one of those engaged in editing the first folio of Shakespeare's plays after his death. Here is the mysterious initialed "W. H." of the dedication of that volume, which has puzzled everybody so long. Lady Beecham and I are going to make a proclamation on this discovery by and by.

But I must not forget to tell you something that will interest the Shapleys, when you write to them. There was a dinner-party here the evening of my arrival, and I found myself at table beside a certain Lady Shapley. Sir William Shapley, her husband, is now in America, with the English rifle-team, and the wife — who, by the way, is a sister of Lady Beecham — had just received a letter from him, in which he spoke of meeting in New York with our friend of the Massachusetts Berkshire, and how they had succeeded in tracing kinship. This led her to speak of a portrait of an ancient Sir William Shapley, their ancestor, which Lady Beecham had, and I promised to ask to see it, and let her know if I discovered in it any looks of our American Shapleys; for the lines of the two families were united, it seems, in this old worthy of the Tudor times.

That night, when Sir George conducted me up to my chamber, the one candle which he carried strangely lighted up a small portrait that hung, with many others, on one side of the long corridor we were traversing. After he left me, that painted face haunted me. I had only a momentary glimpse of it, but I knew I had seen it before. I never once thought of the Shapley portrait. I found that I could not sleep for thinking of it, and so got out of bed and stealthily went out into the corridor, and took another look at it. I was not satisfied.

The next morning, when I passed along, the sun shone brightly through an opposite window, and brought the painting out in strong drawing. It dawned upon me then. The resemblance was to what is known as the death-mask of Shakespeare, whose story, as we have had it of late years, does not encourage a belief in it, but whose lineaments do, so satisfying are they. I scrutinized the picture closely, — the like nobleness, the same fine-cut features, aristocratic and powerful. Looking more closely, I

was quite sure that there was an inscription in the upper right-hand corner. I thought I made out W. Sh. and a date, of which I could see nothing but a 6.

At breakfast I told my story. "But that's our old Sir William Shapleigh!" cried Lady Beecham.

I looked puzzled, and she glanced inquiringly. "If it is so, then that Shakespeare death-mask is Shapleigh, too," I answered.

Sir George, who has not much enthusiasm to spare in such directions, turned the talk upon something else; and I never saw the moment, while I was there, again to refer to the picture. . . .

II. LADY BEECHAM TO W——.

BEECHAM HALL, *October 17, 1880.*

MY DEAR MR. W——: What do you suppose has happened since I last wrote to you? You recollect the little old portrait in the corridor. Sir George has had a notion lately that the old hall needs rejuvenating, and one apartment after another has been turned upside down to bring it about, — this corridor among the rest. So all the pictures were taken into some adjacent rooms; and when I went into one of them yesterday to get something, this little portrait lay across two chairs in such a way that a side-light from the window revealed to me the inscription in the upper corner, which I remember you spoke of, but which I had failed to see, after you had gone, when I looked for it. I now made out very clearly what you said you saw, W. Sh., and a little warm water took off enough of the obscurity of over two centuries and a half to make me read plainly, OBIT AP. 23, 1616. Now this, you know, is just the date of Shakespeare's death, and what if our old Sir William Shapleigh is the great William Shakespeare, after all! Your associating it with the German death-mask makes me half believe it is so.

I have not said a word of it to any

one, nor of our Lucrece either; but I have got Sir George's permission to send you the Lucrece, and the picture being mine, I shall send that, and let you investigate both. I have had Flotsam make a case for the painting, and pack it securely, and to-morrow morning it is off for Liverpool to your address in Boston. Let me know of its safe arrival. Don't deprive me of an ancestor unless you can make Shakespeare a friend of our house. . . .

III. W—— TO LADY BEECHAM.

BOSTON, *November 3, 1880.*

MY DEAR LADY BEECHAM, — The box and its contents have reached me safely. It was very kind of you to trust so much to my judgment and custody. The inscription as you gave it to me has not faded during the voyage. It is unmistakable. But what else? I did not know that there was a board protecting the back of the canvas. I soon had it out, and what did it reveal? On the concealed side of the panel was a painting of the lower portion of a man, standing apparently erect, in a pair of large wrinkled boots. The figure was cut off just above the waist. Attached to the back of the canvas was a paper with this inscription: —

This effigies of Sir William Shapleigh was depicted with the help of a masque, took after his dying, the twentieth third Aprill, MDCXVI.

It is curious — is n't it? — how this date of death corresponds so exactly with Shakespeare's. Shall we wholly disentangle the fates of the two? All sorts of complexities trouble me. Perhaps the question will come, Did Shapleigh write Shakespeare? as it has come, Did Bacon write Shakespeare? Is this head Shapleigh-Shakespeare or Shakespeare-Shapleigh? Is the death-mask now called Shakespeare's other than the one mentioned in this inscription?

By the way, how about the Shapleys

of that day? Is there no other likeness of them for comparison? Is there no monumental bust anywhere, — say at Brington Church, near Althorpe? Let me know touching this. I have just written the whole story to my friend Shapley in our Berkshire, of whom Lady Shapley spoke to me as a new-found relative of her husband.

Believe me, my dear Lady Beecham, I was never more eager in any quest than I am in this. . . .

IV. GEOFFREY SHAPLEY TO W——.

—, BERKSHIRE, *November 10, 1880.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Your letter, and what you say of the Shapleys of Northamptonshire, and particularly your account of the canvas you have received from Lady Beecham, interests me deeply. I am confident enough to hope for some revelations yet more surprising, when what you know and what I know are put together.

I will not say more now, but leave to your unraveling skill the enigma which I have sent to you by express to-day. You will find a paper with it, some of it old and some very new, the latter my own script, which will help you all it is entitled to in coming to a conclusion.

V. W—— TO LADY BEECHAM.

BOSTON, *November 25, 1880.*

MY DEAR LADY BEECHAM, — I told you in my last that I had written to my friend Shapley. It drew from him an enigmatical letter by post and a box by express. The latter contained a small picture on a panel, somewhat roughly done, but unmistakably of the same person as your canvas, and, as I think no one can doubt, the same head with the Shakespeare death-mask. There is a similar well-balanced brow, the same cranio-logical development, the same firm yet delicate nose. To make the case

sure, this new panel-picture is, as clear as can be, the upper half of the figure, the lower half of which the protecting board of your picture has on its inner surface. The two pieces of wood fit together; the grain matches; the lines of the figure coincide; the sheath of the sword is in the one, of which the hilt is in the other. And so, after at least two hundred and forty years of separation in the Shapley lines, these two pieces of the same panel have come together, confirming all the facts we have so far got. With it my friend has sent me a yellow parchment, which he has marked as being the blazon of the family arms with the family pedigree, as made out at the Herald's office. The tradition is that this paper was brought out to this country in 1635, by an old Geoffrey Shapley who was a younger son of your Sir William, and on this parchment the baronet is put down as dying April 23, 1616, — another confirmation.

I am now anxiously waiting your reply to my inquiry about monumental effigies of the Shapleys. I fancy there must be some. I don't think that death-mask, which I now feel certain is not Shakespeare's, was made for nothing, or for this portrait merely. The mask is so striking that Gerard Johnson must have been a feeble lout indeed if he could not make anything more nearly resembling it than the bust in the Stratford Church. William Page, the artist, you remember, published a few years ago his faith in the mask as that of Shakespeare, and gave corresponding measurements between it and the Stratford bust to show how the one was moulded from the other. I hope you will find a Shapley monument at Brington, or somewhere, and see if correspondences which Page fancied in the Shakespeare bust don't come out patent in the Shapley. Fearing you can't readily find photographs of the death-mask, to make the comparison, I send you two views of it. I shall wait anxiously your report. . . .

VI. LADY BEECHAM TO W——.

BEECHAM HALL, *December, 1880.*

MY DEAR MR. W——: You have hit it. There is a monumental bust of the old Sir William in the Brington Church, in the opposite corner from the Washington monuments which you told me Earl Spencer took you to see. You had not had your curiosity excited then, and naturally did not notice it. I knew there were Shapley monuments there; but never gave them much thought. Sir William's is there now, I know; for Sir George and I drove over yesterday and saw it, and had your photographs with us for comparison. The inscription gives the same date of death as your friend's parchment, and the likeness to the photographs and to the portrait as I remember it is perfect. I don't want you to take my word for it. Sir George has this moment gone to town to send a photographer to Brington to take pictures of the monument, and I shall keep back this letter for a day or two, so as to inclose them. . . .

P. S. Here they are. See for yourself.

VII. W—— TO GEOFFREY SHAPLEY.

BOSTON, *January, 1881.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, — We are on the high road to a definite solution of this matter. Lady Beecham writes to me that there is a monumental bust to Sir William Shapley at Brington, as I hoped there might be, and, on comparing it with photographs of the Shakespeare mask, she thinks it certain one was made from the other.

You ask where you can find the best account of this death-mask. I have already referred you to Page's paper on it, comparing it with the Chandos picture, the Stratford bust, and the Droeshout print of the first folio, in which he comes to the conclusion that they all represent the same person. He says:

"The more I studied and restored and modeled the mask, the more I saw the concurring testimony that this is Shakespeare, if the Droeshout print is Shakespeare. If the Chandos portrait is Shakespeare, this is more so. If the Stratford bust is Shakespeare, this is most Shakespeare." Page, of course, cares nothing for the pedigree of the mask, with its disconnected links. His arguments are based on the agreement of measurements by calipers of the mask and the Stratford bust, of which he says that ten or twelve fit exactly just so many out of twenty-six, which he took of the mask. He clinches his statement thus: "Few persons need be told that this planet never did at any one moment contain two adult heads whose faces agreed in any dozen like measures, and the law of probabilities makes it remote when such an epoch will arrive." That is all very good, of course, even in its lordly extravagance; but you and I care to know just what is known, or even presumed, about the descent of this mask. Page's paper was printed in a New York magazine in 1875, and in the previous year there was in the same periodical the best account I can refer you to of just this circumstantial history. Let me give you the main points of it.

In 1843 a German gentleman, Franz von Kesselstadt, died at Mayence; and when his effects were sold, among them was a small miniature, which represented a man, crowned with laurel, and lying asleep or dead on a bed or bier; this picture showed the body upwards from a point a few inches below the chin. A burning candle was represented by his side. The picture had on the face "Aö 1637," and on the back "Den Traditionen nach Shakespeare." This picture was said to have been long in the Kesselstadt family, and if it represented a dead man it might naturally be supposed to be painted after a cast; but no such cast was found among the effects, though there was a report that such a cast had

existed. A dealer bought the picture, and four years later (1847) sold it to Ludwig Becker, a portrait-painter in Mayence, who set about inquiries for the cast, and is said to have found in a junk shop, in 1849, a mask which bore a striking resemblance to the picture. It had on the back of it, impressed in the plaster, and, as experts said, before the plaster was hardened, this inscription: "† Ao DM 1616." This was the year, you know, of Shakespeare's death, and a few hairs which adhered to the cast were auburn, which we are told was the color of Shakespeare's hair. This is the whole story, and it constitutes all the evidence there is, except that kind of evidence which Page finds in correspondences with the well-known likenesses of Shakespeare. Of course you can imagine all sorts of ways in which the mask may have reached Germany; but not a bit of testimony is produced to show any way to have been the true one. Becker, the next year (1850), having worked himself into the belief that he had the death-mask of Shakespeare, took it to England, and, being a naturalist, made the acquaintance of Professor Owen, of the British Museum, with whom he left the mask, while he went to Australia. Owen and others were struck with its appearance, but the missing link in its descent prevented any one seriously giving in his adherence to the view of it held by Becker, or at least the authorities of the British Museum did not. They are said to have tried hard to establish the fact that some member of the Kesselstadt family had been in England in King James's day. Owen had the mask for ten years, and on the death of Becker, in 1861, it was sent to Becker's brother in Darmstadt, where it now is, or was recently.

You are aware that the Stratford bust is known to have been made before 1623, and that sculptors, or some at least, have agreed to its bearing evidences of having been made from a death-mask.

The important point to be established is, of course, Did Gerard Johnson, the tomb-maker, have this mask? He did not, certainly, if our proofs pass for anything.

VIII. LADY BEECHAM TO W——.

BEECHAM HALL, *January, 1881.*

MY DEAR MR. W——: You can't imagine what an ardent disciple you have got in Captain Roberts. He came down from London to pass the holidays with us, and I told him about our quest, and how it was going on, and showed him the photograph of the Kesselstadt mask. You know how warm Roberts is, when he gets excited, and nothing could prevent his starting off one day to Brington in a drag, though it was threatening a furious storm at the time. Klinch, the rector there, is an old college mate of his, and Roberts would have him light up the sexton's torches and take him into the church, and made poor Klinch hold the torch while he clambered upon the sexton's shoulders to get a nearer view of the bust. He saw enough to make him feel sure that the maker's name was cut at the back of the marble; so he stayed all night with Klinch, and sent word to us to keep his wife from worrying, for it was now pelting furiously. The next morning, Klinch, he and the sexton managed to move the bust, so that they got at the inscription, and found it to read, KENNELTON SCULPSIT.

Roberts came home, full of exultation. "We'll have it now. When I get back to London, Rowe will tell me all about Kennelton, — whom he married, what he ate for breakfast; there is not anything Rowe don't know." You can well picture Roberts saying this in his enthusiastic way; but perhaps you don't know that Rowe is one of the people at the British Museum, who, as Roberts says, "knows everything."

But Rowe did not give us the first light. Emily said, in that quiet way

which you remember, "*Kennelton*, — *Kesselstadt*." I don't know whether to put a question-mark or not after this little speech, she uttered it so half inquiringly and half exultantly. But we did not any of us see the point, and poor Emily had to explain.

You remember that day when I took you to Naseby Field how we passed a pretty, sequestered lodge, to which, I told you, an Austrian gentleman came every autumn to try our shooting. Some of his people are often over to our kennels, and Emily had picked up the word *Kessel*, which they used sometimes instead of *Hundestall*.

"Now," cries Roberts, "was it a *Kesselstadt* who came from Germany to be a statuary here, and Englished his name, or was it a *Kennelton*, going to Germany, Germanized his? I'll ask Rowe."

So there, dear Mr. W——, the matter stands at present. I hope you are making as good progress on your side of the ocean.

IX. W—— TO LADY BEECHAM.

BOSTON, *February*, 1881.

MY DEAR LADY BEECHAM, — You are toppling Page's Shakespeare over splendidly. I never did like it. I saw it at Ben Stevens's, in Trafalgar Square. Page had managed to give a very supercilious look to so noble a model as the *Kennelton* mask, let us call it.

I have written to a friend of mine in Heidelberg, giving him some hints suggested by your letter, and perhaps something will come of it.

X. FRIEDRICH VON GAGERN TO W——.

[Translation.]

HEIDELBERG, *March*, 1881.

MY OLD FRIEND, — An inquiry such as yours, coming to an old pupil of Gerwinus, must have a prompt and careful response. I have been at Darmstadt, and have seen the mask, and compared

it with the photographs which you sent. What you suppose to be a depression on the brow is nothing but a discoloration of the plaster, which is perfect except for the unfortunate snip of the nose, which the photograph shows. I could not find that the present owners could give me the slightest addition to what you already know. You know Dr. Becker, who owned the mask, has been dead twenty years, and I don't think anybody has since tried to follow up the *Kesselstadt* history. So I determined to go to Mayence. Here I chanced to stumble upon Hans Büchner in the street. You remember Hans; he was the biggest swaggerer of the Swabians, and left not a little of his blood on the Hirschgasse floor. You and I went with the white-capped Prussians, you recollect. Those were days we have got over bravely, my dear —, and Hans has, too. He is now quite the man of Mainz, and edits the *Zeitung*. Most singularly he has in his office a grandson of the old Graf von *Kesselstadt*, and I had a talk with the young man. His father, the son of the Graf, had been long absent at the time of the old gentleman's death, and was supposed to be dead. In fact, he never returned, but died at Capetown, in Africa, where our young friend was born. While there the family were much with English people, and indeed our friend's mother was an Englishwoman, or, rather, of English origin, and born at the Cape. So Shakespeare was familiar reading to her son. He was still young when his father died, but he was old enough to take an interest in his stories about his grandfather, and remembers his father's speaking to him of the portrait of Shakespeare; but he says, as he looks back upon it and recalls how he spoke of the inscription which the picture had on the back, that he half suspected, even then, the inscription might have been the work of his father's boyish mischief. The father, by all accounts, must have had a wild youth.

This gave me a good opportunity to turn the light of your discoveries upon the usual story of the picture and the mask ; and I found he had no particular pride in the story, and was quite willing to accept any interpretation. The name Kennelton did not seem to suggest anything to him. He said he had a few old papers, that were found in his father's cabinet after his death ; but he did not seem to know anything of them. I tried to get him to let me see them, but he made excuses. . . .

I am quite delighted at this renewal of our correspondence ; and in memory of old days I am as ever, etc.

XI. FRIEDRICH VON GAGERN TO W——.

[Translation.]

HEIDELBERG *March*, 1881.

MY DEAR —— : I had but just dispatched my letter yesterday when I got one from my new friend at Mainz. It seems to settle the question. I had barely mentioned to him the name Kennelton, so he had no data to concoct a story upon, and what he writes complements what you have written me too exactly to leave room for any further question. He says that among the papers which he has he found a letter dated London, June, 1617, in which the writer speaks of his success in London,

and of his being employed by notable people in the making of monuments, and mentions the bust of a Lord "Shepleg," which he was then at work upon, as offering the noblest head imaginable for his art. He tells his correspondent, whoever he was, to direct his letters to "Kenelton, tomb-maker, with Maximilian Powtran." The letter is without address and signature ; indeed, is but half a sheet. . . .

XII. W—— TO LADY BEECHAM.

BOSTON, *April*, 1881.

MY DEAR LADY BEECHAM, — We don't need Rowe. It is all fixed now. Just read the two inclosed letters from my friend Von Gagern.

Powtran, you know, was the statuary whom James the First employed to build that magnificent monument to Elizabeth in Henry the Seventh's chapel in the Abbey. Can't you find, my dear Lady Beecham, a place somewhere at Beecham Hall to set up the bust by Page, which used to be called Shakespeare's ? It is a capital likeness of doughty old Sir William Shapleigh, despite its superciliousness. Perhaps Lady Shapley will buy it. If either of you don't, my friend and your kinsman, Geoffrey Shapley, will. Adieu.

THE DECLINE OF DUTY.

It is difficult to estimate the tendencies of a period accurately, and, in attempting to measure the forces and determine the direction of the currents which indicate the general movement, there are at present some particularly misleading and confusing agencies to be encountered, and if possible avoided. In the first place, it never follows that the things which are most in evidence are

the most important and influential, or typical. There is a strong temptation to believe that they are so, for whatever is persistently thrust upon our attention naturally seems more considerable than unobtrusive matters. In the second place, the commercial principle governs the gathering and distribution of intelligence, and this fact is significant. The press, being a business the ultimate pur-

pose of which is money-making, employs all its activity in ascertaining what will suit the public taste. Different newspapers cater to different classes, and find it profitable to provide varied intelligence. But as a rule they appear to have discovered that the sensational is the best paying line, and the popularity of this kind of reading matter is proved by the fact that the journals which have obtained the largest circulation have done so mainly by adhering to this method. It may thus be regarded as a safe inference that the populace like sensationalism, but it would not be equally safe to infer that the popularity of sensationalism indicates the existence of the state of affairs which sensational papers seem to establish. It is important to bear in mind that the mass of a nation's doings never find a chronicler, and that of the things which do get recorded nine tenths are evil deeds, breaches of law, and casualties. In a nation of fifty odd million there must always be enough sensational happenings to furnish the press with lively matter. The demand for this class of reading imparts an artificial blackness to the only register of current events which is kept. One consequence of the capricious and partial selection of news for publication is the development of exaggerated apprehensions for the future. The tendency to generalize is common to most men, but generalizations based on such exhibits as the modern press makes are peculiarly liable to error. The great main current of national life must be represented by the silent masses, that live in obedience to the laws, pursue industries quietly, support the national institutions as a matter of course, and keep the conscience of the nation in respect of all ethical, religious, and patriotic questions. So long as the conservatism of these masses remains, the general course followed by the country will be the same; but it is not a foregone conclusion that the masses are even now as conserva-

tive as ever. Change sufficiently extensive to affect national life palpably must be the work of time; and though we have from the first facilitated the introduction and growth of new ideas by our system of immigration, even the most radical alterations in belief are certain to proceed very slowly, in comparison with those surface indications which deceive so many observers and produce so much premature alarm.

But though all attempts to estimate the tendencies of a period are surrounded by difficulties, it is possible to reach an approximately correct view of the situation at any time by weighing fairly and cautiously a number of manifestations on different lines. If at the present time such an experiment does not result in confirming the fears of impulsive and too precipitate thinkers, it certainly does tend to produce a conviction that the prevailing tendencies are not reassuring, and that there is more than usual need for circumspection and anxious vigilance.

The most serious vice of the period is perhaps the decline of the sense of responsibility, the non-recognition of duty. It is not intended to be conveyed that this manifestation is general, but that it has become so conspicuous as to challenge attention. The most striking exhibition of it just now is in trades-unionism, but it is not confined to that department of organized labor. It has been growing up for many years. It may be that in its more repulsive aspect it is a legacy of the war, though no doubt much of it belongs, in a broad sense, to the inherent weakness of humanity. Decline in the sense of responsibility manifests itself in many ways: in business dishonesty; in corporate rapacity; in acts of concerted vengeance and oppression, such as several Western communities have united in, against the railroads; in political demagogism; in political venality; in the spread of commercial and financial adul-

teration and fraud; in the betrayal of trusts; in the magnifying of rights and the minimizing of obligations. Now if it is found that all these things have been done and are still being done, the conclusion that there is ground for some uneasiness will probably be admitted reasonable and just. Nor must it be overlooked that the persistence of many evils of the time is facilitated quite as much by the passivity, amounting to acquiescence, of many, as by the bold greed or overweening selfishness of the few. Public indifference to abuses is accountable for their increase in many instances, and this indifference is itself the result of an absorption in the pursuit of private gain which excludes public spirit.

It is sometimes asserted that the decay of religious belief is at the bottom of whatever demoralization we suffer from, and scientific skepticism is accused of destroying faith in Christianity. There is reason to doubt the soundness of this hypothesis. Undoubtedly skepticism is bolder and more outspoken to-day than it was half a century ago; but unbelief had been making way quietly long before the evolutionary philosophy was formulated, and it is necessary to go very far back in history to find a time when what is called faith in Christianity really meant more than an intellectual consent to doctrines scarcely ever regarded as applicable to daily life. When formal Christianity seemed most firmly established, its professors were not less eager and not much more scrupulous in their pursuit of wealth than at present. Their professions were louder, but their conduct was not more in conformity with the doctrines they asserted belief in. The plain truth is that Christianity as a rule of life has never yet been accepted by Christendom; for acceptance in any true sense implies obedience, and that there has never been. There is no evidence of any weight for the assumption that the new philosophy has lowered the moral standard to an

appreciable extent. Such adherence to Christianity as the world is willing to render is still apparent. Notwithstanding complaints of the decline of religion in New England, as shown by the abandonment of churches, religious statistics exhibit strong vitality in all the externals of the faith. In the West, where the great stream of settlement flows, new churches are springing up continually, and little difficulty is experienced in procuring funds for their maintenance. In fact, the manifestations of loose morality most conspicuous in these days occur generally rather in defiance of religious professions than in accordance with infidelity or agnosticism. A significant fact in this connection is the appearance among the sturdiest members of the Roman Catholic Church of some of the strongest evidences of declining conscientiousness; that is to say, among the Irish workingmen, who in their trades-unions have exhibited quite as marked a disposition to ignore their obligations and to magnify their rights as could any skeptic.

Were it asserted that the real trouble with the churches consisted in their failure to convert the world to Christianity, it would not be easy to dispute the proposition; for no man can study the teachings of Christ and the conduct of the so-called Christian nations without perceiving that the two proceed upon different lines, towards radically divergent ends. Nothing can be more unjust than to charge upon Christianity the defects of modern civilization, for there never has been a truly Christian civilization, and the prospects for one to-day are anything but bright. To say that Christianity has proved a failure is indeed to trifle with the truth of history. It has not been tried yet, and it is not one of the least hopeful signs of the times that a disposition to give it a serious probation is developing simultaneously in several quarters. What applied Christianity could have done for the world it

has no means of knowing so far. The people in all times, since the second century, have simply received so much of the doctrine as could be held without surrendering their besetting sins. Progress there has been, and growth of humanizing ideas, but very little advance in the line of accord with the primitive religion. The masses, too, have for many years been practically beyond the pale of the church. They do not go to worship. They do not retain the old beliefs. It is not so much that they have been infected by the new philosophy, of which they know little. But they are pessimists through poverty. Life for them is so cruel and ceaseless a struggle that they have neither time nor inclination for theological schemes of thought. This world exacts too much from them. They do not care to hear of another. To many, such annihilation would seem consolatory, but their thoughts never travel so far out of their narrow circle of sufferings and privations. Still there is a skeptical influence at work even in the lowest classes. It is the irony of destiny that the working hypothesis of the philosopher becomes, in descending, the dogma of the ignorant man. The evolutionary theory is not comprehended of the populace, but the doubts it suggests have been roughly interpreted as positive negations. Agnosticism is reversed, and the non-existence of deity is postulated with confidence. Just so the skepticism of the encyclopædists in filtering through to the French masses became blank atheism.

This is an age of rank materialism, and the prevailing tone finds an echo in the whole social structure. There has never been a period when wealth counted for more than at present. There has never been a time, it might be added, when the morality of the means of acquiring wealth counted for less. The greed of gain overmasters everything. The boldest and the least scrupulous attain the most commanding positions, and

though they may be abused they are none the less accepted as leaders and yielded to as conquerors in the battle of life. The poor, of course, see all this, and draw their own conclusions from it. Men wonder that socialism and anarchism should find a footing in this republic. There is no ground for surprise; there is no mystery about the matter. The simple truth is that socialism and anarchy have found standing among us because the conditions here are in many respects identical with those of the Old World. Inequalities exist which are not the result of superior virtue, but of superior vice. Men are rich, not because they have honestly earned wealth, but because they have dishonestly stolen it. Colossal fortunes are raised upon acts of spoliation no whit more defensible than the plunderings of the Middle Ages, and these ill-won fortunes are held, by the tacit consent of society, to be inviolable. A desire to overthrow a system under which such things can be done is not only natural, but inevitable, and there is much more in it than the wild and reckless lust of anarchy, which it is customary to assume as the inspiring motive.

It is not the decay of faith that is mainly accountable, however, for any of the existing evils. It may be that the decay of works has more to do with the matter. Nor is it impossible that in the adoption of a living Christianity may be found the sole remedy for dangers which seem to increase with the progress of our thoroughly materialistic civilization. That question, however, must be deferred for the time. Passing from the educated classes to the less educated and the uneducated, we find that the most active influence in operation is that of trades-unionism, and the results of this influence are in several respects disquieting. It is the object of the democratic philosophy to stimulate individualism. It cannot be said that the largest success hitherto attained in this direction is altogether comforting. Individualism has

shown a strong tendency toward the fostering of selfishness and the neglect of community interests. It certainly has promoted material progress, given us many great enterprises, hastened the settlement and development of the country, and intensified all the national energies. Trades-unionism, on the other hand, opposes itself to individualism, and in a mischievous way. Before going further, it must be said clearly that the organization of labor appears to be both necessary and just. It is the only method by which labor can protect itself against the rapacity of capital and the iron pressure of competition. That is undoubtedly true as regards the laboring masses. It applies less fully to the minority of superior workmen. For these the unorganized condition must be preferable, for their natural destiny is to rise above the ranks, and to become employers themselves. Yet though labor organization may be proper, it is the fact that its operation is frequently against the interests both of the workingmen and of society, and that it threatens to produce a state of servitude and dependence wholly inimical to the democratic system, and incompatible with the maintenance of true civic freedom.

In all consideration of what is called the labor question it is necessary to begin by recognizing the fact that the assumption of the generic term "labor" by the trades-unions is unwarranted and misleading. The acceptance of the term, moreover, has had decidedly confusing results. The press and the politicians, by employing it carelessly and freely, have helped to strengthen the false impression that it is really the entire labor element of the country which is concerned. The truth is that the Knights of Labor and all the other trades-unions together constitute no more than a minority of the workingmen of the United States; that the non-union workingmen are twice or three times as many as the union men; and that consequently no

clear or just ideas can be formulated on the whole question so long as the right of the organized workingmen to speak for labor generally is tacitly conceded. The importance of this point is further shown when the relation of organized to unorganized labor is examined. According to the organs and spokesmen of the trades-unions, there is trouble only between capital and labor. But every strike exposes the fallacy of this position; for no sooner have the men in any employment struck than their places are sought eagerly by others, who are willing to accept all the conditions rejected by them. The new-comers represent unorganized labor. They are the majority. They are men who have not yet been drummed into the ranks; who have not surrendered their rights and liberties as citizens; who retain the privilege of working for whom they please, at such wages as they choose to accept; who do not permit a "walking delegate" to determine whether their wives and children shall have plenty or go hungry. Every great strike yet undertaken has been broken and beaten by the action of unorganized labor, but the representatives of organized labor continue the farce of pretending that their associations alone have any right to be considered as workingmen. The offensive if meaningless epithet "scabs" has been invented to designate those who exercise their undoubted rights as American freemen, and take work where they can find it, without asking the permission of some Jack-in-office calling himself a "master workman" (perhaps on the principle *lucus a non lucendo*). Thus a definite effort to ostracize and discredit men who are acting entirely within their rights, and who are to be commended for preferring industry to loafing and practical independence to virtual serfhood, is one of the most conspicuous results of labor organization. Unfortunately, the politician, seeing only the minority of organized labor, and blinded by the audacity

of its pretensions, proceeds as though it really were what it asserts itself to be, and defers to its often ignorant and impracticable demands with a prompt servility which increases the general confusion and magnifies the general danger.

The attitude of the trades-unions towards non-union men is clearly at war with the theory of a true democracy. It cannot escape attention, either, that those who would, if they could, prevent by force non-union men from obtaining work, and who, failing coercion, resort to abuse and denunciation, are not exempt from the inclination to tyrannize which they are so fond of charging upon the employers. In the recent succession of strikes, indeed, the impression has been conveyed that the trades-union men are taught to regard employers as the Catholics in the Middle Ages regarded heretics; that is, as not entitled to be kept faith with at all. For in many instances men who were forced to admit that they had no grievances at all — nay, that they were treated with especial kindness and consideration — dropped their work instantly at the command of some stranger, and coolly abandoned and put at peril the interests of those who had behaved generously to them. In several of these strikes the whole proceedings were so irrational, reckless, and fatuous that they can only be explained on the theory that the men really believed the preposterous assertions of their leaders, and confided in their ability to paralyze industry and commerce by striking. A natural inference from this proof of extraordinary credulity is that many workmen join the unions on the strength of false promises and assurances, though there is reason to believe that still more are impelled to join by moral coercion. Once members, it is curious how soon they come to regard all outsiders with disfavor or open enmity, and how naturally the jeer “scab” rises to their lips, when speaking of some comrade who has not seen fit to become a union

man or a “Knight.” The union man in effect is a sectary, and he exhibits all the characteristics of the type.

In both the relations aboved noted — that of the union man toward his non-union fellow, and that which he holds toward his employer — the same lack of conscientiousness, of a sense of duty, is apparent. That is a strange kind of progress which produces such effects; which tends to obscure and extinguish in masses of men the perception of what they owe to others, and to magnify abnormally their idea of what others owe to them. Still more remarkable is it to find that with this morbid development of blind selfishness there goes an indifference to the deprivation of civic rights which is unprecedented. The world has, it is true, often witnessed the spectacle of nations surrendering their own liberties in order to crush those of their neighbors, and this is a result which the lust of foreign conquest inevitably produces. But never before has there been seen a tendency to surrender liberty in order to enslave others, in the name of greater freedom and under democratic institutions. The Knights of Labor can, of course, never succeed by striking unless they can prevent others from taking the work they give up. But they can never achieve this lawfully unless they have enrolled all labor in their ranks. If the time ever comes when that end is accomplished, strikes will doubtless succeed; they will succeed, that is to say, until they reach the point when it becomes cheaper for the employers to stop their business than to yield. When that point has been reached, it will be in order to introduce some of the legislative measures tried by the French a hundred years ago. It is true that all of these attempts to dragoon capital and to control industry, commerce, and finance failed signally, notwithstanding the fact that they were backed by the guillotine. But inasmuch as each generation seems doomed to learn even the simplest les-

sons of political economy for itself, it may be that we shall have to go back to first principles before the truths are realized that there are many things which a majority vote cannot bring to pass, and many, too, which even unlimited material power cannot accomplish.

But the trades-unions look to one end only. They claim to be organized for the protection and general advance of the interests of labor. Are the interests of labor then confined to the securing of the highest possible pay for the least possible amount of work? Does the man who contracts to do certain work take upon himself no obligations toward his employer? Has "duty" ceased to have any significance for the modern workingman? It seems as if these questions must all be answered in the affirmative. The trades-union system discourages industry, excellence, emulation, conscientiousness. It seeks to keep down, to degrade, to deprive of natural superiority, the best class of workmen. It seeks to reduce all to a common level; the level, namely, of the least thrifty and the least capable. In order to frustrate the action of the law of nature, which always gives the victory to the fittest in the struggle for existence, this agency deliberately undertakes to paralyze the fittest, and bring them down to the plane of the least fit. In carrying out this purpose other natural laws have to be violated, and moral laws also. All feeling of sympathy with the employer, all sense of obligation, all sentiment of kindness or gratitude, must be repressed. The cardinal tenet of the system is that capital is an enemy, to be spoiled like the Egyptians whenever possible, but to be trusted never. Many enlightened and broad-minded employers of labor have of late years tried various schemes for the improvement of the condition of their men. In the majority of cases these efforts have been defeated through the suspicion and ill-will engendered by the labor organizations. And indeed,

if workmen are made to believe that the capital which furnishes employment for them ought to belong to them, and would so belong if right were done, it is not wonderful that the relations between them and their employers should be strained.

But it would be less than just to the trades-unions to put the whole responsibility upon them. It is due to them to point out that the decline of conscientiousness and the sense of duty is observable also among those who do not belong to unions, though it may not be so conspicuously displayed. Several manufacturers who employ unorganized labor have made special efforts to increase the comfort of their hands; providing them, for example, with cheap and nutritious meals, with clean and well-ventilated work-rooms, with civilized appliances for removing the dirt of the working hours. But whenever the maintenance of such arrangements has depended in any way upon the making of an effort by the work-people, or the expenditure of a little trouble, or the amendment of an old and bad habit, failure has resulted, simply from the indifference or obstinate conservatism of the people themselves. Of course it may be said, and said truly, that a higher class of work-people would not thus have refused to be helped forward. That deserves to be remembered, but the fact remains that we have to deal with all classes of labor, and that the lower class not seldom counts for more than any other in the fixing of current tendencies. At a time, too, when society generally, and not labor alone, seems to be suffering from a kind of moral relaxation, it is to be expected that the same defects will be found in widely separated strata. For every period has its general average of morality, and as a rule the prevailing vices of a period are distributed impartially, the chief differences in manifestation being due to variety in the environment.

The normal tendency of trades-union-

ism being to weaken the sense of obligation to employers, it is not surprising that the sense of obligation toward the community generally should also be diminished. This may be seen in the marked indifference of strikers to the inconvenience or positive suffering and injury their proceedings entail upon the public, with whom they have no cause of quarrel, and upon whose sympathy they are so largely dependent in the last resort. The late attempt to create a coal famine in New York was a conspicuous illustration of this. The fact that an artificial scarcity of coal must cause severe hardship to the poor did not weigh at all with the strikers. The consideration that people in their own class would feel the effect of the movement first and most sharply counted for nothing with them. Even the obvious circumstance that there was no strong probability of success did not deter them from entering upon an experiment which, as the event proved, only put money in the pockets of the retail dealers, and took it away from those who could least afford it. The whole tendency of the strike, in fact, was to make the poor poorer, and the policy of extending it operated in the same way, by throwing out of employment thousands of men who had no grievance against their employers, and the effect of whose cessation from work was simply to furnish employment to non-union men. It was made evident, however, that the managers of the strike deliberately sought to bring pressure upon the public by subjecting them to severe privation; the theory being that when the deprivation became intolerable the people at large would in some way — never explained or defined — compel the employers to yield. Nothing could be less practical than this whole project, but the significant point in it is its dependence upon an unstated but clearly implied assumption, — the assumption, namely, that the strikers had a perfect right not merely to stop work themselves,

but to prevent any one else from accepting the employment they had abandoned. They, in short, claimed a monopoly of labor; ignored, or rather denied, the rights of the majority of workingmen, who are not members of any union; and proceeded upon the theory that the public had no option but to submit to the consequences of this open and systematic subversion of the law of the land. Thus the alleged rights of one comparatively small body of laborers were set up against the rights and interests, first, of all non-union workingmen; second, of all the poor of New York; third, of the public at large; and great suffering, loss, and inconvenience were caused to the community by this obstinate and perverse insistence upon rights which, as a matter of fact, were pure fictions.

It might be thought that the more clearly A became convinced of his own rights as a citizen, the more he would recognize and respect B's rights. But when citizen A joins the Knights of Labor, he at once begins to ignore all the rights of B, who has not joined, and poor B becomes a "scab" in his eyes, and consequently a fit target for brickbats and clubs. The perversion of ideas which trades-unionism fosters seems to pervade the whole course of many workingmen. The system begins by fettering the man's capacities. Apparently, the main object aimed at is the whittling down of the service rendered to the finest point possible. A natural result is the deterioration of the work done. It loses in quality as well as quantity. The sense of responsibility is next attacked. There ceases to be any realization of duty on the part of the workman. His employer can no longer depend upon him. If a heavy contract is in hand, he is more likely than in a slack time to stop work. He refuses to be bound by his own engagements. This is partly due to the surrender he has made of his freedom. A workman who is pledged to obey the finger-snap of any "walking

delegate " who comes into the shop or factory is an irresponsible being. He is the bond-slave of his own organization, which may at any moment, and without consulting him, deprive him of work, and take the bread out of the mouths of his children. A man who has given himself over to such a despotism is certainly no longer a free agent; but it must be remembered that he makes the surrender because he thinks that it will be for his advantage, and that he could hardly hold this opinion if he perceived at all clearly the nature and extent of his obligations to his fellow-men. As it is, the course upon which he has entered gradually extends his moral deterioration. The over-exacting, careless workman becomes the over-exacting, careless citizen. He is disposed to carry the theory of trades-unionism into society generally. His view of his social rights expands as his conception of his social duties diminishes. He no longer recognizes as his neighbors any but those who belong to his organization, and even those he is prepared to sacrifice without compunction when his own interests are in view. This has been shown recently by the pressure put upon various bodies of men to make them join what was called a "sympathetic" strike. In one instance the only possible result of going out was to reduce the wages of the strikers, for the general demand was for a lower rate than that they were receiving. The utter absurdity of requiring these men to strike, under the circumstances, had no influence whatever with the managers, who compelled the poor fellows to stultify themselves by demanding a reduction of pay. But to what extent must the moral backbone of any set of men have been softened before they are prepared to submit to dictation so plainly hostile to their nearest interests!

All progress deserving of the name depends upon self-help. Paternalism, no matter in what kind, is weakening and demoralizing. The present labor

movement, however, has gone astray at the outset, and it tends more and more to erratic and mischievous courses. The worst evils which afflict labor it leaves untouched, or, what is worse, it makes crutches of them. Nothing in the relations between capital and labor is of half the importance of the relations between labor and drink, for instance; yet what has trades-unionism done to check intemperance? When men go on strike, the first place they make for is the saloon. There they waste their earnings and savings, while talking about their grievances. They squander their substance willfully, and then charge the consequent suffering upon capital or upon society. When coöperative industries are suggested to wage-earners, the staple objection raised is want of capital. With the organization of the trades-unions, however, it would be perfectly feasible to raise a fund of several millions for investment in such enterprises, if the millions were not every year poured into saloon tills. Trades-unionism does not teach thrift. The workingmen who rise and become employers themselves are not the victims of paternalism, but the men who rely on their own exertions and their own sacrifices from the first. They are the men who possess and exercise independence and self-restraint; who eschew self-indulgence, and do their duty wherever they may be.

Not long ago a master workman, leader or manager of the largest body of organized workingmen in the Eastern States, was examined by a legislative committee as to the views and aims of his association. He talked much about the desirability of getting "government" to do many things. He believed all the transportation agencies ought to be conducted by the government; that all the factories should be controlled in the same way; that all the telegraph and steamship lines, and finally all the great industries, should be handed over to government. Paternalism ran rampant

in this man's brain, evidently, but he doubtless spoke what numbers of his fellows are thinking; and they are thinking such deplorable nonsense chiefly because the school of trades-unionism has trained their ideas in the direction of dependence. There is nothing so fatal to the growth of vigor and capacity as the habit of leaning upon something or somebody, — the habit of sitting still, and expecting some outside force to remove all the difficulties of life. This, too, tends to moral decadence, for the sense of duty must be weakened by whatever belief leads men to think themselves in any way entitled to extraneous assistance, or generates in them a conviction that the world is under obligations to equalize conditions which are quite as often the outcome of vices and deficiencies as the undeserved product of blind circumstance.

There is another kind of labor in which the same general defects and disabilities are apparent. The complaints concerning what is called domestic service are peculiar to no time, but the present day offers some emphasized causes of dissatisfaction which illustrate the drift of the period. The increasing exactions of the servant class are everywhere noticed, and with this growth of the demand for higher wages proceeds a decline of average capacity and sense of duty. Housekeepers deplore the unsympathetic attitude of servants, and declare that the latter seem to care nothing for the conscientious performance of their duties, nothing for the interests of their employers, nothing even for their own reputation for competency. To get as much as possible, and to give as little as possible in return, appears to be the aim they have set before themselves, in short. Doubtless the culpability is not all on one side. As in the disputes between capital and labor the former is amenable to reproof no less than the latter, so in the case of house service the mistresses no less than the servants are

accountable. Often the sense of responsibility is wanting quite as much with the employer as with the employed. Often servants are treated with so complete an overlooking of their humanity that they must be more than human not to resent it. Still oftener they are left to their own devices by women whose ignorance of housekeeping prevents them from exercising supervision, or whose abandonment to selfish and frivolous indulgence renders them indifferent to the comfort of their families; and in these circumstances servants are not much to be blamed if they neglect their work, or take the easiest methods in dealing with it. Of course the self-respecting, conscientious worker will do his or her duty without any compulsion; but this class appears to be dying out. After making whatever allowance is just, the existence of a marked tendency to exact excessive remuneration for distinctly inferior and slovenly work must be admitted to be a trait of the period, and one which is certainly not becoming less accentuated.

If it is an inevitable effect of the republican system that politicians should be demagogues, insincere, untruthful, tricky, and wanting in patriotism, the fact is a serious and ominous one; but that American politicians are to-day conspicuous for these qualities is unhappily not to be seriously disputed. If in the ranks of labor we find a weak sense of duty, the same phenomenon is not less apparent when we examine politics. The ordinary politician appears to be so short-sighted that he can only perceive what is brought close under his eyes, and therefore he attaches undue importance to the noisy manifestations of blatant minorities. He is afflicted with so marked a moral instability that his policy is forever one of expediency; and he considers that expedient which puts him in line with the loudest clamor of the moment. His chief anxiety, his main object, is to keep or obtain votes, and because he is purblind and without

fixed principles, he does things to compass this end which may almost make patriots despair. Consider, for example, the recent action of Congress in passing the Dependent Pensions Bill. The measure was not only unnecessary, not only an extravagance; it was one of the most audacious schemes of plunder, one of the most profligate and demoralizing plans to squander the surplus in the treasury, ever conceived. Already the public gratitude had been cruelly imposed upon by pension legislation. Already imposture and fraud had been fostered by laws which enabled the least deserving to recover heavy sums as back-pay, together with support for the future. But nothing equal in impudent dishonesty to the Dependent Pensions Bill had been projected. Under the provisions of that act, probably from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty million dollars a year would have been called for. Practically it is impossible to set a limit to the expenditure, because it must have depended almost entirely upon the amount of the rapacity capable of being brought into operation by a law which threw down all barriers, and invited every rogue, adventurer, shirk, bounty-jumper, deserter, and loafer to come forward in person or by his family, and share the benevolence of the government. Now it cannot be maintained that the character of this monstrous bill was not known to Congress. It is notorious that it was urged with indecent activity by the claim agent class, who, it may be assumed, had most to expect from it. As a matter of course, no honorable veteran ever dreamed of demanding legislation of the kind. Many old soldiers openly denounced it, and protested with just indignation that it was an insult to the Grand Army and to all honest men who had served the country. But Congress, with the true politician's low view of things, imagined it would make the soldier vote "solid," and neither Republicans nor Democrats ventured to oppose

the measure. Bad as it was known to be, it passed both houses. Congress shuffled off its responsibility on the President, and had he not been more keenly alive to his duty it would have become a law by the action of the American people's sworn representatives and agents.

Another flagrant example of prevailing want of conscientiousness is the passage of the Interstate Commerce Bill. It was demonstrated incontrovertibly that this measure must, if faithfully carried out, injure not only corporate but public interests seriously. It was frankly admitted that this was the case. It was cheerfully conceded by numbers of Congressmen that the bill was a bad one. But for all this they voted for its passage, and it became a law. The explanation given was that some portion of "the people" demanded a law which would restrict the power of the railroads; and though there was no reason to believe that the proposed act would not hurt the people much more than the corporations, it was enacted. In both these cases the most striking fact is the absolute irresponsibility manifested by the national legislature, — an irresponsibility so complete as to warrant the inference that honorable members really are incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong. But it would be unjust to convey the impression that Washington is the focus of such exhibitions of unfaithfulness to duty. The current political record swarms with episodes, accusations, suspicions, all indicating general acceptance of the view that it is only safe always to predicate the worst in matters of the kind. The gamut of infamy runs from the "selling out" of a congressional candidate to the alleged purchase of more than one seat in the United States Senate, and in regard to each and every ugly episode the matter-of-fact manner of its reception shows a familiarity with similar affairs far more suggestive than creditable as to the past.

Labor and politics are not the only fields in which demoralization is manifested. In the heavy vote cast for Henry George, in New York, last autumn, something else than politics was concerned. It was as a special kind of reformer that Mr. George was supported, and he drew around him quite a brilliant gathering of educated men, including college professors, Catholic and Protestant clergymen, authors, journalists, and professional men. These men were most enthusiastic in the advocacy of his land doctrines. One of them, Dr. McGlynn, has since revolted against his ecclesiastical superiors on this ground, and in doing so has nailed his colors to the mast, amid the loud approval of his fellow disciples of the Georgian creed, boldly proclaiming his adhesion to a policy of naked confiscation; that is to say, of open and unashamed robbery. Now when men of intellect and education, men of thoroughly amiable character and benevolent disposition, find it possible to assimilate and indorse a doctrine so flagrantly immoral and dishonest as that which forms the cap-sheaf of Mr. George's ingenious sophistries and fallacies, it must be inferred that there is more in this aberration than a few isolated cases of mental confusion; and perhaps if it is concluded that a distinct stream of tendency is thus curiously thrown into relief, the idea may not be a fanciful one.

The disturbance of old views and moral tenets has been proceeding quite insidiously in many ways and for some time. There are some who would even affirm that the churches have not quite escaped the prevalent contagion; who would point, for example, to the so-called Andover Heresy case, and ask if the very existence of such a dispute was compatible with the candor and ingenuousness which ought to be looked for in such a quarter. Whether it is worth any one's while to spend time in discussing such a doctrine as that of future probation is one question, but certainly

not the most important. That, from an ethical point of view, is, whether it is justifiable, for men who have undertaken to teach certain views, to make material changes in their instruction, changes which could not have been contemplated by the founders of the institution in whose employ they are, without resigning their positions. That such a question should have to be brought up for discussion and determination is in itself significant; even more so, perhaps, than the inability of many people to perceive the gist of the dispute between Dr. McGlynn and his church. Nevertheless, it must be pointed out that if the decline of the sense of duty and conscientiousness is apparent in many places and many ways, there are sufficient reasons for the change, and reasons which have to do with the general trend of the age. The materialism of the time is its most conspicuous characteristic. The pursuit of wealth and what wealth will bring absorbs nine tenths of the available human energy. In making rules and regulations for the maintenance of order and for the preservation of that individual freedom held to be most conducive to the general welfare, law has been far more influential than ethics. The consequence is that we live under a code which is largely conventional, and which, if it does not enjoin immorality, produces many sinister effects by ignoring its social consequences. No man fairly grounded in ethics can fail to recognize the grotesque inconsistency of a system under which the man who, by elaborate deception and misrepresentation, cheats his fellows on Wall Street out of a fortune is held to be "smart" and clever, and is welcomed by honest men and women without hesitation; while the man who breaks into a store and steals a few dollars' worth of goods is sent to prison for a long term of years. No clear-sighted observer can avoid perceiving the preposterousness of such a system. The scoundrel whose cold-blooded calcu-

lation results in the ruin of hundreds; who is directly responsible for as much misery as a minor war could cause; who drives men to suicide, women to shame, children to privation and suffering; whose every dollar is, without figure of speech, stolen from his neighbors, passes tranquil and admired through the world, reaps all possible material benefit from his ill-gotten wealth, and receives, at all events so far as can be seen, the respect and deferential submission of society. He may even violate the laws so plainly that he can no longer remain in this country. In such a case, however, he has but to pass over the frontier, and immediately he is able to live with all the vulgar ostentation of a rich thief, and is visited by his "loyal" friends — that is, by persons who do not think a little matter, such as an embezzlement, deserving of strong reproof; and in a short time he comes to be regarded as an unfortunate but good-hearted fellow, who is inconvenienced by the vexatious rigor of the laws.

If the inequities of the law and of social observances are patent to the least prejudiced observer, it is not to be expected that they should escape the notice of that class which has most reason to complain of, because it feels most directly, these inequalities. It is indeed of little use to counsel the practice of all the virtues to those whom circumstances or their own deficiencies exclude from the pleasures which material prosperity brings, and who realize with ever-growing bitterness the fullness of the success which so often attends upon bold unscrupulousness. Nor must it be forgotten that when the standard of a period is material prosperity, and the general energies are devoted to that pursuit, the prevailing tendencies will inevitably weaken the inclination of the masses, who can never expect wealth by traveling in the old grooves, to respect conventional rules, and the manifest triumph in notorious instances of money

over morality will strengthen the disposition to turn to modes of acquisition not less reprehensible than menacing to the security of the state. The decline in the sense of duty may not as yet have reached the point of danger. To exaggerate its extent or its importance would be as little justifiable as to underrate them. But it cannot be overlooked that all the tendencies here spoken of are in active operation, and that in the absence of a reactionary influence they must be expected to become stronger every year.

Unfortunately, the only serious effort that is being made to remove the discontents of the masses is in line with the general movement of materialism. It is tacitly assumed that the one aim of human exertion deserving development is material prosperity. The working classes seek to increase their opportunities in this direction even while denouncing the consequences of absorption in the pursuit. The one good to be striven for, according to the modern creed, is riches; and it is quite as much the faith of those who fail as of those who succeed. The question where this will lead us eventually is therefore a practical one. If we have made up our minds that material life is the only one to be considered, it becomes necessary to ascertain what influence the universal acceptance of this tenet is likely to have, not only upon popular opinion, but upon popular conduct. As yet we are only upon the threshold of the new epoch, and we are not wholly committed to it. A sense of the possibility of a higher life still lingers among us. If most of us have ceased to pay more than a lip-worship to the spiritual, a certain decorous habit of external reverence for it remains, and perhaps covers some ashes from which the fire has not quite departed. We pride ourselves upon intellectual advance, not always with the best of reasons. We have certainly grown in suavity and the courtesies of social culture, though this suavity not

seldom becomes the disguise of community weakness and that lack of public spirit which is best described by the term "incivism." That such polish as exists does not necessarily indicate any growth in true chivalry, or any emancipation from actual self-indulgence descending to boorishness, is proved by the fact that a people who once prided themselves upon their considerateness in the treatment of women now habitually, in our great cities, keep their seats in the public conveyances, and allow women to stand. It is but a little matter, perhaps, yet not without its significance.

So far the encouragement of individualism has been the national object. Unquestionably it has had splendid material results. To-day labor is opposing this method of development by a system which discourages individualism, and seeks to accomplish large purposes through a subordination, discipline, and self-sacrifice suggesting rather the system invented by Ignatius Loyola than anything to be expected from the democratic nineteenth century. No matter what the character of the instrument employed, however, the ultimate aim is identical with that of the nation, namely, material prosperity. Everywhere the influence of the spiritual upon life is declining, and this notwithstanding some appearances to the contrary. Intellectual discussion of spiritual ideas does not compensate for the absence of spirituality in actual conduct. Intellectual assent to doctrines never translated into practice has indeed been the world's favorite method of evading its higher duties and obligations in all times. To-day, however, we are passing beyond the conventional hypocrisies of our ancestors, and are actually demolishing edifices which they at the worst only neglected, while pretending to venerate. Nothing need be said here as to the validity or non-validity of the modern destructive criticism. For the purposes of this argument it is only necessary to record the fact of its development, and

to consider its effects upon contemporary thought and conduct. It must be reckoned with as one of the agencies which are moulding the age for good or for evil. The general reasoning upon it is crude but practical. If, it is argued, this is the only life to be lived, then it can be made worth living only by gratifying every impulse and indulging every desire which can be gratified and indulged without outraging the rights of others so much as to expose us to their active enmity or interference. No doubt this is a false theory of life from any point of view; as false from that of the atheist as from that of the Christian. But the many are not philosophers, and it seems to them reasonable and just, and they put it in practice to the best of their ability, if with sorry enough results. Their failure to make it answer their expectations unfortunately suggests to them the suspicion that the fault lies in the existing order of things, which they easily persuade themselves has been arranged entirely to suit the prosperous. A natural sequence of such reflections is impatience with, then hatred of, and finally a desire to overthrow, the system supposed to have such drawbacks. Materialism encourages the lust of possession, and sharpens the zeal for the use and abuse of power. Before the war of the rebellion a Southern statesman once observed in a public address, "The poor will not always consent to remain poor, with the ballot in their hands." Perhaps there was some touch of prophetic insight in that observation. Certainly the march of materialism seems to be bringing us daily nearer to a period when the question suggested may be forced upon the consideration of the country. A materialist civilization can never be a safe one. When it appears most prosperous and firmly established, it may be undermined and tottering to its fall. For it must rest rather upon the common greed than the common sense of justice, and the more democratic its

system the greater will be its danger. Wealth and all that it implies cannot be an efficient substitute for those higher tendencies which expand the mind while subduing the passions; which teach the inferiority of pursuits and desires bounded by the narrow space of physical existence; which lend to the doctrine

of human brotherhood a meaning and a force it cannot derive from mere philosophy; and which afford a compensation for the trials of circumstance and condition in giving to those who follow them a contentment independent of fortune and a hope beyond the reach of human vicissitude.

George Frederic Parsons.

OUR HUNDRED DAYS IN EUROPE.*

III.

ON the 8th of June we visited the Record Office for a sight of the Domesday Book and other ancient objects of interest there preserved. As I looked at this too faithful memorial of an inexorable past, I thought of the battle of Hastings and all its consequences, and that reminded me of what I have long remembered as I read it in Dr. Robert Knox's "Races of Men." Dr. Knox was the monocular Waterloo surgeon, with whom I remember breakfasting, on my first visit to England and Scotland. His celebrity is less owing to his book than to the unfortunate connection of his name with the unforgotten Burke and Hare horrors. This is his language in speaking of Hastings: "... that bloody field, surpassing far in its terrible results the unhappy day of Waterloo. From this the Celt has recovered, but not so the Saxon. To this day he feels, and feels deeply, the most disastrous day that ever befell his race; here he was trodden down by the Norman, whose iron heel is on him yet. . . . To this day the Saxon race in England have never recovered a tithe of their rights, and probably never will."

The Conqueror meant to have a thorough summing up of his stolen prop-

erty. The Anglo-Saxon chronicle says, — I quote it at second hand, — "So very straitly did he cause the survey to be made, that there was not a single hyde, nor a yardland of ground, nor — it is shameful to say what he thought no shame to do — was there an ox or a cow, or a pig passed by, and that was not down in the accounts, and then all these writings were brought to him." The "looting" of England by William and his "twenty thousand thieves," as Mr. Emerson calls his army, was a singularly methodical proceeding, and Domesday Book is a searching inventory of their booty, movable and immovable.

From this reminder of the past we turned to the remembrances of home; A—— going to dine with a transplanted Boston friend and other ladies from that blessed centre of New England life, while I dined with a party of gentlemen at my friend Mr. James Russell Lowell's.

I had looked forward to this meeting with high expectations, and they were abundantly satisfied. I knew that Mr. Lowell must gather about him, wherever he might be, the choicest company, but what his selection would be I was curious to learn. I found with me at the table my own countrymen and his, Mr. Smalley and Mr. Henry James. Of the other

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guests, Mr. Leslie Stephen was my only old acquaintance in person; but Du Maurier and Tenniel I have met in my weekly *Punch* for many a year; Mr. Lang, Mr. Oliphant, Mr. Townsend, we all know through their writings; Mr. Burne Jones and Mr. Alma Tadema, through the frequent reproductions of their works in engravings, as well as by their paintings. If I could report a dinner-table conversation, I might be tempted to say something of my talk with Mr. Oliphant. I like well enough conversation which floats safely over the shallows, touching bottom at intervals with a commonplace incident or truism to push it along; I like better to find a few fathoms of depth under the surface; there is a still higher pleasure in the philosophical discourse which calls for the deep-sea line to reach bottom; but best of all, when one is in the right mood, is the contact of intelligences when they are off soundings in the ocean of thought. Mr. Oliphant is what many of us call a mystic, and I found a singular pleasure in listening to him. This dinner at Mr. Lowell's was a very remarkable one for the men it brought together, and I remember it with peculiar interest. My entertainer holds a master-key to London society, and he opened the gate for me into one of its choicest preserves on that evening.

I did not undertake to renew my old acquaintance with hospitals and museums. I regretted that I could not be with my companion, who went through the Natural History Museum with the accomplished director, Professor W. H. Flower. One old acquaintance I did resuscitate. For the second time I took the hand of Charles O'Byrne, the celebrated Irish giant of the last century. I met him, as in my first visit, at the Royal College of Surgeons, where I accompanied Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson. He was in the condition so longed for by Sydney Smith on a very hot day; namely, with his flesh taken off, and sit-

ting, or rather standing, in his bones. The skeleton measures eight feet, and the living man's height is stated as having been eight feet two, or four inches, by different authorities. His hand was the only one I took, either in England or Scotland, which had not a warm grasp and a hearty welcome in it.

A—— went with Boston friends to see Faust a second time, Mr. Irving having offered her the royal box, and the polite Mr. Bram Stoker serving the party with tea in the little drawing-room behind the box; so that she had a good time while I was enjoying myself at a dinner at Sir Henry Thompson's, where I met Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Browning, and other distinguished gentlemen. These dinners of Sir Henry's are well known for the good company one meets at them, and I felt myself honored to be a guest on this occasion.

Among the pleasures I had promised myself was that of a visit to Tennyson, at the Isle of Wight. I feared, however, that this would be rendered impracticable by reason of the very recent death of his younger son, Lionel. But I learned from Mr. Locker-Lampson, whose daughter Mr. Lionel Tennyson had married, that the poet would be pleased to see me at his place, Farringford; and by the kind intervention of Mr. Locker-Lampson, better known to the literary world as Frederick Locker, arrangements were made for my daughter and myself to visit him. I considered it a very great favor, for Lord Tennyson has a poet's fondness for the tranquillity of seclusion, which many curious explorers of society fail to remember. Lady Tennyson is an invalid, and though nothing could be more gracious than her reception of us both, I fear it may have cost her an effort which she would not allow to betray itself. Mr. Hallam Tennyson and his wife, both of most pleasing presence and manners, did everything to make our stay agreeable. I saw the poet to the best

advantage, under his own trees and walking over his own domain. He took delight in pointing out to me the finest and the rarest of his trees, — and there were many beauties among them. I recalled my morning's visit to Whittier at Oak Knoll, in Danvers, a little more than a year ago, when he led me to one of his favorites, an aspiring evergreen which shot up like a flame. I thought of the graceful American elms in front of Longfellow's house, and the sturdy English elms that stand in front of Lowell's. In this garden of England, the Isle of Wight, where everything grows with such a lavish extravagance of greenness that it seems as if it must bankrupt the soil before autumn, I felt as if weary eyes and overtaxed brains might reach their happiest haven of rest. We all remember Shenstone's epigram on the pane of a tavern window. If we find our "warmest welcome at an inn," we find our most soothing companionship in the trees among which we have lived, some of which we may ourselves have planted. We lean against them, and they never betray our trust; they shield us from the sun and from the rain; their spring welcome is a new birth, which never loses its freshness; they lay their beautiful robes at our feet in autumn; in winter they "stand and wait," emblems of patience and of truth, for they hide nothing, not even the little leaf-buds which hint to us of hope, the last element in their triple symbolism.

This digression, suggested by the remembrance of the poet under his trees, breaks my narrative, but gives me the opportunity of paying a debt of gratitude. For I have owned many beautiful trees, and loved many more outside of my own leafy harem. Those who write verses have no special claim to be lovers of trees, but so far as one is of the poetical temperament he is like to be a tree-lover. Poets have, as a rule, more than the average nervous sensibility and

irritability. Trees have no nerves. They live and die without suffering, without self-questioning or self-reproach. They have the divine gift of silence. They cannot obtrude upon the solitary moments when one is to himself the most agreeable of companions. The whole vegetable world, even "the meanest flower that blows," is lovely to contemplate. What if creation had paused there, and you or I had been called upon to decide whether self-conscious life should be added in the form of the existing animal creation, and the hitherto peaceful universe should come under the rule of Nature as we now know her,

"red in tooth and claw"?

Are we not glad that the responsibility of the decision did not rest on us?

I am sorry that I did not ask Tennyson to read or repeat some of his own lines to me. Hardly any one perfectly understands a poem but the poet himself. One naturally loves his own poem as no one else can. It fits the mental mould in which it was cast, and it will not exactly fit any other. For this reason I had rather listen to a poet reading his own verses than hear the best elocutionist that ever spouted recite them. He may not have a good voice or enunciation, but he puts his heart and his inter-penetrative intelligence into every line, word, and syllable. I should have liked to hear Tennyson read such lines as

"Laborious orient ivory, sphere in sphere;"

and in spite of my good friend Matthew Arnold's *in terrorem*, I should have liked to hear Macaulay read,

'And Aulus the Dictator
Smoothed Auster's raven mane,"

and other good mouthable lines, from the "Lays of Ancient Rome." Not less should I like to hear Mr. Arnold himself read the passage beginning, —

"In his cool hall with haggard eyes
The Roman noble lay."

The next day Mrs. Hallam Tennyson took A — in her pony cart to see Alum Bay, The Needles, and other objects of interest, while I wandered over the grounds with Tennyson. After lunch his carriage called for us, and we were driven across the island, through beautiful scenery, to Ventnor, where we took the steamer for Portsmouth, from which two hours and a half of travel carried us to London.

My first visit to Cambridge was at the invitation of Mr. Gosse, who asked me to spend Sunday, the 13th of June, with him. The rooms in Neville Court, Trinity College, occupied by Sir William Vernon Harcourt when lecturing at Cambridge, were placed at my disposal. The room I slept in was imposing with the en-signs armorial of the Harcourts and others which ornamented its walls. I had great delight in walking through the quadrangles, along the banks of the Cam, and beneath the beautiful trees which border it. Mr. Gosse says that I stopped in the second court of Clare, and looked around and smiled as if I were bestowing my benediction. He was mistaken: I smiled as if I were receiving a benediction from my dear old grandmother; for Cambridge in New England is my mother town, and Harvard University in Cambridge is my Alma Mater. She is the daughter of Cambridge in Old England, and my relationship is thus made clear.

Mr. Gosse introduced me to many of the younger and some of the older men of the university. Among my visits was one never to be renewed and never to be forgotten. It was to the Master of Trinity, the Reverend William Hepworth Thompson. I hardly expected to have the privilege of meeting this very distinguished and greatly beloved personage, famous not alone for scholarship, or as the successor of Dr. Whewell in his high office, but also as having said the wittiest things which we

have heard since Voltaire's *pour encourager les autres*. I saw him in his chamber, a feeble old man, but noble to look upon in all "the monumental pomp of age." He came very near belonging to the little group I have mentioned as my coevals, but was a year after us. Gentle, dignified, kindly in his address as if I had been his schoolmate, he left a very charming impression. He gave me several mementoes of my visit, among them a beautiful engraving of Sir Isaac Newton, representing him as one of the handsomest of men. Dr. Thompson looked as if he could not be very long for this world, but his death, a few weeks after my visit, was a painful surprise to me. I had been just in time to see "the last of the great men" at Cambridge, as my correspondent calls him, and I was very grateful that I could store this memory among the hoarded treasures I have been laying by for such possible extra stretch of time as may be allowed me.

My second visit to Cambridge will be spoken of in due season.

While I was visiting Mr. Gosse at Cambridge, A — was not idle. On Saturday she went to Lambeth, where she had the pleasure and honor of shaking hands with the Archbishop of Canterbury in his study, and of looking about the palace with Mrs. Benson. On Sunday she went to the Abbey, and heard "a broad and liberal sermon" from Archdeacon Farrar. Our young lady-secretary stayed and dined with her, and after dinner sang to her. "A peaceful, happy Sunday," A — says in her diary, — not less peaceful, I suspect, for my being away, as my callers must have got many a "not at 'ome" from young Robert of the multitudinous buttons.

On Monday, the 14th of June, after getting ready for our projected excursions, we had an appointment which promised us a great deal of pleasure. Mr. Augustus Harris, the enterprising

and celebrated manager of Drury Lane Theatre, had sent us an invitation to occupy a box, having eight seats, at the representation of "Carmen." We invited the Priestleys and our Boston friends, the S——s, to take seats with us. The chief singer in the opera was Marie Roze, who looked well and sang well, and the evening went off very happily. After the performance we were invited by Mr. Harris to a sit-down supper of some thirty persons, where we were the special guests, A—— being at Mr. Harris's right. The manager toasted me, and I said something, — I trust appropriate; but just what I said is as irrecoverable as the orations of Demosthenes on the sea-shore, or the sermons of St. Francis to the beasts and birds.

Of all the attentions I received in England, this was, perhaps, the least to be anticipated or dreamed of. To be fêted and toasted and to make a speech in Drury Lane Theatre would not have entered into my flightiest conceptions, if I had made out a programme beforehand. It is a singularly gratifying recollection. Drury Lane Theatre is so full of associations with literature, with the great actors and actresses of the past, with the famous beauties who have stood behind the footlights and the splendid audiences that have sat before them, that it is an admirable nucleus for remembrances to cluster around. It was but a vague spot in memory before, but now it is a bright centre for other images of the past. That one evening seems to make me the possessor of all its traditions from the time when it rose from its ashes, when Byron's poem was written and recited, and when the brothers Smith gave us the "Address without a Phoenix," and all those exquisite parodies which make us feel towards their originals somewhat as our dearly-remembered Tom Appleton did when he said, in praise of some real green turtle soup, that it was almost as good as mock.

With great regret we gave up an in-

itation we had accepted to go to Durand to dine with Lord Rosebery. We must have felt very tired indeed to make so great a sacrifice, but we had to be up till one o'clock getting ready for the next day's journey; writing, packing, and attending to what we left behind us as well as what was in prospect.

On the morning of Wednesday, June 16th, Dr. Donald Macalister called to attend us on our second visit to Cambridge, where we were to be the guests of his cousin, Alexander Macalister, Professor of Anatomy, who, with Mrs. Macalister, received us most cordially. There was a large luncheon-party at their house, to which we sat down in our travelling dresses. In the evening they had a dinner-party, at which were present, among others, Professor Stokes, President of the Royal Society, and Professor Wright. We had not heard much talk of political matters at the dinner-tables where we had been guests, but A—— sat next a lady who was very earnest in advocating the Irish side of the great impending question.

The 17th of June is memorable in the annals of my country. On that day of the year 1775 the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought on the height I see from the window of my library, where I am now writing. The monument raised in memory of our defeat, which was in truth a victory, is almost as much a part of the furniture of the room as its chairs and tables; outside, as they are inside, furniture. But the 17th of June, 1886, is memorable to me above all the other anniversaries of that date I have known. For on that day I received from the ancient University of Cambridge, England, the degree of Doctor of Letters, "Doctor Litt.," in its abbreviated academic form. The honor was an unexpected one; that is, until a short time before it was conferred.

Invested with the academic gown and cap, I repaired in due form at the ap-

pointed hour to the Senate Chamber. Every seat was filled, and among the audience were youthful faces in large numbers, looking as if they were ready for any kind of outbreak of enthusiasm or hilarity.

The first degree conferred was that of LL. D., on Sir W. A. White, G. C. M., G. C. B., to whose long list of appended initials it seemed like throwing a perfume on the violet to add three more letters.

When I was called up to receive my honorary title, the young voices were true to the promise of the young faces. There was a great noise, not hostile nor unpleasant in its character, in answer to which I could hardly help smiling my acknowledgments. In presenting me for my degree the Public Orator made a Latin speech, from which I venture to give a short extract, which I would not do for the world if it were not disguised by being hidden in the mask of a dead language. But there will be here and there a Latin scholar who will be pleased with the way in which the speaker turned a compliment to the candidate before him, with a reference to one of his poems and to some of his prose works.

"Juvat nuper audivisse eum cujus carmen prope primum 'Folium ultimum' nominatum est, folia adhuc plura e scriniis suis esse prolaturum. Novimus quanto lepore descripserit colloquia illa antemeridiana, symposia illa sobria et severa, sed eadem festiva et faceta, in quibus totiens mutata persona, modo poeta, modo professor, modo princeps et arbiter loquendi, inter convivas suos regnat."

I had no sooner got through listening to the speech and receiving my formal sentence as Doctor of Letters than the young voices broke out in fresh clamor. There were cries of "A speech! a speech!" mingled with the title of a favorite poem by John Howard Payne, having a certain amount of coincidence

with the sound of my name. The play upon the word was not absolutely a novelty to my ear, but it was good-natured, and I smiled again, and perhaps made a faint inclination, as much as to say, "I hear you, young gentlemen, but I do not forget that I am standing on my dignity, especially now since a new degree has added a moral cubit to my stature." Still the cries went on, and at last I saw nothing else to do than to edge back among the silk gowns, and so lose myself and be lost to the clamorous crowd in the mass of dignitaries. It was not indifference to the warmth of my welcome, but a feeling that I had no claim to address the audience because some of its younger members were too demonstrative. I have not forgotten my very cordial reception, which made me feel almost as much at home in the old Cambridge as in the new, where I was born and took my degrees, academic, professional, and honorary.

The university town left a very deep impression upon my mind, in which a few grand objects predominate over the rest, all being of a delightful character. I was fortunate enough to see the gathering of the boats, which was the last scene in their annual procession. The scene was altogether lovely. The pretty river, about as wide as the Housatonic, I should judge, as that slender stream winds through "Canoe Meadow," my old Pittsfield residence, the gaily dressed people that crowded the banks, the flower-crowned boats, with the gallant young oarsmen who handled them so skilfully, made a picture not often equalled. The walks, the bridges, the quadrangles, the historic college buildings, all conspired to make the place a delight and a fascination. The library of Trinity College, with its rows of busts by Roubiliac and Woolner, is a truly noble hall. But beyond, above all the rest, the remembrance of King's College Chapel, with its audacious and richly wrought roof and its wide and lofty windows, glowing

with old devices in colors which are ever fresh, as if just from the furnace, holds the first place in my gallery of Cambridge recollections.

I cannot do justice to the hospitalities which were bestowed upon us in Cambridge. Professor and Mrs. Macalister, aided by Dr. Donald Macalister, did all that thoughtful hosts could do to make us feel at home. In the afternoon we took tea at Mr. Oscar Browning's. In the evening we went to a large dinner, at the invitation of the Vice-Chancellor, Swainson. Many little points which I should not have thought of are mentioned in A——'s diary. I take the following extract from it, toning down its vivacity more nearly to my own standard:—

"Twenty were there. The Master of St. John's took me in, and the Vice-Chancellor was on the other side. . . . The Vice-Chancellor rose and returned thanks after the meats and before the sweets, as usual. I have now got used to this proceeding, which strikes me as extraordinary. Everywhere here in Cambridge, and the same in Oxford, I believe, they say grace and give thanks. A gilded ewer and flat basin were passed, with water in the basin to wash with, and we all took our turn at the bath! Next to this came the course with the finger-bowls! . . . Why two baths?"

On Friday, the 18th, I went to a breakfast at the Combination Room, at which about fifty gentlemen were present, Dr. Sandys taking the chair. After the more serious business of the morning's repast was over, Dr. Macalister, at the call of the chairman, arose, and proposed my welfare in a very complimentary way. I of course had to respond, and I did so in the words which came of their own accord to my lips. After my unpremeditated answer, which was kindly received, a young gentleman of the university, Mr. Heitland, read a short poem, of which the following is the title:—

LINES OF GREETING TO DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

AT BREAKFAST IN COMBINATION ROOM, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

I wish I dared quote more than the last two verses of these lines, which seemed to me, not unused to giving and receiving complimentary tributes, singularly happy, and were so considered by all who heard them. I think I may venture to give the two verses referred to:—

"By all sweet memory of the saints and sages
Who wrought among us in the days of yore;
By youths who, turning now life's early pages,
Ripen to match the worthies gone before:

"On us, O son of England's greatest daughter,
A kindly word from heart and tongue bestow;
Then chase the sunsets o'er the western water,
And bear our blessing with you as you go."

I need not say that I left the English Cambridge with a heart full of all grateful and kindly emotions.

I must not forget that I found at Cambridge, very pleasantly established and successfully practising his profession, a former student in the dental department of our Harvard Medical School, Dr. George Cunningham, who used to attend my lectures on anatomy. In the garden behind the quaint old house in which he lived was a large medlar-tree, — the first I remember seeing.

On this same day we bade good-by to Cambridge, and took the two o'clock train for Oxford, where we arrived at half past five. At this first visit we were to be the guests of Professor Max Müller, at his fine residence in Norham Gardens. We met there, at dinner, Mr. Herkomer, whom we have recently had with us in Boston, and one or two others. In the evening we had music; the professor playing on the piano, his two daughters, Mrs. Conybeare and her un-

married sister, singing, and a young lady playing the violin. It was a very lovely family picture; a pretty house, surrounded by attractive scenery; scholarship, refinement, simple elegance, giving distinction to a home which to us seemed a pattern of all we could wish to see beneath an English roof. It all comes back to me very sweetly, but very tenderly and sadly, for the voice of the elder of the two sisters who sang to us is heard no more on earth, and a deep shadow has fallen over the household we found so bright and cheerful.

Everything was done to make me enjoy my visit to Oxford, but I was suffering from a severe cold, and was paying the penalty of too much occupation and excitement. I missed a great deal in consequence, and carry away a less distinct recollection of this magnificent seat of learning than of the sister university.

If one wishes to know the magic of names, let him visit the places made memorable by the lives of the illustrious men of the past in the Old World. As a boy I used to read the poetry of Pope, of Goldsmith, and of Johnson. How could I look at the Bodleian Library or wander beneath its roof without recalling the lines from "The Vanity of Human Wishes"?

"When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the
gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labors spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his
head."

The last line refers to Roger Bacon. "There is a tradition that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it. To prevent so shocking an accident, it was pulled down many years since." We shall meet with a similar legend in another university city. Many persons have been shy of these localities, who were in

no danger whatever of meeting the fate threatened by the prediction.

We passed through the Bodleian Library, only glancing at a few of its choicest treasures, among which the exquisitely illuminated missals were especially tempting objects of study. It was almost like a mockery to see them opened and closed, without having the time to study their wonderful miniature paintings. A walk through the grounds of Magdalen College, under the guidance of the president of that college, showed us some of the fine trees for which I was always looking. One of these, a wych-elm (Scotch elm of some books), was so large that I insisted on having it measured. A string was procured and carefully carried round the trunk, above the spread of the roots and below that of the branches, so as to give the smallest circumference. I was curious to know how the size of the trunk of this tree would compare with that of the trunks of some of our largest New England elms. I have measured a good many of these. About sixteen feet is the measurement of a large elm, like that on Boston Common, which all middle-aged people remember. From twenty-two to twenty-three feet is the ordinary maximum of the very largest trees. I never found but one exceed it: that was the great Springfield elm, which looks as if it might have been formed by the coalescence from the earliest period of growth of two young trees. When I measured this in 1837, it was twenty-four feet eight inches in circumference at five feet from the ground; growing larger above and below. I remembered this tree well, as we measured the string which was to tell the size of its English rival. As we came near the end of the string, I felt as I did when I was looking at the last dash of Ormonde and The Bard at Epsom. — Twenty feet, and a long piece of string left. — Twenty-one. — Twenty-two. — Twenty-three. — An extra heartbeat or two. — Twenty-

four! — Twenty-five and six inches over!! — The Springfield elm may have grown a foot or more since I measured it, fifty years ago, but the tree at Magdalen stands ahead of all my old measurements. Many of the fine old trees, this in particular, may have been known in their younger days to Addison, whose favorite walk is still pointed out to the visitor.

I would not try to compare the two university towns, as one might who had to choose between them. They have a noble rivalry, each honoring the other, and it would take a great deal of weighing one point of superiority against another to call either of them the first, except in its claim to antiquity.

After a garden-party in the afternoon, a pleasant evening *at home*, when the professor played and his daughter Beatrice sang, and a garden-party the next day, I found myself in somewhat better condition, and ready for the next move.

At noon on the 23d of June we left for Edinburgh, stopping over night at York, where we found close by the station an excellent hotel, and where the next morning we got one of the best breakfasts we had in our whole traveling experience. At York we wandered to and through a flower-show, and *did* the cathedral, as people *do* all the sights they see under the lead of a paid exhibitor, who goes through his lesson like a sleepy old professor. I missed seeing the slab with the inscription *miserrimus*. There may be other stones bearing this sad superlative, but there is a story connected with this one, which sounds as if it might be true.

In the year 1834, I spent several weeks in Edinburgh. I was fascinated by the singular beauties of that "romantic town," which Scott called his own, and which holds his memory, with that of Burns, as a most precious part of its inheritance. The castle with the precipitous rocky wall out of which it grows, the deep ravines with their bridges,

pleasant Calton Hill and memorable Holyrood Palace, the new town and the old town with their strange contrasts, and Arthur's Seat overlooking all, — these varied and enchanting objects account for the fondness with which all who have once seen Edinburgh will always regard it.

We were the guests of Professor Alexander Crum Brown, a near relative of the late beloved and admired Dr. John Brown. Professor and Mrs. Crum Brown did everything to make our visit a pleasant one. We met at their house many of the best known and most distinguished people of Scotland. The son of Dr. John Brown dined with us on the day of our arrival, and also a friend of the family, Mr. Barclay, to whom we made a visit on the Sunday following. Among the visits I paid, none was more gratifying to me than one which I made to Dr. John Brown's sister. No man could leave a sweeter memory than the author of "Rab and his Friends," of "Pet Marjorie," and other writings, all full of the same loving, human spirit. I have often exchanged letters with him, and I thought how much it would have added to the enjoyment of my visit if I could have taken his warm hand and listened to his friendly voice. I brought home with me a precious little manuscript, written expressly for me by one who had known Dr. John Brown from the days of her girlhood, in which his character appears in the same lovable and loving light as that which shines in every page he himself has written.

On Friday, the 25th, I went to the hall of the university, where I was to receive the degree of LL. D. The ceremony was not unlike that at Cambridge, but had one peculiar feature: the separate special investment of the candidate with the *hood*, which Johnson defines as "an ornamental fold which hangs down the back of a graduate." There were great numbers of students present, and they showed the same exu-

berance of spirits as that which had forced me to withdraw from the urgent calls at Cambridge. The cries, if possible, were still louder and more persistent; they must have a speech and they would have a speech, and what could I do about it? I saw but one way of pacifying a crowd as noisy and long-breathed as that which for about the space of two hours cried out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" So I stepped to the front and made a brief speech, in which, of course, I spoke of the "*per fervidum ingenium Scotorum*." A speech without that would have been like that "Address without a Phoenix" before referred to. My few remarks were well received, and quieted the shouting Ephesians of the warm-brained and warm-hearted northern university.

In my previous visit to Edinburgh in 1834, I was fond of rambling along under Salisbury Crags and climbing the sides of Arthur's Seat. I had neither time nor impulse for such walks during this visit, but in driving out to dine at Nidrie, the fine old place now lived in by Mr. Barclay and his daughters, we passed under the crags and by the side of the great hill. I had never heard, or if I had I had forgotten, the name and the story of "Samson's Ribs." These are the columnar masses of rock which form the face of Salisbury Crags. There is a legend that one day one of these pillars will fall and crush the greatest man that ever passes under them. It is said that a certain professor was always very shy of "Samson's Ribs," for fear the prophecy might be fulfilled in his person. We were very hospitably received at Mr. Barclay's, and the presence of his accomplished and pleasing daughters made the visit most memorable to both of us. There was one picture on their walls, that of a lady, by Sir Joshua, which both of us found very captivating. This is what is often happening in the visits we make. Some painting by a master looks down upon us from its old canvas,

and leaves a lasting copy of itself, to be stored in memory's picture gallery. These surprises are not so like to happen in the New World as in the Old.

It seemed cruel to be forced to tear ourselves away from Edinburgh, where so much had been done to make us happy, where so much was left to see and enjoy, but we were due in Oxford, where I was to receive the last of the three degrees with which I was honored in Great Britain.

Our visit to Scotland gave us a mere glimpse of the land and its people, but I have a very vivid recollection of both as I saw them on my first visit, when I made an excursion into the Highlands and to Stirling, to Glasgow, where I went to church, and wondered over the uncouth ancient psalmody, which I believe is still retained in use to this day. I was seasoned to that kind of poetry in my early days by the verses of Tate and Brady, which I used to hear intoned in the nose ful sweetly, accompanied by vigorous rasping of a huge bass-viol. No wonder that Scotland welcomed the song of Burns!

On our second visit to Oxford we were to be the guests of the Vice-Chancellor of the university, Dr. Jowett. This famous scholar and administrator lives in a very pleasant establishment, presided over by the Muses, but without the aid of a vice-chancellor. The hospitality of this classic mansion is well known, and we added a second pleasant chapter to our previous experience under the roof of Professor Max Müller. There was a little company there before us, including the Lord Chancellor and Lady Herschel, Lady Camilla Wallop, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Lowell. We were too late, in consequence of the bad arrangement of the trains, and had to dine by ourselves, as the whole party had gone out to a dinner, to which we should have accompanied them had we not been delayed. We sat up long

enough to see them on their return, and were glad to get to bed, after our day's journey from Edinburgh to Oxford.

At eleven o'clock on the following day we met at Balliol College, whence we proceeded in solemn procession to the Sheldonian Theatre to receive our degrees. Among my companions on this occasion were Mr. John Bright, the Lord Chancellor Herschel, and Mr. Aldis Wright. I have an instantaneous photograph, which was sent me, of this procession. I can identify Mr. Bright and myself, but hardly any of the others, though many better acquainted with their faces would no doubt recognize them. There is a certain sensation in finding one's self invested with the academic gown, conspicuous by its red facings, and the cap with its square top and depending tassel, which is not without its accompanying satisfaction. One can walk the streets of any of the university towns in his academic robes without being jeered at, as I am afraid he would be in some of our own thoroughfares. There is a noticeable complacency in the members of our Phi Beta Kappa society when they get the pink and blue ribbons in their button-holes, on the day of annual meeting. How much more when the scholar is wrapped in those flowing folds, with their flaming borders, and feels the dignity of the distinction of which they are the symbol! I do not know how Mr. John Bright felt, but I cannot avoid the impression that some in the ranks which moved from Balliol to the Sheldonian felt as if Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like the candidates for the degree of D. C. L.

After my experience at Cambridge and Edinburgh, I might have felt some apprehension about my reception at Oxford. I had always supposed the audience assembled there at the conferring of degrees was a more demonstrative one than that at any other of the universities, and I did not wish to be forced into a retreat by calls for a speech

as I was at Cambridge, nor to repeat my somewhat irregular proceeding of addressing the audience as at Edinburgh. But when I found that Mr. John Bright was to be one of the recipients of the degree I felt safe, for if he made a speech I should be justified in saying a few words, if I thought it best; and if he, one of the most eloquent men in England, remained silent, I surely need not make myself heard on the occasion. It was a great triumph for him, a liberal leader, to receive the testimonial of a degree from the old conservative university. To myself it was a graceful and pleasing compliment; to him it was a grave and significant tribute. As we marched through the crowd on our way from Balliol, the people standing around recognized Mr. Bright, and cheered him vociferously.

The exercises in the Sheldonian Theatre were more complex and lasted longer than those at the other two universities. The candidate stepped forward and listened to one sentence, then made another move forward and listened to other words, and at last was welcomed to all the privileges conferred by the degree of Doctor of Common Law, which was announced as being bestowed upon him. Mr. Bright, of course, was received with immense enthusiasm. I had every reason to be gratified with my own reception. The only "chaffing" I heard was the question from one of the galleries, "Did he come in the One Hoss Shay?" — at which there was a hearty laugh, joined in as heartily by myself. A part of the entertainment at this ceremony consisted in the listening to the reading of short extracts from the prize essays, some or all of them in the dead languages, which could not have been particularly intelligible to a large part of the audience. During these readings there were frequent *interpellations*, as the French call such interruptions, something like these: "That will do, sir!" or "You had better stop, sir!" — always,

I noticed, with the *sir* at the end of the remark. With us it would have been "Dry up!" or "Hold on!" At last came forward the young poet of the occasion, who read an elaborate poem, "Savonarola," which was listened to in most respectful silence and loudly applauded at its close, as I thought, deservedly. Prince and Princess Christian were among the audience. They were staying with Professor and Mrs. Max Müller, whose hospitalities I hope they enjoyed as much as we did. A short extract from A——'s diary will enliven my record: "The Princess had a huge bouquet, and going down the aisle had to bow both ways at once, it seemed to me: but then she has the Guelph spine and neck! Of course it is necessary that royalty should have more elasticity in the frame than we poor ordinary mortals. After all this we started for a luncheon at All Souls, but had to wait (impatiently) for H. R. H. to rest herself, while our resting was done standing."

It is a long while since I read Madame d'Arblay's *Recollections*, but if I remember right, *standing* while royalty rests its bones is one of the drawbacks in a maid of honor's felicity.

"Finally, at near three, we went into a great luncheon of some fifty. There were different tables, and I sat at the one with royalty. The Provost of Oriel took me in, and Mr. Browning was on my other side. Finally, we went home to rest, but the others started out again to

go to a garden party, but that was beyond us." After all this came a dinner-party of twenty at the Vice-Chancellor's, and after that a reception, where among others we met Lord and Lady Coleridge, the lady resplendent in jewels. Even after London, this could hardly be called a day of rest.

The Chinese have a punishment which consists simply in keeping the subject of it awake, by the constant teasing of a succession of individuals employed for the purpose. The best of our social pleasures, if carried beyond the natural power of physical and mental endurance, begin to approach the character of such a penance. After this we got a little rest: did some mild sight-seeing, heard some good music, called on the Max Müllers, and bade them good-by with the warmest feeling to all the members of a household which it was a privilege to enter. There only remained the parting from our kind entertainer, the Vice-Chancellor, who added another to the list of places which in England and Scotland were made dear to us by hospitality, and are remembered as true homes to us while we were under their roofs.

On the second day of July we left the Vice-Chancellor's, and went to the Randolph Hotel to meet our friends, Mr. and Mrs. W——, from Brighton, with whom we had an appointment of long standing. With them we left Oxford, to enter on the next stage of our pilgrimage.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SONNET.

WITH A VERSION OF EURIPIDES' ALCESTIS.

At times, when on a weary way and long
 The rain and darkness quench the final gleam
 Of twilight vanished, gentle pilgrims deem
 That troops of dim majestic figures throng

The unending corridors of thought along :
 And faintly, far away, they hear, or seem
 To hear, like music from a breaking dream,
 The choric harmonies of Attic song.
 More faint and far and fleeting, gentle friends,
 To whom may never come her living voice,
 In the harsh accents of our native speech
 An echo here Alcestis' lover sends.
 If one sweet, haunting tone your hearts shall reach,
 So may he doubly in his task rejoice.

William Cranston Lawton.

A GLIMPSE OF EMERSON'S BOYHOOD.

THE Reverend William Emerson, minister of the First Church in Boston, addressing his people on Sunday, July 17, 1808, upon the occasion of their quitting their old meeting-house in the heart of the town for one "more spacious and convenient" in the suburbs, remarked that they broke none of the commandments of Jesus Christ in exchanging "a house which is exposed to the noise and dust of a publick street, for one which is remote from the business and amusements of the town." And, on the following Thursday, when services were held for the first time in the new building, he reminded them to be thankful that "in place of an ancient and decaying house, situated in the most busy and populous part of the town, we now possess this new, commodious, and beautiful edifice, where, in the silence of retirement, yet in the centre of the territory of the metropolis, we may worship the Lord our God."¹

The First Church was not only the oldest in Boston, but older than the town itself, since it was gathered and "imbodied" in Charlestown, under the shade of a tree, before Winthrop and his associates crossed the river. The ancient house they were leaving, the third they had occupied, was, when it

¹ An Historical Sketch of the First Church in Boston, by Rev. William Emerson.

was built (in 1713), President Porter says,² the most expensive and elaborate in New England. It was placed, very fitly for the time, on Cornhill (now Washington Street), where Rogers' Building now stands, not far from the corner of State Street. But, with the growth of the town, Cornhill was getting crowded and noisy, and in 1808 the proprietors of the Old Brick (as the meeting-house was called) accepted the offer of Mr. Benjamin Joy to build for them a new meeting-house and a parsonage of brick, and also three other brick dwelling-houses, on the parish land in Summer Street; receiving in return the Cornhill property and \$13,500 in cash.

The old parish house was a gambrel-roofed wooden building, standing in the middle of a piece of land nearly an acre in extent, belonging to the church, but "situate [in the language of the deed from Richard Hollingshead and Ann, his wife, in 1680] at the southerly end of the town of Boston," namely, on Summer Street, where is now the corner of Chauncy Street, near half a mile from the meeting-house.

In this house, which stood, village-fashion, back from the street, in an orchard and garden extending down to where Avon Street now is, with a bor-

² New Englander, May, 1883.

dering row of elms and Lombardy poplars on Summer Street, Ralph Waldo, the fourth child and third son of the Reverend William and Ruth (Haskins) Emerson, was born, on the 25th of May, 1803.

One who should seek "the silence of retirement" in the same place to-day would find there but little contrast in this respect with Washington Street; nor would he find it easy, unless helped by recollections going back many years, to imagine, in the place of the long rows of lofty warehouses shutting out the sky, and the roaring flood of traffic that pours between them, the quiet, open region of gardens and pastures, sunny in winter and shaded in summer, in the midst of which Emerson's childhood was passed. "As late as 1815 [says Mr. Drake¹] there was a pasture of two acres on Summer Street, and the tinkling of cow-bells was by no means an unusual sound there. The fine old estates of the Geyers, Coffins, Russells, Barrells, Lydes, Prebles, etc., were covered with orchards and gardens; and these hospitable residents could set before their guests cider of their own manufacture, or butter of their own making."

"Yesterday [Emerson writes in his journal, May 26, 1872], my sixty-ninth birthday, I found myself on my round of errands in Summer Street, and, though close on the spot where I was born, was looking into a street with some bewilderment, and read on the sign 'Kingston Street' with surprise; finding in the granite blocks no hint of Nath. Goddard's pasture and long wooden fence, and so of my nearness to my native corner of Chauncy Place. It occurred to me that few living persons ought to know so much of the families of this fast-growing city; for the reason that aunt Mary, whose manuscripts I had been reading, had such a keen perception of character and taste for aristocra-

¹ Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston, by Samuel Adams Drake.

cy, and I heard in my youth and manhood every name she knew."

The Summer Street region, even as I remember it twenty years later, was a boy's paradise, and echoed every holiday afternoon and midday recess with "Co-ram" and "Hy-spy;" having just the right admixture of open ground, fences, and thoroughfares, with intricacies and lurking-places of sheds and wood-houses, and here and there a deserted barn, with open doors and a remnant of hay long untouched. There was even a pond, where a beginner might try his first skates; and the salt water was close by, with wharves, where he might catch flounders and tom-cod. Then, near at hand, the Common, at that time a playground from end to end.

But Emerson knew none of these things. He never, he told me, had a sled, and would not have dared to use one, for fear of the Round-Pointers, — rough boys from Windmill Point and the South End, who "were always coming;" taking Summer Street on their way to the Common, where they had pitched battles with the West-Enders. His mother had cautioned him against the rude boys in the street, and he used to stand at the gate, wistful to see what the rude boys were like.

Somewhere in his journals he speaks of a time when he was "a chubby boy, trundling a hoop in Chauncy Place, and spouting poetry from Scott and Campbell at the Latin School," but I find no other evidence of play or of chubbiness. "We were babies and boys together," says the Reverend Dr. William Henry Furness in some precious recollections of Emerson with which he has favored me, "but I can recall but one image of him as playing, and that was on the floor of my mother's chamber. I don't think he ever engaged in boys' plays; not because of any physical inability, but simply because, from his earliest years, he dwelt in a higher sphere. My one deep impression is that, from his earliest child-

hood, our friend lived and moved and had his being in an atmosphere of letters, quite apart by himself. I can as little remember when he was not literary in his pursuits as when I first made his acquaintance."

Rufus Dawes, a school-fellow of Emerson's at the Latin School, describes him as a "spiritual-looking boy in blue nankeen . . . whose image more than any other's is still deeply stamped upon my mind as I then saw him and loved him, I knew not why, and thought him so angelic and remarkable."

This early seriousness naturally found favor with his elders rather than with those of his own age. "When I was thirteen years old [he writes in his journal in 1839], my uncle Samuel Ripley one day asked me, 'How is it, Ralph, that all the boys dislike you and quarrel with you, whilst the grown people are fond of you?' Now I am thirty-six, and the fact is reversed: the old people suspect and dislike me, and the young people love me." The explanation lay perhaps in a certain lofty carriage of the head, — the air of one, as Dr. Furness says, dwelling apart in a higher sphere, — sometimes remarked also in Edward and Charles, and apt to be mistaken for pride, though it was in truth quite free from any self-reference. "My grandfather, William [Emerson says], walking before his father to church on a Sunday, his father checked him: 'William, you walk as if the earth was not good enough for you.' 'I did not know it, sir,' he replied, with the utmost humility. This is one of the household anecdotes in which I have found a relationship."

The arrangement with Mr. Joy was opposed by some of the proprietors, and one of them, Mr. Benjamin Austin, is said to have vented his feelings in the following epigram: —

¹ *Literary Remains of the late Henry James*, edited by William James.

"Farewell, Old Brick, — Old Brick, farewell:
You bought your minister and sold your
bell."

The taunt about the minister referred to another negotiation, in consequence of which the Reverend William Emerson had been transferred from the town of Harvard, where he was first settled, to Boston.

William Emerson had in his veins the blood of several lines of "painful preachers" and spiritual guides of the people, from the earliest days of the colony. Far from being "comatose" persons, as Mr. James, in his reminiscences of Emerson,¹ calls them, they were, several of them, heroic enthusiasts, remarkably alive to what is best worth living for. One line has for its first representative in America the Reverend Peter Bulkeley, Rector of Woodhill or Odell in Bedfordshire, England, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, — a man of ancient family and considerable estate, who, being silenced by Laud for non-conformity, crossed the sea in 1634 to New England, and pushed out through the woods with Major Simon Willard to Musketaquid (which they named Concord), and there spent most of his fortune as a pioneer of civilization. "He was addressed [says Shattuck²] as father, prophet, and counselor by his people and by all the ministers of the country;" and his Gospel Covenant, one of the first books published in New England, has good counsel for the present day. The church, he says, is built on the foundation of prophets and apostles; "not in regard of their persons, but of their doctrine," — a sentiment which finds its echo in the Divinity Hall Address of his descendant two hundred years afterwards.

His granddaughter, Elizabeth Bulkeley, married the Reverend Joseph Emerson, the pioneer minister of Mendon, who barely escaped with his life when

² History of Concord.

the village was destroyed by the Indians. Their son, Edward, "sometime deacon of the First Church of Newbury," married Rebecca, daughter of Cornelius Waldo, "from whom [says one of her descendants] came that beloved name into the family." Their son, the Reverend Joseph Emerson of Malden (Harvard College, 1717), was a heroic scholar, "the greatest student in the country [says his granddaughter, Mary Moody Emerson], and left a library considerable for those days. He was a reader of the *Iliad*, and said he should be sorry to think that the men and cities he read of never existed. If it had not been for my grandmother, my father would have been killed, perhaps, by confinement, for his father thought he ought never to leave his lessons. The children sat upon a settle, with lessons or catechism, the biggest at one end, the next in size at the other, and the little one in the middle. For out-door relaxation there was the farm-work; but even that was grudged. When he was working the hay one afternoon, his father looked out of the window and called, 'Billy, Billy, it's a waste of your precious time: go back to your books.' But grandmother said, 'No, it does him good to work a little: he has books enough.' They all believed in poverty, and would have nothing to do with Uncle John of Topsfield, who had a grant of land, and was rich. My grandfather prayed every night that none of his descendants might ever be rich. My father, after he left college, taught school in Roxbury, then preached in Concord, was settled there, and married Phebe Bliss. Her mother was Phebe Walker, a woman such as I have read about, but, except her, never seen. She never fell before affliction. My mother reproached her with want of feeling because she went to church whilst her husband lay dead in the house. But she was rapt in another world."

Miss Emerson's father, of whom she here speaks, was William Emerson of

Concord, the patriot minister of the Revolution. He was the son of Joseph of Malden, the scholar, and Mary Moody, daughter of the Reverend Samuel Moody ("Father Moody"), a man of transcendent zeal in doctrine and practice. "In every town in Maine [says Emerson in one of his early lectures] you may still hear of the charities and of the commanding administration of his holy office, of Father Moody of Agamenticus. When the offended parishioners, wounded by his pointed preaching, would rise to go out of church, he cried out, 'Come back, you graceless sinner, come back!' And when they began to fall into ill customs and ventured into the alehouse on a Saturday night, the valiant pastor went in after them, collared the sinners, dragged them forth, and sent them home with rousing admonitions. Charity then went hand in hand with zeal. They gave alms profusely, and the barrel of meal wasted not." He gave away his wife's only pair of shoes from her bedside to a poor woman who came to the house one frosty morning barefoot. When his wife, thinking to restrain a profuseness of almsgiving which his scanty salary could ill afford, made him a purse that could not be opened without a tedious manipulation, he gave away purse and all to the next applicant.

Samuel Moody, and his son-in-law Joseph Emerson of Malden, and Daniel Bliss of Concord, were prominent supporters of Whitefield and his revival in 1734; invited him into their pulpits, and were thought to favor his doctrine of immediate direction by the Holy Spirit.

William Emerson of Concord (Harvard College, 1761) was the builder of the Old Manse, celebrated by Hawthorne. He was living there when the British troops came up on the 19th of April, 1775, and he wrote an account of the skirmish at the bridge, which his grandson published in the Appendix to the *Historical Discourse* at Concord.

He and his brother, the Reverend Joseph Emerson of Pepperell, had been active patriots before the war.¹ He preached to the minute-men, exhorting them to ready obedience to discipline, and assuring them that their resistance to invasion of their constitutional rights was true loyalty to "the principles which had advanced the House of Hanover to its unrivaled lustre." In August, 1776, he left Concord to join the army at Ticonderoga as chaplain, and died a few months later, of camp-fever.

His wife was Phebe Bliss (his "Phebe-bird" he calls her in one of his letters), daughter of the Reverend Daniel Bliss, his predecessor in the Concord pulpit, — "a flame of fire" his son-in-law calls him, in the epitaph on his tombstone; the introducer, says Shattuck, of a new style of preaching, "bold, zealous, impassioned, enthusiastic," which brought him into trouble with the lukewarm Arminianism of the day.

William Emerson of Concord, though he died at thirty-three, was a man of mark; a fervent patriot and leader in the patriotic movement of the day, as well as an eloquent preacher. "A public character [says Miss Mary Emerson, his daughter], passing the old church, said 'There I first heard eloquence.'" He was noted for his beautiful reading of the hymns, and he seems to have had much of his father's literary tastes. Writing to his wife on his way to the camp, he incloses some verses, and says: "For my part, I'm not sure, but for that old mangler of words, Mr. Wooster, I

should have been a considerable poet; methinks there are the outlines of a fine rhymester in the enclosed; and you must try to think so, if it is only to gratify my vanity and please the children."

In William, his oldest child and only son (as well as in his daughter, Mary Moody), the love of good letters and a hunger for literary society were prominent traits. After his father's death, — his mother having married the Reverend Ezra Ripley, and another set of children having come to the Concord Manse, — William Emerson the second was left very early dependent on his own exertions. He went through the usual course of school-keeping, college, school-keeping again; then, after a few months' study of divinity at Cambridge, he was admitted to preach, and at the age of twenty-three ordained minister of Harvard, a town thirty miles from Concord. It is said that he had no predilection for the ministry, but yielded upon hearing Dr. Ripley pray that his mother's strong desire that he should be a minister might be fulfilled. He had no relish for the country seclusion to which, for a while, at least, he had to look forward. "The situation [he writes to a friend] is apparently too circumscribed and remote for present gratification. My retirement hides me from the intercourse of all humanized beings; yet I believe Harvard, on the whole, is the most eligible place, at present, in the universe."

He was not entirely cut off from human intercourse, for he was well received at Mr. Bromfield's,² Squire

ley in the Spectator. It seemed to her that she must be on a visit to that worthy knight, — especially on Sunday, when, equipped with a red cloak and a wig surmounted by a cocked hat, and attended by his negro servant Othello, he escorted her under the ancient avenue of elms and through the grave-yard to the village church. Profound deference and respect marked the passing salutations he received, and at the conclusion of the service the whole congregation remained standing in their pews until Mr. Bromfield and his guests had walked down the broad aisle."

¹ It is said that their zeal carried them so far in contravention to the prevailing ideas of filial reverence that they rebuked their mother for drinking tea at the time of the general agreement against the use of it.

² Mr. Bromfield was not the Squire of Harvard, in the New England sense, but the account of him in Mrs. Quincy's diary seems to show some traits of the English squirarchy still surviving in New England at the beginning of the century: "Mr. Bromfield and his surroundings vividly reminded Mrs. Quincy of Addison's description of Sir Roger de Cover-

Kimball's, Mrs. Grosvenor's, and other houses, where he found agreeable society. And he seems to have found sympathizers with a taste he had for music, for he reproaches himself with spending too much time in singing and in playing on the bass-viol, an instrument, I believe, not used for solo performance. But probably there was not much talk of books, — few to discuss with him the literary and scientific novelties by the last ship from England. Then, with his meagre salary, he was "too poor to keep a horse," — a serious obstacle in those days to intercourse with his brother ministers. He was decidedly of a social turn; too accessible, he thought, and in danger of forgetting the reserve of manner that belonged to his cloth. He reminds himself, in his journal, "to be more free with my hat and less with my hand." Some extracts from a letter he wrote to Mrs. Grosvenor, the widow of his predecessor at Harvard, while he was considering the invitation to settle there, may serve to paint the situation of the young candidate: —

CONCORD, *January 28, 1792.*

MADAM, — How checkered is life! How uncertain, how various, the state of humanity! At Harvard my days flew rapidly away. Charming variety characterized each week. While the hours of day wore the serious aspect of study, the gay moments of eve brought humor and cheerfulness into our circle. But no sooner did I leave your social fire, no sooner did the rocks and woods of Harvard, on that beautiful morn, disappear, than cold black clouds of doubt and suspense overshadowed my mind, which, ever since, hath been the sport of opinion and the dupe of advice. On the Saturday following, I broke the path through pathless woods and over hills of everlasting snow, to Newbury. At night I supped in a room that was not warmed with more fire than I could have comfortably slept with in my bed. Bed! as

to that I will say nothing; for my weight made no more impression on it than would a walnut, which, I imagine, might have been cracked on it to advantage. In the morning, frozen to death, I went to their meeting-house; which, for age and deformity, beggars all description. When I was in the pulpit, I could see nothing of what was transacted below; and, in the galleries, nobody appeared to converse with me. The case was somewhat remedied when I took the stand; for there I made shift to get hold of the cushion, which, as I stood, was about up to my armpits. Thus elevated, I peeked over, and made many discoveries among the people scattered hither and thither around the antiquated walls. What was wanting in prospect, however, I endeavored to supply by my vociferation, and, like Jonah, at a goodly distance I proclaimed the terrors of the law. Tuesday and Wednesday I have been freezing along back. This is the day appointed [for some ceremony at Dr. Ripley's church in Concord], and lo! the winds and snow seem emulous which shall contribute most to disappoint my pleasure, or throw obstacles in the way of my return. Not only so, but journeys, horses, and stages have emptied my pockets. But, you say, madam, I was to tell you when I should return, and with what aspect I should come. Do not ask me. I can assure you, Mrs. Grosvenor, so far as this: that should I leave Harvard, I should not entertain the most distant hope scarcely of settling at Newbury, were it ever so agreeable. The people are amazingly divided. They are old, and they are crafty. They do not keep good fires at Newbury. They keep noble fires at Harvard. Yes, madam, but will they keep me a good fire? I think thirty cords of wood would be as pretty a supplement to this little paper in my pocket as they could possibly publish. I cannot, however, think of being buried. And yet a man might read as many

hours in a day at Harvard as at Newbury or any other place. In short, madam, my mind, like the air of this day, is torn by constant winds; I scarcely know how or what to think. . . .

He decided to remain at Harvard, upon a salary fixed at first at \$333.30, — not a large sum even for those days, and constantly diminishing in value with the progressive depreciation of the currency. I suppose he had no rent to pay, and his "benefactions," that is, presents from the wealthier parishioners, — a leg of pork from Squire Kimball, a load of wood from Mr. Bromfield, "the outside of my gown" from Mrs. Grosvenor, — together with wedding-fees, might add perhaps half as much. Still it was but a small pittance for a man who felt it necessary to spend sometimes in the quarter-year more than his quarter's salary on books. He felt that he must "never name marriage or building." Nevertheless I find in his diary that in June, 1796, he "rode out with Miss R. H., and talked with her on the subject of matrimony;" and, on the 25th of October, "was married to the pious and amiable Ruth Haskins, fifth daughter of Mr. John Haskins of Rainsford's Lane [Harrison Avenue], Boston," and brought her home to a farm which he had bought and made ready a few months before.

Henceforward, though I do not find that his wife brought him any immediate accession of fortune, all complaints of poverty, disquietude about debts, regret at his want of frugality, and resolutions "to obtain a better living in Harvard or go elsewhere," disappear from his journal, as if he foresaw the dawn of his deliverance. "We are poor and cold, and have little meal, and little wood, and little meat; but, thank God, courage enough."

This was not the courage of heedlessness; he was careful and methodical, a great admirer of order, and thrifty ex-

cept in the article of books: it was an unconquerable buoyancy of disposition, that would not let him believe that any real misfortune could come to him. Years afterwards, just before his death, writing almost gayly to Dr. Ripley about the perplexities of the physicians over his case, he says: "You will think me better, because of the levity with which this page is blurred. Threads of this levity have been interwoven with the entire web of my life."

Meanwhile, he did not idly trust in Providence, but put his shoulder to the wheel, sold the bass-viol, took boarders, kept school, and worked with his own hands on the farm. After many rebuffs, and even being "reviled at town-meeting," he at last prevailed upon the town (then the same persons with the parish) to add two hundred and fifty dollars to his salary, only to bring it up, in purchasing value, to what it had been at first.

At last, in the spring of 1799, the deliverer appeared in the shape of a committee of the First Church of Boston. He had been invited to preach there, and also to preach the annual sermon on the solemn occasion of choosing officers for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. A week afterwards, a committee of the church came up to sound him with regard to a removal to Boston, and, receiving some encouragement, addressed a letter to the Harvard church, requesting his release from his engagement there. In this letter they urge as a motive for compliance that "the alarming attacks upon our holy religion, by the Learned, the Witty, and the Wicked, especially in populous and seaport towns, call aloud to invite and support, in the places of most eminence, such spiritual workmen as are endowed with talents to convince and confound the Wicked by their arguments, and allure them by their amiable behavior." The Harvard church replied, through a committee appointed in town-meeting, setting forth

the dangers and inconveniences of a step so novel if not unprecedented, and suggesting that in case of compliance they ought to receive \$1300 by way of compensation for the increased taxes which the pew-holders might be compelled to pay. Finally, after a negotiation lasting all summer, "the committee of Harvard," writes William Emerson in his journal, "conclude to take \$1000 and let me go." He preached his farewell sermon on the 15th of September, and entered upon his duties at the Old Brick on the 22d.

The test of sermons being the effect upon those who hear them, the qualities in William Emerson that wrought this change in his fortunes may be better estimated, perhaps, through the accounts of his contemporaries than by reading the Artillery-Election discourse. The Reverend Joseph Stevens Buckminster, in his funeral sermon, says of him: "He was a happy example of that correct and rational style of evangelical preaching of which the yet lamented Clarke [Emerson's predecessor] has left so fair a specimen." The Reverend Dr. John Pierce, who never missed an Artillery-Election sermon or a Thursday lecture, says: ¹ "He was considered an extraordinary preacher; he had a melodious voice; his elocution was remarkable for distinctness, yet had an easy flow. In prayer he was fluent, but his expressions were often too studied for a common audience. His sermons were greatly labored, yet very perspicuous. He could not endure the fashion, which at times prevails, of writing in a desultory manner. He would sometimes employ words which were not common, but he was particularly desirous that they should be classical."

All accounts agree in praising his voice and his skill in reading. As to his success in the particular task for

which he was summoned to the First Church, namely, resistance to the increasing laxity in religion, the question involves the previous one, whether the cause of true religion at the time and place was best served by drawing tighter the bonds of orthodoxy or by loosening them still further. And whichever way this point might be decided, the testimony as to the actual tendency of his doctrine is by no means concordant. Dr. Pierce speaks with some asperity of his "latitudinarianism;" Dr. Charles Lowell, on the other hand, does not think him so extreme as some of his brethren. It is clear from what he writes in 1806, about the middle of his Boston pastorate, to his half-brother, Samuel Ripley, at Washington, that he was no stickler for forms and dogmas:—

"If I had not left Harvard for Boston, it was my intention to leave it for Washington, where I designed to plant a church strictly on congregational principles; in which there was to be no written expression of faith, no covenant, and no subscription whatever to articles, as a term of communion. It was my plan, and still would be, in forming a new church, to administer the rituals of Christianity to all who would observe them, without any profession except such observance."

In personal appearance, Dr. Lowell says he was "a handsome man, rather tall, of fair complexion, with cheeks slightly tinted; his motions easy, graceful, and gentlemanlike; his manners bland and pleasant. He was an honest man, and expressed himself decidedly and emphatically, but never bluntly or vulgarly."

Upon his acceptance of their call, the First Church voted "that Mr. Emerson receive, for his encouragement and support, at the rate of fourteen dollars per week; also the parish dwelling-house and twenty cords of wood." This salary was gradually increased, until,

¹ Sprague's Annals, and Dr. Pierce's MS. diary in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

in 1809, it was fixed at twenty-five hundred dollars a year and thirty cords of wood. To the parish dwelling-house was attached, as I have said, a garden, in which the minister planted his potatoes, sweet-corn, and peas, as he had done at Harvard.

The Boston salary, modest enough when measured by the standards of the present day, afforded the means for a more unencumbered style of living, and even for gradually discharging some debts that he had brought with him, though hardly for making any provision for the future. He went a good deal into society, — “dined abroad” and “had company” are frequent entries in his diary; and he sometimes complains that these agreeable avocations consumed too much of his time. But the desire for congenial companionship was strong in him, and for this the little provincial metropolis afforded fair opportunity. The scholarship that some of the early immigrants brought with them had mostly died out, but the love of good letters still remained, and it was beginning to feel its way towards some expression. The Massachusetts Historical Society had lately been founded, and had encouraged “the establishment of a weekly paper, to be called the American Apollo, in which will be given the result of their inquiries into the natural, political, and ecclesiastical history of this country.”¹ Mr. Emerson was an active member of the society; and also “converses about the Physiological Society,” which held its first meeting (as the Philosophical Society) December 10, 1801, at Dr. James Jackson’s.

“April 9th, lecture before the Philosophical Society, and break two phials.” In 1803, “The Philosophical Society wonderfully flourishes. Thank God that this child of my brain is fostered and promises to grow to mature age.”

His chief literary enterprise, however,

was the Monthly Anthology, with its foster-child the Boston Athenæum. He took charge of the Anthology in 1804, six months after its first establishment, and called in aid a number of his friends, sixteen in all, forming the Anthology Club, which met once a week to project and discuss (with a modest supper) articles for the magazine. Dr. John Sylvester John Gardiner, Rector of Trinity Church, was the first President; William Emerson, Vice-President; several of the members were Liberal ministers; all were liberal in sentiment, but all doubtless good Federalists. Mrs. Lee, in her memoir of the Buckminsters, says that the Boston ladies would not invite company on Anthology evening, because it robbed them of the presence of the most agreeable gentlemen. The society, says President Quincy,² “maintained its existence with reputation for about six years, and issued ten octavo volumes from the press; constituting one of the most lasting and honorable monuments of the taste and literature of the period.” And so it is, for it shows a proportion of scholarly men among the busy lawyers, doctors, and merchants of the little town, hardly equaled since. We find in it literary essays by Judge Parsons, Daniel Webster, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, Dr. John Collins Warren, Dr. James Jackson, James Perkins; poems by Judge Story and John Quincy Adams; as well as literary contributions of scholars and of clergymen of various faiths, among them Cheverus, the Roman Catholic bishop. The tone of the Anthology was very liberal in religion, but conservative in politics and in literature; aiming, one of the writers said, “to apply caustic and lancet to the disorders of the American press,” and stoutly opposed to the new school of poetry in England. Scott was eagerly welcomed, and extracts are given, in advance of re-publication, from his poems; but to Coleridge Dr. Gar-

¹ Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, vol. i.

² History of the Boston Athenæum, Boston, 1851, page 3.

diner applies the epithet "asinine," and he speaks of "the dull malignity" of Southey.

Of yet more lasting importance was the collection of books begun by the Club, on Mr. Emerson's motion, and growing into the Boston Athenæum Library. Already at Harvard he had started a public library, to which he gave his services as librarian; and when the new meeting-house was built in Chauncy Place he persuaded the church to form a theological library in the vestry.

With his social and literary activities and distinctions he had his share of the public honors that came naturally to a prominent member of the New England aristocracy, the class held in honor apart from wealth or political station. He was Fourth of July orator in 1802, chaplain of the State Senate in 1803, and of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, overseer of Harvard College, a guest of the town authorities on all great occasions, besides being invited to join them when they refreshed themselves with an excursion in the harbor and visited the forts, or landed on Lovell's Island for a game of quoits.

His sister, Mary Moody Emerson, who had in her more of the tense Moody fibre, — though she sympathized with his literary tastes, wrote for the *Anthology*, and was drawn to his house in Boston from time to time by her "desire to hear the men talk," — did not fail to warn him in her letters that these "tributes to fashion and parade are hostile to the perpetual claims of simplicity, reason, and piety." She feared that the "sultry air and diet of the town have dimmed the light of genius," and that "the present world is too real to you." It was indeed very real to him; "an ample and beautiful world," he writes in his diary, "in which there has been afforded to me on earth a pleasant lot and much happiness, many worthy

friends and such delightful contemplation."

No shadow came over his life, except the deaths of two children (Phebe Ripley, born at Harvard, died 1800 at Boston; and John Clarke, died 1807), until in the spring of 1811, the twelfth year of his ministry at the First Church, "a consuming marasmus," vainly combated for some months, cut it short at the age of forty-two (May 12, 1811).¹

A short time before his death he says in a letter to his sister Mary: —

"To my wife and children, indeed, my continuance upon earth is a matter of moment; as, in the event of my decease, God only knows how they would subsist. And then the education of the latter! But I am not oppressed with this solicitude. Our family, you know, have so long been in the habit of trusting Providence, that none of them ever seriously thought of providing a terrestrial maintenance for themselves and households."

It was in truth a heavy burden that fell upon the widow in her affliction, with scanty means of support, and six children, all under ten years of age. After the first two, above mentioned, there had been born to them William, 1801; Ralph Waldo, May 25, 1803, at which date the following entry appears in his father's diary: "Mr. Puffer preached his Election Sermon to great acceptance. This day also, whilst I was at dinner at Governor Strong's, my son Ralph Waldo was born. Mrs. E. well. Club at Mr. Adams'." Afterwards, three sons: Edward Bliss (1805), Robert Bulkeley (1807), Charles Chauncy (1808); and a daughter, Mary Caroline (1811, died 1814).

The First Church did their part: they continued the minister's salary to his widow for six months, and then voted to pay her five hundred dollars a year for seven years, and also to give her the under arms. Emerson well remembered his delight at the military pomp.

¹ His comrades of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company attended the funeral

use of the parish house for a year and a half, unless the society should have occasion for it for parish purposes. She remained there, in fact, more than three years.

With this aid, and with the occasional assistance of "kind friends," Mrs. Emerson managed to keep the household together in Boston until the older boys began to earn their living. She would have preferred a less expensive place; but the children must be educated, — "they were born to be educated," their aunt Mary said. Some of them, at least, their mother hoped would be ministers; at any rate, they must be kept within reach of the Latin School and of Harvard College. And this she accomplished, though with sore travail. She took boarders into her house, rose early and sat up late, doing much of the work herself, with the help of the children as they grew old enough, and with occasional aid from her sister-in-law, Miss Mary Emerson; and thus kept the wolf from the door, though never far off. William, the oldest son, writing to his mother in after years, when these straits were past, says: —

"Our circumstances have been such that the increase of expense which would necessarily have attended upon the sickness of any one of us might have reduced us to real distress. We have never suffered this."

Great embarrassment was escaped only by unremitting exertion and a frugality that left its mark in many ways upon the growing boys. A friend of the family (Mrs. Ripley) coming in one day found them without food, and Miss Emerson consoling them with stories of heroic endurance. Ralph (as he was then called) and Edward had but one great-coat between them, and had to take turns in going without, and in bearing the taunts of vulgar-minded school-fellows inquiring, "Whose turn is it to wear the coat to-day?"

The boys did much of the housework,

and had but little opportunity for play or relaxation of any kind. Nothing in the way of relaxation, to be sure, entered much into the plan of life of these excellent women. If the boys had any time to spare, it might be better employed than in mere amusement. They might be reading good, improving books, such as Whelpley's *Historical Compend*, or Jebb's *Sermons*, or even Rollin or Robertson. A constant intellectual stimulus was added to that of outward circumstances. Their father, in the midst of his various activities, never neglected their lessons. During a short absence from home he writes to his wife: "William [aged five] will recite to you as he does to me, if you have leisure to hear him, a sentence of English grammar before breakfast, — though I think, if only one can be attended to, Ralph [aged three] should be that one." And he "hopes that John Clarke [aged seven] can repeat passages from Addison, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, etc."

The tradition was kept up by their aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, a remarkable person, of whom her nephew has left a sketch,¹ somewhat softened by the veneration in which he never ceased to hold her. She united with the Moody enthusiasm and impetuosity and a good share of Puritan rigor a keen appreciation of modern ideas. In one of his letters, long afterwards, when she had quarreled with him for his "high, airy speculations," and would not see him nor even come into the town where he was, he writes: —

"Give my love to her, — love and honor. She must always occupy a saint's place in my household; and I have no hour of poetry or philosophy, since I knew these things, into which she does not enter as a genius."

She was a very strange saint, and exemplified the exaltation of faith over

¹ Collected Writings. The references to Mr. Emerson's writings are uniformly to the Riverside edition.

works to an extent that made her hard to live with. She idolized her nephews, set no bounds to her expectations from them, and showed, particularly when they were at a distance, a tender affection, — which, however, did not prevent her from turning upon the least appearance of weakness with the bitterest scoffs; and her imperious temper could tolerate no difference in opinion, even when she could not help secretly respecting it. This made her an uncomfortable inmate, — uncomfortable to herself as to others. Emerson wrote of her: "She tramples on the common humanities all day, and they rise as ghosts and torment her at night." And she says of herself: "I love to be a vessel of cumbersomeness to society." Yet her genuine and habitual elevation of view, her really superior mind, and her keen sensibility to every kind of merit made her a commanding influence.

"And so, though we flout her and contradict her and compassionate her whims, we all stand in awe of her penetration, her indignant, eloquent conscience, her poetic and commanding reason."

"I doubt [he writes upon another occasion] if the interior of spiritual history in New England could be trulier told than through the exhibition of family history such as this: the picture of this group of M. M. E. and the boys, mainly Charles. The key to her life is in the conflict of the new and the old ideas in New England. The heir of whatever was rich and profound and efficient in thought and emotion in the old religion which planted and peopled this land, she strangely united to this passionate piety the fatal gift of penetration, a love of philosophy, an impatience of words; and was thus a religious skeptic. She held on with both hands to the faith of the past generation, as to the palladium of all that was good and hopeful in the physical and metaphysical worlds; and in all companies and on all occasions,

and especially with these darling nephews of her hope and pride, extolled and poeticized this beloved Calvinism. Yet all the time she doubted and denied it, and could not tell whether to be more glad or sorry to find that these boys were irremediably born to the adoption and furtherance of the new ideas. She reminds me of Margaret Graeme, the enthusiast in Scott's Abbot, who lives to infuse into the young Roland her enthusiasm for the Roman Church, — only that our Margaret doubted while she loved. Milton and Young were the poets endeared to the generation she represented. Of Milton they were proud; but I fancy their religion has never found so faithful a picture as in the Night Thoughts. These combined traits in M. M. E.'s character gave the new direction to her hope that these boys should be richly and holily qualified and bred to purify the old faith of what narrowness and error adhered to it, and import all its fire into the new age. Such a gift should her Prometheus bring to men. She hated the poor, low, thin unprofitable, unpoetical humanitarians, and never wearies with piling on them new terms of slight and weariness."

To the boys, from their childhood up, she was an ever-present embodiment of the Puritan conscience, at their side, or in searching letters, when her disgust at the town and at her own outbursts drove her away to her country solitude; yet also a constant stimulus to go beyond the Puritan limitations, which she would allow no one to praise but herself. And the conflict in her own life no doubt communicated itself in some degree to theirs. Her ambition for them was above all thought for worldly success, and she was prompt to jeer at any symptom of "a frivolous desire for fame," or of "sensitiveness to the sympathies of society." Yet, as her brother William had felt obliged to admonish her, she was not without "a plentiful share of family pride;" which showed itself, as

he complains, in "the gentle insinuation that my name is never to be splendid. It is not enough that your relatives should be good husbands and wives, good neighbors and friends, but they must be called of men Rabbis and Fathers."

Her secret dream was that her beloved nephews should be intellectual, learned, poetical, eloquent; honored of men and the darlings of "the world" of Boston, that they might bear it up into a higher atmosphere. They were born to distinction, that was plain; but it must be laid as a worthy offering on the altar of religion.

Meanwhile, her counsels of perfection for both worlds helped to bring a strain upon these delicate organizations which they could ill endure. In the two elder it was alleviated by a certain impassivity of temperament and an admixture (in Ralph, at least) of what their father called "levity," and Ralph afterwards, in his college days, "silliness," — we may call it humor, though lacking some ingredients, — the habit of detaching his impressions from himself, and looking at them from the outside, as a bystander. Possibly, in his case, seclusion from the companionships and the pastimes of boyhood may have supplied a needed check to what he calls, in one of his early journals, "my cardinal vice of intellectual dissipation:" any way, he appears to have thought so. For Edward and Charles the concentration was not needed; and "the iron band of poverty, of necessity, of austerity" (of which he speaks in the essay on Domestic Life), together with "the pressure of I know not how many literary atmospheres," which Dr. Furness found there, we may well suppose intensified into disease what was already intense enough. In Ralph's case the drawback came in another shape. Want of "that part of education which is conducted in the nursery and the playground, in fights and frolics, in business and politics," — leav-

ing him without the help of the free-masonries which these things establish, — no doubt exaggerated the idealist's tendency to fence himself off from contact with men, and made it an effort for him in after-life to meet them on common terms in every-day intercourse.

For better or worse the children were thrown upon themselves; partly from the austere fashion of domestic intercourse in those days. Their father appears to have been a kindly, affectionate man, but Ralph's chief recollection of him was as "a somewhat social gentleman, but severe to his children, who twice or thrice put me in mortal terror by forcing me into the salt water, off some wharf or bathing-house; and I still recall the fright with which, after some of these salt experiences, I heard his voice one day (as Adam that of the Lord God in the garden) summoning me to a new bath, and I vainly endeavoring to hide myself."

Even his mother, the most loving of women, was so far from making them feel her tenderness that once, when he and William had wandered off upon some holiday and spent the day away from home, they were much surprised, on their return, at her exclaiming: "My son, I have been in an agony for you!" "I went to bed," he says, "in bliss at the interest she showed."

A letter from Ralph, when he was about ten years old, to his aunt Mary, gives account of one of their days: —

Boston, April 16, 1813.

DEAR AUNT, — I am much obliged to you for your kind letter. I mean now to give you an account of what I do commonly in one day, if that is what you meant by giving an account of one single day in my life. Friday, 9th, I choose for the day of telling what I did. In the Morning I rose, as I commonly do, about 5 minutes before 6. I then help Wm. in making the fire, after which I set the table for Prayers. I then call

mamma about quarter after 6. We spell as we did before you went away. I confess I often feel an angry passion start in one corner of my heart when one of my Brothers gets above me, which I think sometimes they do by unfair means, after which we eat our breakfast; then I have from about quarter after 7 till 8 to play or read. I think I am rather inclined to the former. I then go to school, where I hope I can say I study more than I did a little while ago. I am in another book called Virgil, and our class are even with another which came to the Latin School one year before us. After attending this school I go to Mr. Webb's private school, where I write and cipher. I go to this place at eleven and stay till one o'clock. After this, when I come home I eat my dinner, and at two o'clock I resume my studies at the Latin School, where I do the same except in studying grammar. After I come home I do mamma her little errands, if she has any; then I bring in my wood to supply the breakfast room. I then have some time to play and eat my supper. After that we say our hymns or chapters, and then take our turns in reading Rollin, as we did before you went. We retire to bed at different times. I go at a little after eight, and retire to my private devotions, and then close my eyes in sleep, and there ends the toils of the day. . . . I have sent a letter to you in a Packet bound for Portland, which I suppose you have not received, as you made no mention of it in your letter to mamma. Give my love to Aunt Haskins and Aunt Ripley, with Robert and Charles and all my cousins, and I hope you will send me an answer to this the first opportunity, and believe me, I remain your most dutiful Nephew,

R. WALDO EMERSON.

It must not be supposed, however, that the household, with all its austeri-

¹ *Christian Examiner*, January, 1854.

ties, was a gloomy one. There was in the mother a native serenity that nothing could deeply disturb. "Her mind and her character," says Dr. N. L. Frothingham,¹ "were of a superior order, and they set their stamp upon manners of peculiar softness and natural grace and quiet dignity. Her sensible and kindly speech was always as good as the best instruction; and her smile, though it was always ready, was a reward. Her dark, liquid eyes, from which old age could not take away the expression, will be among the remembrances of all on whom they ever rested." Her sister-in-law, Mary Emerson, who, as she says of herself, "was never patient with the faults of the good," says of her:—

"When first she grew up, I knew her to be without comparison. I continued to see her for some years, and thought her looks, words, actions, the sweetest, wisest, fittest, chastest of all. . . . In a new situation [after her marriage], she sustained any occasional trial of temper with a dignity and firmness and good sense that I shall ever respect, and obtained a greater influence than is common over one of the best of husbands. Since, in the trials of boarders, the most I could say would not be too much."

And in the younger members of the household there was a buoyancy of spirit that seemed, to their stern aunt Mary, excessive; their mirth and frivolity, she feared, "had too much influence even with their mother, and made her too often a party to folly." Their cousin, George Barrell Emerson, who found a home there at a later period, just before their removal from Boston, says: ²—

"Among the sons I found William, whom I had long known and loved, the best reader, and with the sweetest voice I ever heard, and a pleasant talker; Ralph Waldo, whom I had known and admired, and whom all the world now knows almost as well as I do; Edward Bliss, the most modest and genial, the

² *Reminiscences of an Old Teacher*.

most beautiful and the most graceful speaker, a universal favorite; and Charles Chauncy, bright and ready, full of sense, ambitious of distinction and capable of it. There never was a more delightful family."

The passage in *Domestic Life* referred to above is so clearly a reminiscence of the family circle that I will insert it here:—

"Who has not seen, and who can see unmoved, under a low roof, the eager, blushing boys discharging as they can their household chores, and hastening into the sitting-room to the study of tomorrow's merciless lesson, yet stealing time to read one chapter more of the novel hardly smuggled into the tolerance of father and mother,—atoning for the same by some passages of Plutarch or Goldsmith; the warm sympathy with which they kindle each other in school-yard, or barn, or wood-shed, with scraps of poetry or song, with phrases of the last oration or mimicry of the orator; the youthful criticism, on Sunday, of the sermons; the school declamation, faithfully rehearsed at home, sometimes to the fatigue, sometimes to the admiration, of sisters; the first solitary joys of literary vanity, when the translation or the theme has been completed, sitting alone near the top of the house; the cautious comparison of the attractive advertisement of the arrival of Macready, Booth, or Kemble, or of the discourse of a well-known speaker, with the expense of the entertainment; the affectionate delight with which they greet the return of each one after the early separations which school or business requires; the foresight with which, during such absences, they hive the honey which opportunity offers, for the ear and imagination of the others; and the unrestrained glee with which they disburden themselves of their early mental treasures when the holidays bring them again together? What is the hoop that holds them stanch? It is the iron band of poverty, of neces-

sity, of austerity, which, excluding them from sensual enjoyments which made other boys too early old, has directed their activity into safe and right channels, and made them, despite themselves, reverers of the grand, the beautiful, and the good. Ah, short-sighted students of books, of nature, and of man! too happy could they know their advantages, they pine for freedom from that mild parental yoke; they sigh for fine clothes, for rides, for the theatre, and premature freedom and dissipation which others possess. Woe to them if their wishes were crowned! The angels that dwell with them, and are weaving laurels of life for their youthful brows, are Toil and Want and Truth and Mutual Faith."

And another passage in the same volume, of the boy reading Plato, covered to his chin with a cloak, in a cold upper chamber, and associating the Dialogues ever after with a woollen smell, is evidently another of their experiences; Edward's, most likely, at a somewhat later time.

Ralph's school-days began before he was three years old; not an unusual thing at that time, when the school-room took the place of the nursery. His mother writes, March 9, 1806: "William and Ralph now go again to Mrs. Whitwell's school," in Summer Street, near the parsonage. May 17th, his father writes: "Ralph does not read very well yet." Dr. Furness remembers him somewhat later under Miss Nancy Dickson, at the same school; whence they passed on together to the school of Lawson Lyon, "a severe teacher, whose ruler and cowskin did active service," says Mr. Samuel Bradford,¹ another school-fellow and member of the "three of us" who, Emerson writes nearly seventy years afterwards, "have agreed not to grow old, certainly not to each other."

In 1813 Emerson entered the Latin

¹ Bradford Memoirs (privately printed), Phil., 1880.

School, which, he says, was then on its wanderings whilst the school-house was rebuilding, first to the Mill Pond (since filled up, and now Haymarket Square and the adjoining tract between North and South Margin streets), where the beach-birds were piping over the flats; then to an attic on Pemberton Hill. The headmastership soon afterwards devolved upon Mr. Benjamin Apthorp Gould, "an excellent master, who loved a good scholar and waked his ambition. One day in 1814 Mr. Gould informed the school that there was a rumor that the British were going to send a fleet to Boston Harbor, and it was desired that the boys of the school should come one day to assist in throwing up defenses on Noddle's Island. All who were able and willing should go the next day at nine o'clock to the bottom of Hanover Street, where a boat would be in waiting to carry them to the island. The whole school went. I went, but I confess I cannot remember a stroke of work that I or my school-fellows accomplished. Mr. Gould in his first years encouraged the boys to found a school library, which was immediately set on foot. One of his virtues I recall often, — that he required us to learn by heart verses of Homer; which I doubt not some of us kept in mind and could repeat long after we forgot their meaning. Mr. Gould valued good speaking, and the Saturday morning was devoted to it. Edward Greeley Loring, now Judge Loring of Washington, was the best speaker."¹

Judge Loring, in a kind reply to my request for his recollections of Emerson, says: "I do not remember anything salient enough in Emerson's school life to serve your purpose. He was always a good scholar because honestly studious, but not eminent. His compositions were graceful and correct; this made

their quality, and I think describes his exercises at college as well as at school. He began at school to be critical in expression, and grew more and more so through his college life. In school and college he was liked for his equable temper and fairness, but was not demonstrative enough to be eminently popular. . . . He was not vigorous in body, and therefore not a champion in athletic sports; but I do not remember that he shunned play or boyish fun. . . . My clearest recollection is that Emerson was singularly free from faults, and this was the substratum for his subsequent expansion in character and intellect."

Dr. Furness says: "We were at the Boston Latin School together. From eleven to twelve every day we went to a private school kept by Mr. Webb, master of one of the public grammar schools. After the public school was dismissed, Mr. Webb had a few boys who came to him, chiefly to learn to write.² Ralph and I used to sit together. I can see him now, at his copy-book; quite a laborious operation it appeared, as his tongue worked up and down with his pen. But then, thank Heaven! he never had any talent for anything, — nothing but pure genius, which talents would have overlaid. Then it was that he wrote verses on the naval victories of the war of 1812. He wrote in verse also a history, or romance, — or was it an epic? — entitled *Fortus*, which I have a dim remembrance of having illustrated.³ I think Waldo repaid my admiration of his verses with his for my pictures. He was rather jealous of any amendments that I ventured to suggest. At the Latin School his favorite piece for declamation was from the *Pleasures of Hope*, Warsaw's *Last Champion*, etc. This passage is a telephone to my ears. I hear the ringing of his voice."

¹ MS. notes for the speech at the Latin School celebration, November 8, 1876.

² Emerson remembered playing truant for some time in this midday interval, and being

punished for it by imprisonment on bread and water.

³ *Fortus*, with Dr. Furness's illustrations, still survives, in the possession of the Rev. Daniel Noyes at Byfield.

In his last school year Ralph more than once delivered "original poems" on exhibition days, and some of his "themes" so pleased Mr. Gould that he kept them to show to the school committee.¹ "Those days," says Dr. Furness, "may be distinguished as the era of rhetoric; we boys went into ecstasies over a happy turn of expression or a brilliant figure of speech. The Everetts, John and Edward, were the demi-gods. I remember Waldo's telling me of the making-up after a quarrel between William and his classmate John Everett, and quoting with great admiration a passage in Everett's note about 'trifles which children resent and boys magnify,' and one from a sermon by Mr. N. L. Frothingham, the young pastor of First Church, of the doctrine that represents man as 'coming into the world girt in the poison robes of hereditary depravity, and with the curses of his Maker upon his head.' These were the things than which we thought nothing could be finer. I suppose it was the impressiveness of Waldo's tones that has caused me to remember them."

There are several specimens of his verse-making about this time; perhaps the most favorable is the translation from Virgil given by Mr. Cooke.² In general they show some facility at rhyming, without much appearance of any other aim. His gift of rhyming was a matter of modest family pride among the brothers, and he was often called upon to exercise it in writing to them when they were separated. In his letters to Edward, who was away from home at the Phillips Academy at Andover, he often passes into verse, as for instance:—

"The other day, while scouring knives,
I began to hum away that verse, —

Harp of Memnon, sweetly strung, etc.,
but I really did not think that the harsh

¹ One of these (on Astronomy) I find among Emerson's papers. One night, crossing Boston Common, then an open expanse, he had been much impressed by the sight of the stars, and

melody of the knives sounded quite so sweet as the harp.

Melodious knife, and thou, harmonious sand,
Touched by the poet scourer's rugged hand,
When swift ye glide along the scouring-board,
With music's note your happy bard reward.'

In 1814, the coastwise trade being cut off by the enemy's cruisers, the price of provisions went so high in Boston — flour \$17 a barrel, and rice and meal in proportion — that the family were driven out to Concord, where they passed the year with Dr. Ripley. At the peace Ralph writes to his brother William, who was then in college:—

CONCORD, February 24, 1815.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — What a change has taken place in the times since I saw you last, and how happy is the change! But a little while since and the cry of war was heard in every place, but now

Fair Peace triumphant blooms on golden wings,
And War no more of all his Victories sings.

When the news reached this place, a smile was on every face and joy in every heart. On the 22d instant the steeple of the court-house here was illuminated, and appeared very brilliant from this house. When I came to see you, you did not pack up your Cicero's Orations in the bundle, and I should like to have you send it the first opportunity in your bundle of clothes. To-day I get through the *Incredibilibus Collectanea*.

And now, dear William, with a rhyme I'll close,

For you are tired, I may well suppose.
Besides, we soon shall hear the nightly bell
For prayers, — so now farewell.

Yours affectionately, RALPH.

His rhyming powers appear to have been discovered at the school in Concord, and when he left he was made to mount a barrel, and recite by way of farewell an original ode, of which Emerson resolved to take this subject for his next school composition.

² Ralph Waldo Emerson. By George Willis Cooke.

erson used to repeat for the delectation of his children whatever scraps he could remember, beginning : —

I rise to bid adieu

To you, my schoolmates, and, kind sir, to you.
He always recurred with much amusement to his brother Charles's disgust at being held up to school as —

Another brother, small and younger too,
New to the school and to its studies new,
Hath here received instruction of that kind
To banish all its dulness from the mind.

The last two lines he thought particularly delightful.

On the return of the family to Boston, having to seek a new dwelling-place, a house in Beacon Street, near the present site of the Boston Athenæum, was lent to Mrs. Emerson by the owner, who was going to Europe, she undertaking to provide board for his wife and family. In the yard there was room enough for a cow, which Dr. Ripley sent down from Concord, and which Emerson remembered driving round the Common to a pasture his mother had on Carver Street. In one of his letters (always by private hand) to Edward, who had just returned to his boarding-school, he writes,

By boards and dirt and rubbish marred.
Upon the right a wicket gate,
The left appears a jail of state.
Before, the view all boundless spreads,
And five tall chimneys lift their lofty heads.

The gate, I suppose, of the Granary Burying-Ground, and the County Jail on Court Street. "Aunt's only message to

you is, Be brave ; that is, do not be cast down by thoughts of home. I have begun Telemachus in French at Miss Sales', and at home I am reading Priestley's Lectures on History. Mother thinks you had better try to borrow Charles XII. or some other history, to amuse you during vacation [for he was not to come home]. But as even nonsense sounds good if clothed in the dress of Poetry, I believe I must resort to that as my last expedient : —

So erst two brethren climbed the cloud capped hill,

Ill-fated Jack and long-lamented Jill,
Snatched from the crystal font its lucid store,
And in full pails the precious treasure bore.
But ah ! by dull forgetfulness oppressed
(Forgive me, Edward), I've forgot the rest.

Yours,

RALPH."

October 1, 1817, he writes : "Next Friday, you know, my college life begins, *Deo volente*, and I hope and trust will begin with determined and ardent pursuit of real knowledge that will raise me high in the class while in college, and qualify me well for stations of future usefulness. Aunt Betsey is very much grieved, she says, that I go to Cambridge instead of Providence, — you guess the reason. I hope going to Cambridge will not prevent some future time my being as good a minister as if I came all Andovered from Providence," — namely, from Brown University, which Aunt Betsey doubtless thought safer from the latitudinarianism that had crept into Cambridge.

J. Eliot Cabot.

AN ANCIENT ERROR.

He that has and a little tiny wit, —
With a heigh, ho, the wind and the rain.

LEAR.

THE "sobbing wind," the "weeping rain," —
'Tis time to give the lie
To these old superstitions twain,
That poets sing and sigh.

Taste the sweet drops, — no tang of brine;
 Feel them; they do not burn:
 The daisy-buds, whereon they shine,
 Laugh, and to blossoms turn.

There is no natural grief or sin;
 'Tis we have flung the pall,
 And brought the sound of sorrow in.
 Pan is not dead at all.

The merry Pan! his blithesome look
 Twinkles through sun and rain;
 By ivied rock and rippled brook
 He pipes his jocund strain.

If winds have wailed and skies wept tears,
 To poet's vision dim,
 'T was that his own sobs filled his ears,
 His weeping blinded him.

'T is laughing breeze and singing shower,
 As ever heart could need;
 And who with "heigh" and "ho" must lower
 Hath "tiny wit" indeed.

Andrew Hedbrooke.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

FIFTH PAPER.

XII.

VARIETY WITHIN THE TWO NATIONS.

EUROPEAN travelers in the more benighted parts of Asia, such, for example, as the interior of Arabia, have sometimes had to contend with a peculiar difficulty in making their nationality clear. The ignorant Orientals class all Europeans together as one nation. Mr. Palgrave found, in his Eastern travels, that the people imagine all Europeans to be citizens of one town. "Europe they know to be Christian, but they conceive it to be one town, neither more nor less, within whose mural circuit its seven

kings — for that is the precise number, count them how you please — are shut up in a species of royal cage, to deliberate on mutual peace or war, alliance or treaty, though always by permission and under the orders of the Sultan of Constantinople." These ideas, it may be supposed, could exist only in the most unenlightened regions of central Arabia, where the European traveler hardly ever penetrates. Not so. Mr. Palgrave tells us that this admirable geographical and political lesson was inculcated to him "not once, but twenty times or more, at Homs, Bagdad, Mosool, and even Damascus." In central Arabia ignorance about foreigners went a little further,

as might be expected from the isolation of that part of the world. There he was often asked, with the utmost seriousness, "whether any Christians or other infidels yet existed in the world."

This is an extreme case, but we find in the writings of other travelers the statement of a natural difficulty in distinguishing English from French, for example. English and French are men of the same nation; they have the same character, the same habits, the same faults, and when one of the two peoples has committed some injustice, the other is held responsible for it.

In England and France a sharper distinction is established. In both these countries it is clearly understood that the English are people of one nationality, and the French of another. Differences of character are also recognized: for instance, in England it is well known that the English are serious, moral, religious, and humane, whereas the French are frivolous, licentious, tyrannical, quarrelsome, and cruel. In France it is equally well known that "*les Français sont sympathiques, francs, droits, et désintéressés, tandis que les Anglais sont tortueuse, déloyaux, froids, orgueilleux, et égoïstes.*" In this accumulation of adjectives we possess undoubtedly the means of establishing a plain distinction between the two nations; but if this were insufficient, we might remember that "*la France est le pays du bon sens comme l'Angleterre est celui de l'excentricité.*"

When, however, we pass from the nations considered as simply two distinct masses, and try to find what each knows of the other in detail, we find the prevailing opinion to be that there is no variety in the human species as it exists on the opposite side of the Channel. Each nation is well aware that there is an in-

finite variety of character within its own borders, but it fails to imagine that a like variety can exist in a foreign country. Not only is this inability common amongst those who have traveled little and read little; it may also be found in writers of eminence, who frequently fall into the error of describing the inhabitants of a foreign country as if they were all alike, especially when the description is intended to be unfavorable.

Yet before coming to the differences between individuals, which are almost as numerous as the individuals themselves, it will be easy to show that in countries so great and populous as England and France there are provincial differences which are complicated with differences of race. In the single island of Great Britain we have, first, three distinct nations, which have preserved national feelings and traditions. All Britons know that there are differences of character between Englishmen and Scotchmen: so that if an inhabitant of one of these two nations were extremely like an inhabitant of the other, there would still remain certain ineluctable contrasts of nationality. There is scarcely any feeling of hostility between the better classes of English people and the same classes beyond the border,¹ but they look upon each other as friendly foreigners, united by political ties, sitting in the same parliament, owning allegiance to the same crown, and yet, in spite of the union, still not of the same nation. A distinguished Scotchman defined the case to me neatly in this way. He said: "With regard to all Continental people, I am quite willing to be looked upon as an Englishman, and believe that as far as they are concerned I have all the feelings of an Englishman. So a Frenchman may call me *un Anglais*, if he likes, and will not make a mistake of any importance in

¹ Very likely the old feeling of international dislike may still survive in the lower classes. It was certainly far from being extinct in those classes when I lived in Scotland and the north

of England. English and Scotch servants in the same house had at that time always strong feelings of mutual disapproval.

doing so. But with regard to all English people I am thoroughly and uncompromisingly Scotch." The national feeling of the Welsh is less known, because their literature is less known than that of Lowland Scotland; but national Welsh feelings are not extinct, and they are beginning to make themselves felt with quite unexpected strength, now that there is some chance that the feelings of dependent nations will be listened to.

It is unnecessary for my present purpose to attempt a definition of the differences that mark the three nationalities in Great Britain. They are to be felt rather than described. If an author cared more for effect than for truth, he might easily, from the Englishman's point of view, draw a striking picture of the more obvious Scottish inferiorities; and a Scottish writer, with the consciousness of belonging to the smaller and weaker nation, might have his revenge in another way by exposing the almost incredible ignorance of everything peculiarly Caledonian that is prevalent south of the Tweed. If I attempted the comparison, it would be by the slow and perhaps tiresome process here adopted with reference to the French, and there is not room for two such comparisons in one work.

All that needs to be said here is that the same error of supposing all the people in a nation to be alike has betrayed itself notably with regard to Scotland in the inability to make the necessary degree of distinction between Highlanders and Lowlanders. They are spoken of equally as Scotch, yet the difference is not less marked, in reality, than if they were separate nations. The Highlanders still retain (or did retain when I knew them) many of the characteristics of a social state from which the Lowlanders have long since emerged. They were noble rather than industrial in their tastes and instincts, disposed for field sports more than for the improvement of their condition by labor. Dr. Macculloch's description of their inertia

at the beginning of the century was still applicable. The people did not move, of themselves, towards a better condition; they had not the spirit of improvement. They were surrounded, it is true, by natural circumstances of some difficulty, especially those caused by the severity of the climate, but they were far from making the most of such opportunities as they possessed. For example, in gardening, they did not grow, and they could not be induced to grow, the vegetables which the climate allows, even although the want of them brought on scurvy. Their habitations were wanting in every comfort, being almost in the lowest stage of cottage-building, irregular walls of rude stone, with a small hole (glazed, however) for a window and a low thatch, the fire very commonly on the floor, and the peat-reek escaping through an opening in the roof. There was no spirit of enterprise to improve the ground about the habitations, or to make communication easier when the public road (due to English military energy) did not happen to be close at hand. In a word, there was nothing of that fruitful discontent which leads the advancing races to incessant improvements. Without the neighborhood of the Lowland Scotch and the visits of the English, the Highlanders would certainly have remained in a very early stage of civilization. That early stage has its qualities and merits. The Highlanders have good manners. Poor or rich, they are naturally gentlemen, and they show a fine endurance of hardship which, from the stoic and heroic side, is evidently superior to the love of luxury that develops itself so wonderfully in the south.

On the other hand, it is not the Highlanders, but the Lowland Scotch, who have made the name of Scotland great. It is they who have made the land famous as a leader in literature, with a certain distinction in the fine arts, a considerable eminence in science, and a very great and notable eminence in

all industrial pursuits. The Lowlanders have written the famous books, and built the great fleets of ocean-going steamers. It is they who have made Edinburgh a capital of intelligence, and Glasgow a capital of industry. The Highland race had nothing but its valor and a few legendary poems; no architecture beyond the building of a few rude small castles, no arts beyond the design of a brooch or the arrangement of the crossing stripes in a plaid.

The natural civilization of the Highlander, that is, the civilization to which he naturally attains and there stops, may be truly described as an *early*, but not as a *low*, state of civilization. It is not low nor despicable, because it includes good feeling, gentle manners, a religious ideal, and even an aptitude for learning; but it certainly is, in all material things, exceedingly simple and primitive. The Lowlanders, on the contrary, have an aptitude and a genius for a kind of civilization not less complex and advanced than that we find in England; and at the same time, because their minds are of the industrial rather than the noble type, they have not the gentle manners of the Highlanders. Good manners are not inbred in them, though they are acquired in the superior classes as a part of culture. In the lower classes there is a sluggish indisposition to be polite, a sort of repugnance to polish of manner, as if it were an unmanly dandyism, a feeling that answers to a plain man's dislike to jewelry and fine clothes. Even in religion the difference is discernible. It is true that the Highlanders are not Roman Catholics, like the Irish, but they have little of the Protestant Pharisaism which is common in the Lowlands. For example, if a map of Scotland were shaded in proportion to the malignity of Sabbatarianism, the darkest places would not be far north of the Clyde, nor west of the Kyles of Bute.

¹ I suppose there are more rich men in Lancashire with resolution enough to get up at five

Now, although we have admitted that there is a difference between England and Scotland generally, there are differences between some parts of each country and other parts of the same which are deeper than those between the two nations. For example, there is a far greater difference, in the essentials of civilization, between the Highlands and the Lowlands of Scotland than there is between the Lowlands and the county of Lancaster. Lancashire has so strong a character of its own that it may almost be considered a nation within a nation. The accident by which it is a royal duchy, as Wales is a principality, may be an additional excuse for considering Lancashire, for the present, as a little nation within its own frontiers. It is fairly comparable, in wealth and population, not only to the Lowlands, but to the entire kingdom of Scotland. The population of Lancashire in 1881 was to that of Scotland as thirty-four to thirty-seven, and to that of Switzerland as thirty-four to twenty-eight, in round numbers.

Now, if we look to essentials, and not to names, is it not evident that the Lancashire people are much nearer to the southern Scotch than the Highlanders are to either? All the characteristics that mark southern Scotchmen reappear in Lancashire, whilst those characteristics that belong especially to the Highlands are absent from Lancashire. The Lancastrians, like the Lowland Scotch, are a most energetic race, that would never rest contented with a low degree of material civilization, — a race with a remarkable genius for industry and trade, having a great love of comfort, and yet at the same time a remarkable willingness to sacrifice personal ease for the attainment of greater wealth.¹ Again, although Lancashire has not produced authors and artists of such fame as the greatest that have illustrated Scotland,

o'clock on a winter's morning than in all the rest of England put together.

it has given warm encouragement to literature and the fine arts, especially to modern painting. If you pass to the comparison of religion and manners, you find manners independent and often rude, as amongst the Lowlanders, and religion inclining to the severer forms of Protestantism, with a marked Sabbatarian tendency. I visited London once with a friend from Lancashire, who was truly representative of the county, which he had hardly ever quitted, and I well remember that he was quite as much put out by the London Sunday as a Scottish Lowlander could have been.

Some light may be thrown on these similarities by the recollection that the western Lowlands of Scotland and Lancashire are parts of old Strathclyde, so that the inhabitants may have an ethnological affinity, like the descendants of the true ancient Scots, who equally inhabited the west Highlands and the north of Ireland. Again, the Roman occupation of Britain included the north of England and the Lowlands of Scotland up to the firths of Clyde and Forth, so that the men of Lancashire and the Lowlands had the benefit of the same Roman example, whilst the Highlanders were left to develop a social state of their own. In later times, Lancashire and the south of Scotland were equally open to the influences of European civilization, whilst the Highlands remained completely outside of it, like the interior of Arabia to-day.

If Lancashire has many of the characteristics of an independent nation, is there no other part of England which in recent times has developed a strong character? Yes, there is the great nation of London, more populous than Scotland, Holland, or Switzerland, and destined to surpass Belgium in population before the end of the century. In London the English character has certainly undergone a great modification. A provincial, coming to London, is still geographically in England, but otherwise

he hardly knows where he is. At first he does not belong to the place at all; after some experience of it he finds out whether he belongs to London naturally or not, — that is to say, whether there is that in him which may develop into harmony with the larger intellectual atmosphere of the place. Physically, London may be as big as Loch Lomond; socially and intellectually, it is larger than Russia, and may well form a sort of state within the state. The English character in London has become more open, more tolerant, better able to understand variety of opinion, and much more ready to appreciate talent and welcome thought of all kinds. The nation of London is essentially modern and democratic, not caring who your grandmother may have been, if only you yourself were to its taste; but at the same time it does not desire to be a coarse and uneducated democracy; it values culture and taste far too highly to sacrifice them to a low equality. In a word, London clings to its own standard of civilization. If you come up to that standard, if you have refinement and just money enough for housekeeping of unpretending elegance, you may be an infidel and a radical, and London will not disown you, London will not cast you out into the cold.

Although London happens by chance to be situated on an island, it is not more insular than Paris. The nation of London is of all nations the most cosmopolitan, the most alive to what is passing everywhere upon the earth. It seems there as if one were not living so much the life of one nation as the world's life. You speak of some outlandish place at a London dinner-table, and are never surprised if somebody present quietly gives a description of it from personal knowledge. The thoughts and actions of all mankind settle themselves into more just proportions in London than anywhere else. In Paris, with all its brightness and intelligence, you are constantly compelled to recollect that you are in France.

as in Edinburgh that you are in Scotland. In Paris you are uncomfortably near to the German colossus, and it seems almost as if the cannon at Metz could send bomb-shells to Notre Dame. In London one has more the feeling that the ocean telegraphs converge there, and that steamers are arriving daily from all parts of the world.

The reasons for this peculiar feeling that one has in London are partly the magnitude of the British Empire and the vast distances that separate the parts of it; partly, the vastness of London itself, and the astonishing number of persons it contains who belong in some way either to the colonies or foreign countries, or are very closely connected with them. One has not the same feeling in any other English town. In Manchester we cannot escape from the knowledge that we are in the capital of a particular trade.

Provincial France is so little known that the great variety of it is hardly suspected by foreigners, but it may be easily shown that it is almost as various as Great Britain. Provence is quite as different from Picardy as Kent is from Mid-Lothian. Brittany is not more like Burgundy than Wales is like the eastern counties. The common people at Marseilles hardly consider themselves French; they are *Marseillais*, and they speak of *les Français* as the Belgians or the Swiss might speak of them.

We can never trust the description that people of one province give us of those belonging to another, because there is always the inevitable human antagonism. Draw a line between two multitudes, even if it is nothing in nature but a political boundary on a map, and each multitude will look unfavorably to the other side of the line, each will judge the other uncharitably, each will exercise its powers of wit and sarcasm at the expense of the other.

Amongst the better classes in France the old provincial hatreds are now re-

membered only to point a pleasantry with a barb from the ancient armory. The immense success of Daudet's humorous sketches of Provençal character, especially of his *Tartarin de Tarascon*, was due to the foreign feeling that the French have towards the Provençaux, — a feeling that is no longer an unkind antagonism, but a sense of difference giving occasion for telling contrasts and effective, if harmless, pleasantries. Daudet, however, to conciliate his victims a little, after making Europe laugh at their expense, made the candid confession that every Frenchman "*est un peu de Tarascon*."

The Provençaux have all that is requisite to constitute a separate nation: a language of their own, manners and customs of their own, and a peculiar national public opinion that nobody can understand who has not lived amongst them. The French attribute to them various defects which curiously resemble those that the English attribute to the French, especially light-headedness, the faculty of self-delusion, greater facility in making promises than fidelity in keeping them, inability to tell the simple truth, and a low condition of sexual morality. I have read somewhere that when the Allies wanted to make France less troublesome to Europe, in 1814, the ingenious idea occurred to them of dividing the country into two, not by annexing half of it to another power, but simply by erecting a southern kingdom. The notion was practical, as it was founded on a real antagonism in the populations, which might have kept them separate afterwards; but it is said to have been abandoned, because the intended kingdom would have turned into a republic, and the Allies were not very favorable to republics in those days.

It would be difficult to imagine two modern nations more different from each other, both in country and people, than are Brittany and Provence. Brittany has a rainy, temperate climate, with sea-

breezes ; Provence, a fierce dry heat, with almost perpetual sunshine and continental winds. Brittany is the land of the apple-tree, Provence the land of the olive. The shores of Brittany are washed by the tides of the Atlantic, those of Provence by the waves of the tideless Mediterranean. It is like comparing Wales with Italy and the Welsh with the Italians. The Bretons have their ancient language still, and even preserve their costumes. Their ways of living, their temper, their ideas, are all different from those of Provence.

The great distance between north-western and southeastern France may lead us to expect great differences. The variety that exists in great nations is still more striking when we observe the trenchant differences that often divide populations which, geographically, are near neighbors. The Morvan is a district about fifty miles from north to south by thirty from east to west. It is not marked on the maps of France any more than the kingdom of Poland on those of Europe, but the reader will understand its situation when I tell him that it embraces portions of four departments : the Yonne to the north, the Côte d'Or to the east, the Nièvre to the west, and Saône-et-Loire to the south. In shape it resembles the Isle of Man, but it includes about five times as much territory. Autun is just outside of it to the southeast, and Avallon just inside it to the north. This district, or region, is marked by a peculiar physical character. It is a land of hills (not mountains), woods, and running streams, and the inhabitants, until their country was opened by good roads, were scarcely less a people apart than the Bretons. They have a language of their own, which although akin to French is not French, and the people are now for the most part able to speak French or Morvandeau at will, just as in the Highlands of Scotland they speak English or Gaelic.

Now, if you compare the people of

the Morvan with those of the plain of the Saône, which is quite near, you find the most striking differences. First, there is a difference of race, but besides this there is a great disparity in material civilization. The art of cookery has been accounted one of the most effectual tests of human advancement ; when the people are clever cooks, they are usually, it is said, clever in other arts besides, and they set a value on a civilized life generally, and will be at great pains to maintain it. Such an art as cookery may have nothing to do with the intellectual side of life, and the Muse may be cultivated on a little oatmeal ; but a cooking people will appreciate all the alimentary gifts of nature and master the arts that procure them, whilst the non-cooking races are negligent and careless providers. The French are reputed to be a cooking race, but now observe a distinction ! The peasants of the Morvan understand cookery scarcely better than the Scotch Highlanders, whereas in the plain of the Saône and the Burgundy wine district, a little to the southeast of the Morvan, a masterly skill in cooking is a very common accomplishment. All the Saône bargemen are said to be clever cooks. Again, the Morvan people are not gardeners. Rich men have gardens as a matter of luxury, but the peasants do not cultivate vegetables and fruit-trees. Near the Saône the people are a gardening as well as a cooking race.

The French are often reproached with a love of good living. It is difficult to have a quality without the defect that belongs to it. Wherever there is the kind of intelligence that excels in the providing and the preparation of food, there is a sort of culture or high criticism which produces the *gourmet*, who is the art-critic of the world of cooks. He would, however, find little to interest him in the Morvan. There the peasants live with extreme self-denial, chiefly on potatoes and thin soup flavored with a morsel of bacon. Their drink is often

a poor kind of perry or cider ; they indulge in wine on market days, and sometimes sparingly at home, but then it is of a meagre quality. I often employ a Morvan peasant, who is a very favorable specimen of his class. He works for me on board wages, and brings his food, which is so poor that it is a marvel how it can sustain him, and he always eats it cold. This is a habit he has acquired from working in the woods. I allow him wine, which is a great delight to him ; but if he had not this allowance, he would invariably drink water. He is fond of smoking, but never buys tobacco, and blames the extravagance of the young men who smoke bought tobacco every day. He finds an occasional pipe all the sweeter when it is given to him. His health has certainly not suffered from his sobriety. He is seventy years old, and looks about fifty-six. By dint of sheer thrift he has saved about three thousand dollars, and lives in a house of his own. There is nothing about him, either in character or appearance, that answers in the least to the ordinary English conception of a Frenchman. He is slow, taciturn, steady, and absolutely without fuss or pretension of any kind. He might pass easily on the Yorkshire hills for a native of that county, so long as he did not open his lips.

The French departments are merely an administrative division of the country, very useful and necessary, but artificial, and indicating nothing about the character of the inhabitants. The old provinces are better guides in this respect, but districts are the best of all. Their origin may be different in different cases, and only local antiquaries could enlighten us about their obscure history ; but one thing is always noticeable about them, which is that the characteristics of the soil for each district are of a special nature. For example, the Morvan is a land of hills, woods, and streams ; the Sologne is a woody plain,

perfectly flat and interspersed with sandy pools and marshes ; Les Dombes are an insalubrious region, full of fish-ponds ; and Rouergue (in Guienne) is a land of hills and streams, like the Morvan, but with greater altitudes and wilder scenery. The population of each of these districts takes a certain character from the nature of its surroundings. In the first place, they affect health, and therefore make the disposition dull or lively. I have noticed, in traveling from a region where health is low to a more favored region, that there was a remarkable difference in vivacity, quite sufficiently accounted for by this reason alone.¹ Again, with reference to material well-being and its consequences, it is commonly supposed that France is a very rich, productive country, with a climate highly favorable to the growth of all kinds of food, so that the people must all be very well off. Such a description is true, no doubt, of many parts of France, but there are regions not more productive than the north of Scotland. "The French climate" is believed in by many English people as being a delightful climate, but, for my part, I have not yet met with the French climate except in a purely ideal condition, inside Frenchmen's heads. The reality is more than half a dozen climates, each of which has its own qualities and drawbacks, its own kinds of mildness and severity. Even within a distance of fifteen or twenty miles you discover, from the meteorological registers kept by the road surveyors, that twice as much rain falls in one village as in another. You have the wet and woody regions, the arid, hot, rocky regions, the lands of pasture and meadow, the vine lands, the country of extinct volcanoes, the peat morasses, the unprofitable sand countries by the sea, where only the maritime pine can resist the invasion of sterility.

¹ The power of surroundings on health, and of health on character, is strikingly manifest in Switzerland.

The common error of imagining all things to be alike in a foreign land is never more striking than in the definite, homogeneous character given to the physical geography of a country by its neighbors. People appear to be so constituted that they must perforce attach one idea to one country, and no more, as a chemist labels bottles in his laboratory. The untraveled French believe all England to have the same climate, the same character.¹ It is a dull, uninteresting, foggy country, covered with "usines" and long chimneys, the mills of Manchester with the scenery of Peterborough, and there is nothing artistic to be seen in it. The idea of such differences of climate and scenery as that between the Lake District, in the northwest, and the English Holland, on the eastern side of the island, does not occur to a Frenchman till he has seen these different regions with his own eyes. Scotland, for him, is all mountainous, and he has an exaggerated idea of the Scotch mountains, fancying that they are in some way comparable to the French ones. In England the prevalent idea of France is that of a lowland country, with monotonous scenery and very few trees,—a country to be passed through as rapidly as possible on the road to Switzerland or Italy. The only great mountain in the French Alps that has any reputation in England is Mont Blanc, and this is supposed to be in Switzerland, the country where all the Alps are kept for the public like pyramids in Egypt.

The difference between one town and another that may happen to be near it, and possibly even in the same department, can hardly be imagined by any one who does not know them intimately. Each place has a spirit of its own, derived from its historical past and from its occupations in the present. One town may be a clerical and aristocratic little place, where a republican (even under

the Republic) has not the faintest chance of getting into society; a place where all public functionaries under the government are socially boycotted; a place where all modern ideas are quietly ignored or despised, where reputations have no currency, and nothing is valued but conformity to a narrow local standard of the *comme il faut*. Thirty miles away there is perhaps a busy commercial town, where all ideas are centred upon money, and people are esteemed exactly in proportion to their capital, without regard to other considerations,—a town where all the fortunes are recent, and all have been acquired in trade.

Another variety, very little understood out of France, is that of extremes meeting in the same town. This is sometimes especially striking in the southern towns, and it may be of very long standing, like the conflict between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism at Nîmes, a town that cannot be correctly described as either Protestant or Catholic; and yet there is more of each religion in it than there probably would be if the rival faith were completely extirpated. But the best example in France of a town combining the most opposite characteristics is Lyons. It is at the same time most republican and most clerical. "There is one town above all," wrote Michelet, "where the antagonism of two ages, of the spirit of old times and the new spirit, strikes even the eyes in all its grandeur. . . . That town is Lyons. . . . I leaned on the parapet on the steep of Fourvières, and said to myself, as I looked upon the opposite hill, gloomy, black below, under the cypresses of the Jardin des Plantes, colossal above in its piles of work-people's houses, ten or fifteen stories high,—I said, *These are not two hills; they are two religions*. The two towns of Lyons, that of the convents, and that of the workshops, are the goals of pilgrimage for the poor.

¹ French people all know that Italy is well worth a visit. As to England, it is a place for

commercial travelers, but there is nothing to be seen there.

Some of them come to the Lyons of miracles and seek charity; these come to Fourvières.¹ But thou, good workman, wilt come to the hill of labor, the serious Croix Rousse. The part in the banquet which thou desirest is bread won by thine own hands." I was reminded of these words of Michelet when, at Lyons, I said to a mechanic who was working on Sunday, "This task prevents you from going to mass." The man paused an instant in his labor, looked up at me seriously, and answered, "It is not my custom to go to mass. He who works prays." He then resumed his prayer with hearty strokes of a hammer.

As in England London is a kind of nation in itself, so in France we have the nation of Paris. The word is so little of an exaggeration that Paris has often, on the most momentous occasions, acted quite independently of the country, and did actually proclaim its right to autonomy under the Commune, whilst the constant effort of the municipal council ever since has been to erect itself into a parliament at the Hôtel de Ville, and have its own way in spite of the assemblies at the Palais Bourbon or the Luxembourg.

The Parisian nation has not the same characteristics as the nation of Londoners. The distinguishing character of London is not to be local, but world-wide; the character of Paris is to be as local as ancient Athens, and as contemptuous of all that lies outside. It is commonly believed that Paris is France, but how can it be France when it is so utterly unlike the provinces? This error comes from the foreigners' habit of staying in Paris only, so that Paris is very really and truly all France to them, being the only France they know. Yet the character of the French capital, so far from being representative, is all its own. Here, for example, is a striking and permanent peculiarity. France is not, gen-

erally speaking, an artistic country. In the provinces few care for art or know anything about it, whereas Paris is the most artistic city in Europe; and that not simply as the place where pictures and statues are produced in the greatest numbers, and architects find most employment, but as the place where the art-sentiment is most generally developed, so that it runs over into a thousand minor channels, till the life of the capital is saturated with it. In the provinces the whole estimate of human worth is different. There the recognized superiorities are either aristocracy (true or false), or else simply money, reputation being nearly, if not entirely, valueless; but in Paris reputation has a greater relative value than anywhere else, — greater even than in London. In the provinces there is a dull contentment with ignorance; in Paris always a desire to know, or a pretension to know, though the desire may not be realized or the pretension justified. In the country the disposition is not, usually, very open or hospitable; in Paris it is remarkably frank, easy, and cordial, and as hospitable as the narrow lodgings permit. In rural France, as a general rule, people neither understand nor practice the kind of intercourse that is lightly agreeable without involving much beyond the passing hour; in Paris this kind of intercourse is habitual. The Parisians establish this distinction between themselves and others, that they are intelligent and all provincials stupid; the provincials usually believe themselves to be more moral and more serious than the inhabitants of Paris. Sometimes they have self-respect enough to repudiate the idea that in order to be intelligent it is necessary to live within the circle of the fortifications, but more frequently they admit that provincial life is dull without making any effort to enliven it, and they speak of Paris as the Paradise from

¹ The place on the steep on the right bank of the Saône, behind the cathedral. Since

Michelet wrote, a gorgeous new church has been built there for the miracle-working Virgin.

which all intelligent French people, living out of it, are exiles. Notwithstanding their apparent levity, I am told by all who are competent to form an opinion that the Parisians study better than the provincials. The ordinary level attained in all studies is much higher in Paris than in the provincial cities. The Parisians are the most laborious and best disciplined art-students in Europe. In the French University the best professors are reserved for Paris, or pro-

moted to the capital in course of time, and they all say that the boys work better there than in the provinces.

I have mentioned elsewhere the curious but general French superstition that Paris is the light, not only of France, but of the world, and that all literary and artistic reputations are nothing till they have received the sanction of Parisian approval. Only imagine Paris judging between poets whose languages it is unable to pronounce!

Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

FLUTTERBUDGET.

"FLUTTERBUDGET" is the one expressive word that exactly characterizes a certain brown thrush, or thrasher, the subject of a year's study. This bird is perhaps the only restless creature that bears the name of thrush, and he is totally unlike the rest of his family, having neither dignity, composure, nor repose of manner. My brown thrush, however, was exceedingly interesting in his own way, if only as a study of perpetual motion, of the varieties of shape and attitude possible to him, and the fantastic tricks upon wing of which he was capable. One never tired of watching him, for he was erratic in every movement, always inventing some new sort of evolution, or a fresh way of doing the old things, and scarcely a moment at rest. A favorite exercise was flying across the room, planting his feet flatly against the side wall, turning instantly and flying back. This he often did a dozen times in succession. His feet were always "used to save his head" (contrary to our grandmothers' teachings). When he made the usual attempt to fly through the window on his first outing in the room, he went feet first against it, and thus saved himself a bumped head. His movements were

abrupt in the extreme, and always so unexpected that he frequently threw the whole feathered family into a panic, apparently without the least intention of doing so. Standing beside the cage of another bird, he would wheel quickly and face the other way, absolutely nothing more, but doing this in a manner so startling that the occupant of the cage scolded roundly. He specially delighted in clambering all over the cage of a goldfinch, acting as if he should tear it in pieces, and greatly annoying the small bird. He often flew up the side of the window casing, as though climbing it like a ladder, his feet touching it now and then, and he did the same on the curtains of coarse net. Again he flew across the room before the three windows, turning to each one in turn, planted his feet squarely on the linen shade, as on the wall above-mentioned, and without a pause passed to the end of the room, and touched it with his feet in the same strange way. Often when standing for the moment perfectly still before a window, he suddenly flew up, put both feet in this unbirdlike way against the window shade, turned and went to his cage. In like manner he came in contact with a cage, the books

on the shelves, the back of a chair, or any piece of furniture, taking from that point a new direction. When startled he instantly bounded into the air as though the ground were hot under his feet, and often turned a corner or two before he came down. In the middle of his most lovely song he was quite likely, without the least warning, to make a mad dash somewhere, turn a sharp corner, dive in another direction, and alight on the spot he had left a moment before, and all in so spasmodic a way that every bird was panic-stricken.

The thrasher was exceedingly wary, and nothing was droller than his manner of approaching anything, whether a worm I had thrown on the matting for him, or the bathing-dish. In the case of the worm, the moment he saw his prey — which I selected for its liveliness — he came to a nearer perch, and stood there a few minutes, posturing, shaking his plumage in great excitement, looking at me and then at the tempting object. Very soon he dropped to the floor, and started towards the worm in the funniest way; running a few steps, stopping short and turning half around, ready for instant flight, flirting his feathers with a great rustle, turning an anxious eye on me, then on the wriggling attraction, running a step or two, and repeating the performance. In this way he advanced very gradually till near enough to half encircle his prey; or to run and hop sideways as though to describe a circle, turning away at each pause as before, all the time jerking and fluttering in intense agitation, and always keeping an eye on me. Not that he was in the least afraid of me; it was simply his sensational way of doing everything. When he finally came within reach of the worm, he snatched it, and ran as though the enemy were upon him.

His performances before entering the bath were even more amusing. The bathing-dish, a broad, deep plate, stood upon a towel on a table. The bird

alighted on the table, and began first to peck the towel, pulling the fringe, working at any loose thread he discovered, and industriously enlarging any small hole he chanced to find. In thus doing he often turned over the edge, when he sprang back as though he had seen a ghost. Recovering from the shock, he circled around the dish with little hops, occasionally giving a gentle peck at the edge of the dish, or a snip at the water with his beak. Thus he waltzed around the bath perhaps forty times, now and then going so far as to jump up on the edge, make a dash at the water, and back off as if it were hot, or to give a hop into the middle of the water and out again so quickly that one could hardly believe he touched it. When, after all this ceremony, he did go in to stay, he made most thorough work, splashing in a frantic way, as though he had but a moment to stay, and in one minute getting more soaked than many birds ever do. After this short dip he dashed out, flew to a perch, and in the maddest way jerked and shook himself dry; pulling his feathers through his beak with a snap, and making a peculiar sound which I can liken only to the rubbing of machinery that needs oil.

The brown thrush was never so violent and eccentric in movement as just after his bath. Allowing himself often but a moment's hasty shake of plumage, he darted furiously across the room, startling every bird, and alighting no one could guess where. Then, after more jerks and rapid shakings, he flung himself as unexpectedly in another direction, while at every fresh turn birds scattered wildly, everywhere, anywhere, out of his way, bringing up in the most unaccustomed places; as, for instance, a dignified bird, who never went to the floor, coming to rest under the bed, or a ground-lover flattened against the side of a cage. All this disturbance seemed to please the thrasher, for he had a spice of mischief in his composition. A never

failing diversion was teasing a goldfinch. He began his pranks by entering the cage and hammering on the tray, or digging into the seed in a savage way that sent it flying out in a shower, which result so entertained him that I was forced to close the door when the owner was out. This the thrush resented, and he next took to jumping against the side of the cage, clinging a moment, then bouncing off with so much force that the cage rocked violently. Then he placed himself on the perch by the door, and pounded, and pulled, and jerked, and shook the door till, if the owner were home, he was nearly wild. Having exhausted that amusement, he jumped on the top, and in some way jarred the cage roughly. To protect it I made a cover of paper, but, contrary to my intentions, this afforded the rogue a new pleasure, for he soon found that by tramping over it he could make a great noise, and he quickly learned the trick of tearing the paper into pieces, and uncovering the little fellow, who, by the way, was not in the least afraid, but simply enraged and insulted, and when outside stood and faced his tormentor, blustering and scolding him well.

Tearing paper was always amusing to the brown thrush. I have seen him take his stand near the wall, peek at the paper till he found a weak spot where it would yield and break, then take the torn edge in his bill and deliberately tear it a little. It was "snatching a fearful joy," however, for the noise always startled him. First came a little tear, then a leap one side, another small rent, another panic; and so he went on till he had torn off a large piece which dropped to the floor, while I sat too much interested in the performance to think of saving the paper. (The room and its contents are always secondary to the birds' comfort and pleasure, in my thoughts.) A newspaper on the floor furnished him amusement for hours, picking it to pieces, tearing pictures, from which he always

first pecked the faces, dragging the whole about the floor to hear it rattle and to scare himself with. A pile of magazines on a table made a regular playground for him, his plan being to push and pull at the back of one till he got it loose from the rest, and then work at it till it fell to the floor. He never failed to reduce the pile to a disreputable-looking muss.

The bird was as fond of hammering as any woodpecker, on the bottom of his cage, on perches, on the floor, even on his food; and his leaps or bounds without the apparent help of his wings were extraordinary. Not infrequently I have seen him spring into the air just high enough to see me over my desk, — three feet at least, — probably to satisfy himself as to my whereabouts, and drop instantly back to his work or play.

This amusing bird was also intelligent. He understood perfectly well what I wanted when I spoke to him; that is, he had a guilty consciousness when in mischief that translated my tone to him. Also he recognized instantly a bird out of place, as, for instance, one on the floor which usually frequented the perches and higher parts of the room; and having taken upon himself the office of regulator, he always went after a bird thus out of his accustomed beat. When I talked to the thrasher, he answered me not only with a rough-breathing sound, a sort of prolonged "ha-a-a," but with his wings as well. Of course this is not uncommon in birds, but none that I have seen use these members so significantly as he did. His way was to lift the wing nearest me, sometimes very slightly, sometimes to a perpendicular position, but only one wing, and only after I made a remark. This exhibition was curious and interesting, and I often prolonged my talk to see the variety he could give to this simple motion. His wings were always expressive, in alighting in a new place, or where he suspected there might be danger or a surprise;

the moment his feet touched he lifted one or both wings quite high, dropping them at once.

A more lithe body than that of the brown thrush I have never seen in feathers; he could assume as many attitudes as he had emotions. He often stood on a perch and postured for a long time, as if greatly excited and meditating some mad deed, and I must confess he usually carried out the intention. Not only was he able to put his body into all possible shapes, but he had extraordinary command of his feathers. He could erect them on any one part alone, on the top of the head, the shoulders, the back, or the chin. He often raised the feathers just above the tail, letting that member hang straight down, giving him the appearance of being chopped square off.

The song of this bird is well known and quite celebrated; indeed, in the Southern States he is called the French mocking-bird, as only second to the mocking-bird proper. My bird never sang above a whisper, one may say; that is, he never opened his mouth to let out the sound, though he was extremely fond of singing, indulging in it by the hour. He hardly paused for eating, or flying, or hopping around on the floor, but dropped sweet notes in between the mouthfuls, and kept up the warble through all movements.

As dusk came on the brown thrush began a wonderful series of postures, more peculiar and varied than one would suppose possible to so large and apparently clumsy a bird. Sometimes he stretched up very tall, then instantly crouched as if about to spring; one moment he turned his head downward as though to dive off, then wheeled and faced the other way; now he drew his body out long to a point, head and tail exactly on a level, then head and tail thrust up, making his back the shape of a bow; at one time he threw his head back as though about to turn a back-somersault, then scraped his bill, shook

himself out, and made the harsh breathing I have spoken of; in another moment he spread his tail like a fan, and instantly closed it again; then turned his head on one side very far, while his tail hung out the other side, and in this odd position jerked himself along by short jumps the whole length of his perch. Between the postures and on every occasion he scraped his bill violently. Next began movements: first he ran down his three perches, across the floor, and hopped to the upper one from the outside, touching his feet to the wires as he went, so rapidly that my eyes could not follow him; then he alighted on the perch with a graceful flop of one wing, sometimes also bowing his head several times, and uttering the breathing sound each time. Again he jumped from the upper perch to one directly under it, and returned the same way by a very peculiar motion: standing on the lower perch, he turned his head over his shoulder, and sprang back and up at the same time, landing in exactly the same position on the perch above, with perfect ease and grace.

Nothing pleased the thrasher more than watching other birds: he observed them closely, especially liking to stand on top of a cage and see the life below, — an agitated life it was apt to be when he was there. Thus he sometimes stood on the goldfinch's cage, and noticed every motion with great interest, yet with an indescribably ironical air, as if he said, "My dear sir, is *that* the way you eat?" He showed particular interest in seed-eating birds, apparently not understanding how they could enjoy such food. Though full of bluster and pretense, he was as gentle as any bird in the room, never presumed on his size as the biggest, and, though liking to tease and worry, never really touching one. The smallest only needed to stand and face him to see that it was all bluster and fun.

All this until spring began to stir his

blood and tempt him occasionally, after long posturing and many feints, to deliver a gentle dig at a neighbor's ribs. Now, too, he began to show interest in out-of-doors, standing on the window-sash and looking out, which is the familiar sign that a bird's time to depart has come. In his case I did not think it necessary to carry him to the park to liberate him, for I was sure he could take care of the sparrows and protect himself, — and so it proved. When he found himself suddenly on a tall tree in the street, and

before he recovered from his surprise, those disreputable birds gathered around him to see what he was like. They soon found out: he quickly recovered himself, made a wild dash that scattered them like leaves before the wind, and then planted himself on a branch to await another attempt. But sparrows, though saucy, are knowing, and not one came near him again. They had quite satisfied their curiosity, and after a few moments' waiting the brown thrush went on his way rejoicing.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE SECOND SON.

XVII.

BROTHERS.

THE two brothers lived in the same chambers, though they did not see very much of each other; for Roger generally was not out of bed when Edmund went out, and Edmund had retired to his room before Roger came in at night. They were in different "sets." Roger, whom society held as the more desirable of the two Mitfords, though inferior in many ways to the third, had been sucked into a very usual, very commonplace round of engagements, which, without any pleasure to speak of, to himself or any one else, kept him perpetually occupied, and in the condition of which it is said of a man that he cannot call his soul his own. But it so happened that on this night, of all nights, Roger had an engagement which he disliked particularly, or else he had a headache, or something else had happened which made him break off abruptly for once in a way from that absorbing round; and to the astonishment and temporary embarrassment of both brothers, the elder came in while the younger was still lin-

gering, smoking a cigarette, over the dying fire, which was not out of place even in the beginning of May.

"Hallo! is that you, Roger?" said Edmund; and "Hallo! are you still there, Ned?" said Roger. These were their only salutations, though they had not met all day.

"Yes, I'm still here," said Edmund, poking the fire to give himself a countenance; "naturally — it's not quite twelve o'clock."

"I did n't know that it was so early," Roger replied with some embarrassment, bringing forward his favorite easy-chair.

"Some of your engagements fallen through? By the way, I thought you were to be at the Stathams' to-night?"

"Ned," returned the elder brother, with a seriousness which perhaps was partly put on to veil other feelings, "when girls do run amuck in society, it's appalling the pace they go. I've laughed at it, perhaps, in other families, but by Jove, when it's a little thing you've seen in long clothes, or short petticoats" —

"Gerry?" said Edmund, looking up, with the poker still in his hand.

Roger only nodded as he threw him-

self down in his chair. "It's enough to make a fellow forswear society altogether," he remarked.

"She means no harm. It's because she was kept in so much in her youth. We are partly to blame, for we never attempted to do anything for the girls. There's poor little Nina. I don't wonder if they are wild for pleasure when they get free: but Gerry means no harm."

"Harm!" cried Roger, "that little thing that never spoke above her breath! She is as bold as a fishwife, and as noisy as — as noisy as — I can't find any comparison — as her kind. They are noisier than anything else out."

"It is all ignorance — and partly innocence," said the apologetic brother. "They tell her it's fun to startle the old fogies — and she knows no better. I believe most of them are like that. They fear nothing, because they don't know what there is to fear" —

Roger kept on shaking his head during this speech. "That's all very well," he said, "that's all very well; but when it happens to be your own sister, it takes away your breath." To show, however, how little his breath was taken away, Roger here breathed a mighty sigh, which disturbed the calm flame of the candles on the table, and made a slight movement in the room. The fastness of Geraldine had given him occasion to let forth some of the prevailing dissatisfaction in his mind; but the trouble in him did not arise from that alone. "And what's the good of it all," he went on, "even where there's no harm, as you say? Good Lord! was life given one to be spent in a round of stupid parties night after night, and stupid nothings all the day? What do I care for their Hurlingham, and Lord's, and all the rest of it? I'm not a boy; I'm a man. I tell you that I'm sick of all those fellows that say the same things, and wear the same clothes, and make the same silly jokes forever and ever. Jove! if a war would break out or some-

thing, a good, savage, man-to-man business, like the French Revolution; but the beggars would fight, I can tell you. We'd neither stand to have our heads cut off, nor run away."

"No, I don't suppose we should — but why such a grim suggestion? We'll have no French Revolution here."

"More's the pity," declared Roger, with a sigh. "It might clear the air all over the world, and dispose of a lot that could do that, but are not much good for anything else."

Edmund feared above all this fierce mood, which was half longing for those scenes and objects of living from which he had been instrumental in drawing his brother away.

"You should try my haunts for a bit," he said, with a laugh. "My friends are bent — the most of them — on mending the world. And now and then one meets an original who is fun. To-night there was old Gavelkind" —

He regretted it the moment he had mentioned the name.

"Gavelkind! who's that? It's an odd name, I remember the name. Something to do with law: now I recollect. It is the old fellow one used to see about with Mr. Travers. An original, is he? And so was the other old man."

"Old men seem to have the better of us in that way," remarked Edmund. "They have had a longer time in which to form their opinions, I suppose."

"Not the old fellows about town," said Roger fiercely. "Old beasts! holding on like grim death to what they call life."

"You are severe to-night. If you knew them better, no doubt you would find there was some good in them too."

"Let us have no more of your moralities, Ned. I can't stand them to-night. Look here, did he tell you anything about — about *them*, you know — about — Elizabeth — and the rest? He's always coming and going. What did he say about them?"

"Roger," said Edmund, turning from his brother, and playing with the poker upon the dying fire, "I am not much of a fellow to ask questions — but I should like to know — If you will let me — I should — like to understand" —

"What, in the name of Heaven? Am I to be brought to book by you too?"

"Bringing to book is folly, and you know it. There is one thing I should like to know. It may be among the things that a man has no right to ask."

"Not from a brother?" asked Roger, with something like a sneer.

"A brother, I suppose, least of all — and yet — I may as well say out what I mean. There is one name which you have singled out to inquire after. I don't want to bring that name under discussion: you have had enough of that. Roger, as one fellow to another, without any right to ask or pry into your business — have you any — feeling about her, or intentions, or — Right? — no, I have no right to ask. I said so to begin with: only the right," Edmund added, with a little harsh laugh, "of wanting to know."

He had put down the poker and risen from his chair, but not to aid his interrogatory by his eyes. He stood with his back to his brother, staring into the glass, all garlanded with cards of invitation, which was over the mantelpiece, and in which the only thing he saw was his own overcast and clouded face. There was a momentary silence in the room, into which the creaking of the chair upon which Roger was leaning heavily, the fall of ashes from the grate, and even the sound of footsteps outside came in as with a curious diversion of interest, which, however, was no diversion at all. Roger replied at length, with his chin set down, and the words coming with difficulty from between his teeth, in the tone which all the Mitfords knew: —

"I can't see why you should want to

know, or why I should submit to be questioned — or what my affairs are to you." These phrases were uttered with a little interval between each, and then there was a longer pause; after which Roger exclaimed, suddenly striking his hand upon the table, "I feel like the very devil to-night. Why do you provoke me with questions? There is no woman in the world that is worth a quarrel between you and me."

Edmund made no reply. He sat down again in his chair without turning round. On his side, he thought, no doubt, that the question he had asked was one that ought to have been answered should the whole earth fall to pieces; and as for no woman in the world being worth — He could not but say to himself with some bitterness that the women Roger knew were indeed worth but little, which, at the same time, he was aware was not true. An uncomfortable moment passed thus. Edmund could keep himself under, and restrain all words of impatience, but words of kindness were beyond him. Presently, in ten long minutes or so, in the course of nature, he would say something on some profoundly indifferent subject, and the incident would be over, without sequence or meaning of any kind.

This, however, was not to be. The silence was broken by Roger, though only by the sound of his chair drawing a little nearer to the half-extinguished fire; then he lightly touched his brother on the shoulder. "Ned, I say, no woman's worth a quarrel between you and me."

"I have no intention of making any quarrel" —

"No, but I know what you think. I asked about Miss Travers because — because that old fellow was connected with her; because hers was the first name that came uppermost; because — Ned, her name is nothing to me more than any other; and it's a pity. My father

was quite right, notwithstanding. No, more's the pity,—her name means nothing to me."

"But it may, if you regret it already."

Edmund turned round for the first time, and looked his brother in the face. Roger's eyes seemed full of a moisture which was not tears; a strange, softening liquid medium which made them glow and shine. The look of them went to Edmund's heart. He put out his hand and grasped his brother's, which was hot and not very steady. "Old fellow," he said, and said no more. Emotion in England does not know how to express itself between two men. Pity, tenderness, an awful sense of the impotence of humanity, came into Edmund's heart and overwhelmed it. No man can save his brother. The tragic folly, the passion which would not loose its hold, the infatuation which appeared to have laid its hand upon one, and which the other understood with an intolerable conviction of the madness of it, the unworthiness, were beyond the reach of help. Anger, indignation, wonder, all mingled together, and all obliterated in pity could do nothing. Edmund understood, yet could not understand. He would have given up all thought of happiness for himself, if that would have sufficed to pluck Roger from the edge of the precipice. But what could he do? Words were of no avail, remonstrances, arguments; nor even the pointing out of a better way. No man can save his brother. He sank back in his chair with a groan.

"There's nothing to make yourself unhappy about, Ned," said Roger, with sudden cheerfulness. "I am safe enough, and out of the way of mischief here. Out of the way of mischief!" he repeated, mockingly. "I should think so. There is nothing in poor little Gerry's set, is there, to tempt a man to folly?"

"I wish there were!"

"You wish there were? You would like to see Melcombe turned into Vanity

Fair, or into a sort of anteroom to the stables,—which? You would like to see dogs and horses, and horsey men crowding up the place; or a rabble rout, acting, dancing, rushing about; something going on forever and ever. Which is better, I wonder," said Roger, "a stable-boy disguised as a fine lady, with the best of blood and all the rest of it, education and so forth, or a woman descended from nobody in particular,—just a woman, no more?"

"Is that a question we need to ask?" returned Edmund. But Roger had left his chair, and gone to the other end of the room to supply himself with some of those drinks which seem indispensable when men sit and talk together, and he did not hear; or if he did hear, did not think it necessary to pay any attention. He came back to his chair with his glass in his hand, and began to talk upon ordinary subjects, to the great relief, yet disappointment, of his brother; and they sat thus through the small hours, discussing matters not of the least importance; or, indeed, not discussing anything; sitting together, while the fire went out at their feet, making a remark once in five minutes or so; now and then fortunately hitting upon some subject which called forth a little rapid interchange of words for a few seconds; then dropping off again into that silence occasionally broken with an indifferent phrase. They had both many things to think of, but carefully abstained from approaching again the edge of any subject that was of the slightest interest. They would both have been a great deal better in bed, and they had nothing in the world to keep them out of it; no particular pleasure in this companionship, nothing but habit, which kept them with their feet on the fender, though the fire was out; and, especially with a window open, it is not always balmy in London in the middle of the night in May.

At last Edmund got up, stretching his limbs like a man fatigued. "I think

"I'll go to bed," he said. Then after an interval, "I've half an idea of running down home to-morrow. There is nothing much for me to do here."

"Home!" cried Roger, rising, too. "To-morrow! That's sudden, isn't it?"

"No; I don't think it's sudden. I'm not one of your fashionable men. I never meant to stay" —

"Oh!" Roger said, and that was all. The remark, however, had a great deal in it. It meant a little surprise, a slight shock, indeed, as of a thing not at all expected or foreseen; and then a half doubt, an uncertainty, a dawn of purpose. All this Edmund divined and feared; but he made as though he saw nothing in it except that universal English exclamation which means anything or nothing, as the case may be. He lighted his candle with sudden expedition, so as to leave the room before the dull air should tingle with any more words; before Roger should say, "I don't see — why I should not go too." Edmund escaped to the shelter of his own room before these words could be said, if even there had been any intention that they should be said. The elder brother left behind did not say them to himself. All that he did was what Edmund had done before, to lean upon the mantelpiece and gaze into the glass, about which were stuck so many cards, large and small. Gazing into a mirror is not an unusual trick with people with troubled minds. Sometimes one does but look blankly into that unreal world, with its mystery and suggestions. There is a kind of fantastic charm in it. Roger did this blankly, not caring for his own face, in which he could read nothing he did not know, but gazing into the void, which was something different from the well-known room reflected in it, — something with depths of the unseen, and darkling shadows as profound as fate. What did he see there? No prevision of what was coming; only a blank such as there was in his heart, without power

to anticipate, much less to decide, what was to be.

Going home to-morrow! Presently he began to take down and turn over in his hands the invitation cards. At first mechanically, without any thought; afterwards with flashes of imagination, of realization. So many crushes through which he would make his way, hat in hand, shake hands with a few people, say half a dozen indifferent words here and there to individuals whom he had probably met half a dozen times before the same day, and whom he did not care if he never saw again; dinners where he would eat the same delicacies out of season, and maintain the same talk evening after evening. "The Row was very full to-day. I did not see you at Lady Grandmaison's. It was rather a pretty party, considering that so many people stayed away. We shall meet, I suppose, to-night at old Bullion's, — oh, everybody is going." These were the jewels of conversation which he would gather, unless horses were in question, or the prospects at Ascot, or the opinions of the grooms and trainers; or perhaps, which was worst of all, there would be a young lady in the house, gently urged upon him, carefully thrown in his way, sometimes to the girl's own indignation, sometimes with her consent. As he went over them all, Roger, being somewhat jaundiced in his view of society, and glad to think the worst of it, felt a sickness and faintness steal over him. Why should he stay for that? Was this enjoyment? Town was supposed to be exciting and delightful, and the country dull and flat. Well, perhaps the country was dull and flat. There was nothing in it, save one forbidden thing, which tempted him very much. But town! — the vulgar routine of it, the commonplace, the vacancy, the same thing over and over again. Why, a laborer on the road, a gamekeeper in the woods, had something to say that varied at least with the weather or the

season. He did not ask, Are you going here? Have you been there? And it was for this that a man was supposed to stay in London. To give up, to sacrifice —

What? Roger did what Edmund had done. He lighted his candle hastily and went off to his room, to escape — from himself, which is a thing not so easily done as to escape from a brother. “I don’t see why — I should n’t go too.” Edmund had got away before these words were said, though he had seen them coming. But Roger was not so quick, and could not get away.

XVIII.

THE RETURN.

It is not very excellent policy, perhaps, when you see the words upon a man’s lips, and know they must be uttered one time or another, to run away before they can be said. As likely as not they will be worse instead of better when you do hear them, taking harm by the delay. When the two Mitfords met, next day, which was not till Edmund was ready for his journey, it was to him as if some explosive which he had thought dead and harmless had suddenly developed and exploded under his feet, when Roger said abruptly, “I think I shall go home too.”

“What!” his brother cried, with mingled astonishment and dismay.

“What? Is there any harm in it? I’m sick of town.”

Edmund said nothing, but waved his hand towards all the cards on the chimney-piece, remarking, however, as he did so, with a chill of alarm, that they had been taken down from the glass, and lay together like a pack of cards among the ornaments of the mantelshelf.

“Oh, these! What do they matter? Half the people will never remember that they asked me; the other half will never find out that I have not been there. I

might not have thought of it but for our talk last night: but why should I make a martyr of myself for a pack of people who care nothing for me?”

“Not that, Roger: but a man like you has — duties. No one leaves London at this time of the year.”

“You are leaving London. Ned, don’t talk any nonsense. Duties! I’m not a young duke, if that’s the sort of thing you mean.”

“You are the eldest son, which comes to much the same thing,” said Edmund.

“With a father who is always threatening to disinherit me, and can if he pleases; and after all, no such mighty position, were it as safe as the Tower. Come, Ned, no folly; London will never put on mourning for me. Should it shake society to its foundations, I am still going home.”

“If that is so, you will do what you please, no doubt,” said Edmund, with much gravity; and the consequence was that they traveled down to Melcombe together, as they had left it, but with no such eagerness on Edmund’s part to amuse and keep his brother from thinking, which had transformed him into an exuberant, not to say loquacious, conversationalist on the way from home. The brothers now sat each in his own corner, moody and silent: Roger, not unconscious that he was taking a step which might be fatal to him; Edmund, vexed and disappointed, saying to himself that he might have spared all this trouble, that after all he was but an officious busybody, and that after one tantalizing moment of hope everything was as before.

They reached home while Stephen’s traces were still warm. He had returned to his regiment only the day before. “I wonder you did not knock against each other somewhere on the road,” said the Squire. “He’s always a queer fellow; he told me you were coming home.”

“I did not know it myself till this morning,” said Roger; “he must have the second sight.”

"He has very keen eyes of his own, at all events; he gave me a number of tips," said Mr. Mitford, who was apt to exalt the absent at the expense of the present. This was the welcome the young men received. It left an uncomfortable impression on their minds that their shortcomings had been talked over between Stephen and their father, which was not at all the case. To Edmund this gave scarcely any uneasiness, but it lit up a dark glow of anger under Roger's eyes. They had been talking him over, no doubt, in that which was his most intimate and sacred secret, putting vulgar interpretations to it, hideous developments. Roger thought he could hear the mocking of Stephen's laugh, and it raised in him a responsive fury. What did Stephen know about anything that was sacred? He had his own vulgar amours, and judged others by that standard. Roger quivered with indignation as the image of these possible conversations, which had never taken place, came before him.

The weather seemed to change all in a moment as they left town, as it sometimes does in the capricious English springs. It had been ungenial and cold there; here it was May, as that month should be, but so seldom is, in all the softness of the early year, the air sweet with growth and blossom, the skies shedding balm. Something in this delicious sudden transformation went to the young man's heart, softening and charming it. The first dinner, the domestic gathering for which Edmund had trembled, passed over quite harmoniously. Mr. Mitford appeared for the moment to perceive that to irritate his son was bad policy, and Nina's soft storm of questions as to Geraldine and Amy filled up the silence at table. Here unexpectedly Roger and his father were in accord.

"Don't you think Gerry might ask me to come and see her? Don't you think I might write and say I should like to come?" Nina no doubt was

bolder since Stephen's judicious drawing out had put so many new ideas in her head.

"No," said Roger, "certainly not, if you take my advice."

"Oh! that's not what Steve said: he said they had such fun!"

"I don't think, sir," said Roger to his father, "it's the kind of fun you would approve of for a girl."

"I have told her so," returned the Squire. "There, Nina, you hear what your brother says; your brother's a good authority; not like Steve, who is a rover himself. Run away now, and let me hear of Geraldine no more."

"Oh, papa!" Nina exclaimed.

"I tell you I'll have no more of it," said Mr. Mitford. "I never liked that sort of thing. Your mother was a quiet woman, and I've always been used to quiet women. These girls ought to be spoken to,—they ought to be spoken to. But Stephen tells me Statham is a fellow that can take care of his wife."

"There is no need for alarm, sir," remarked Edmund: "the girls mean no harm."

"I hate fast women," said the Squire. "I never could bear them. Your mother was a pattern; out of her own house nobody ever heard a word of Mrs. Mitford. That's the greatest praise a woman can have."

"That is no longer the opinion of society," said Roger. "They think the more a woman is talked of, the more noise she makes, the more absurdities she does, the better. If she has a moment's quiet, she thinks she's out of the swim. If she stays a night at home, she's half dead with the bore of it. Women are not what they used to be."

"The more's the pity. It's all the fault of this ridiculous education, which, thank Heaven, I never went in for," said the Squire. "They think themselves emancipated, the little fools, and they don't care how far they go."

Edmund had an observation trem-

bling on his lips, to the effect that education, which the Squire thanked Heaven he had never given in to, could scarcely be the cause of his sister's failings, but he was stopped by a certain nervous air of seriousness in Roger's face.

"My own opinion is," said Roger, whose eyes had an abstracted look, as if he were ruminating a general principle, "that to find a woman of the old type, like my mother, sir, — sweet and womanly, you know, and fond of home, and satisfied to be happy there, — whoever she was, would be better than anything you could get, family, money, rank, whatever you please, and a fast girl along with it. That's my opinion; and as I've just come from the midst of them, I think I ought to know."

"All right, my boy," assented the Squire, "I'm with you as far as you go. Carry out your views, my fine fellow, and you may be sure you'll please me."

This pregnant conversation was interrupted by another whisper on Nina's part, in which that little person took a very practical view of the matter. "Should one always stay at home?" she asked. "If Geraldine and Amy had always stayed at home, they would never have been married, and then you would not have got rid of them, papa. I have heard you say you were glad to have got rid of them. If I am never to go on any visit, nor see any one, you will never, never get rid of me."

"Run away, Nina. We've had enough of this. The first thing a woman ought to learn," said Mr. Mitford, "is when to go, after dinner. Five minutes after the servants, — that's long enough. Run away."

But the conversation languished after Nina's little white figure stole reluctantly out of the room. The twilight was sweet, the windows were open, the air was balmy with the breath of early summer. The Squire talked on, but his sons paid slight heed. He continued the discussion of women which Roger had

begun. But it is rare that such a discussion can be carried on without a jar, especially when the company is a mingled one, and youth, still accessible to romance, not to say actually touched by the glamour of love, has to listen to the prelections of an elder man upon this delicate subject. The Squire did not transgress decorum, he was not disposed that way; but he was full of that contempt for women which men of his age, especially when freed from all domestic intercourse with the inferior sex, often entertain. And it may be supposed that his talk about what constituted a good mother and continuer of the race, and all the domestic qualifications which he thought necessary, was of a kind little congenial with the perturbed yet absorbing passion which Roger had held at arm's-length so long, only to fall back into with redoubled force and *entrainement* now; or with the more visionary, yet at the same time more highly pitched sentiment of Edmund, whose feet were being drawn away by the sweet, rising tide, but who had not yet ventured to launch fairly upon it. Roger was the more impatient of the two, for his mind had gone much further than that of his brother. He was indeed moment by moment passing out of his own control, feeling his feet and his heart and his thoughts swept along by that resistless flood, and all the will he ever had against it gone like a useless barrier across a river. He bore his father's matter-of-fact discourse as long as human nature, in so very different a vein of sentiment, could do; and it was at last quite suddenly, with a start, as if he had been touched by something intolerable, that he rose from his chair. "Excuse me," he murmured, "I've got a headache. I must try the open air;" and he slid out into the gathering grayness of twilight like a shadow, leaving Mr. Mitford open-mouthed, with the half of his sentence unsaid.

"I'm afraid Roger is not very well,"

cried Edmund, getting up; "if you'll excuse me too, sir" —

"Nothing of the sort," said the Squire. "Excuse you? No, I won't excuse you; sit down, I tell you, Ned. What! your first night at home, and neither one nor the other of you can spend half an hour with your father after dinner? Let Roger alone: you're not a couple of girls to make yourselves interesting, fussing over each other's headaches. I suppose the truth of the matter is, he wants his cigar. I'm glad he's gone, for one thing. You can tell me what he's been about, and in what mind he's come home."

"I can tell you neither the one nor the other," said Edmund, not sufficiently under his own command to overcome his annoyance at being detained, and his fear as to what his brother might do. Then he added, "I must follow him, father; for Heaven's sake, don't detain me! He may be going" —

"Sit down, sir," exclaimed the Squire, with a powerful hand on his son's arm, forcing him back into his chair. "Let him go to — the devil, if he likes: if he means to, do you think you can keep him back?"

"That is true," said Edmund, yielding, with once more that sense of impotence which makes the heart sick. What could he do, indeed? Certainly not keep back Roger's fated feet from the path which any opposition would make him only the more determined to tread. No man can save his brother. To have to submit to his father's interrogations was hard, too.

"Where may he be going? What does he want?" asked Mr. Mitford. "Do you mean to tell me he's come home as great a fool as ever? Do you mean to tell me — Why, what was that about women? What did you understand by that? The fellow's a liar as well as a fool, if it was n't Elizabeth Travers he meant. Right sort of woman, whoever she was; better than rank, and so forth,

— well! *she's* nobody; but *she's* worth a score of the fast ones. Is n't that true? What do you mean, confusing my mind again, when what he has said is as clear as daylight? I tell you, Ned, if he's deceiving me again" —

"I never said he was deceiving you. I am not my brother's keeper. I can't give you any account of Roger."

"You mean you won't. I know, honor among thieves. You'd rather see your father's heart broken, and all his plans put out, than split upon your brother. That's your code; never mind what becomes of me. Your father's nobody, and his interests are nothing: but stand together like a band of conspirators, and keep him in the dark. Keep him in the dark! — that's what you think honor. It's not the first time I've found it out."

"Father, I don't think you have any right to question me so. I should not betray my brother if I could; but as it happens, I can't, even if I wished, for I know nothing. We have not been very much together even in an outside way, and if you think he opens his heart to me" —

"To whom does he open his heart, then?" cried the Squire. "Has he got a heart to open? It does n't seem so, so far as his family is concerned. Now look here, Ned, this sort of thing can't go on. He must make up his mind one way or the other. If he will not take my way, he shall not take my property; that's as clear as daylight. If he's meditating any disgrace to his family, it shall never be done in this house, I can answer for that. You'd better warn him; you shall have it, not he."

"I, sir!" cried Edmund, springing from his chair.

"No heroics, for I sha'n't believe them. Melcombe is mine, to dispose of it as I please. Unless Roger does as I wish, he sha'n't have it, not a square foot of it. You shall have it; I've said so before. You think I'm joking, perhaps?

I never joke on such subjects; you shall have it. There! my mind is made up, and there's not another word to say."

"Stop a moment, father," exclaimed Edmund. "Nothing in this world, neither your will, nor the law, nor any motive in existence, would make me take my brother's place. I don't joke any more than you do, once for all."

"Bah!" said the Squire; "wait till you're tried. Your brother's place! It is nobody's place; it's my place to the last moment I can hold it, and then it goes to whomever I choose. Hold your tongue, Ned. And now you can go and look after your brother. Take care of him, pretty innocent: don't let him fall into bad hands. You'll take greater care of him than ever, now you know what'll happen if you don't succeed."

He went off, with a laugh that rang through the room, tramping along the corridor with his quick footstep, which was not heavy for so large a man, yet vibrated through the house, finding out somehow every plank that sounded and every joint that creaked, as no other step did. When that hasty progress had concluded with the swing of the library door, another door opened softly, and Nina stole in.

"Oh, is papa angry? Oh, Edmund, is it about me?"

"Nina, you have been listening again?"

"No, indeed; oh, no: besides, I could not hear a single word; everything was quiet, as if you had been the best of friends. It is only his step like that, and then he slammed the library door."

"The library door always makes a noise; no one was angry; there was not a word said about you. Be satisfied, Nina; I'll come and talk afterwards. I'm going out a little now."

"Are you going after Roger, Edmund? for I'm sure he's gone to the West Lodge."

"What do you know about the West Lodge? What nonsense you talk, Nina!

What should Roger do there? He has gone to smoke his cigar."

"I know very well," said the girl, "he had no cigar. He came round to the hall to get a hat, and then he went off. Oh! I know quite well what it means when people walk in that way."

"In what way?"

"I am not very good at explaining: going straight on, with their heads bent, as if they did not want to look where they were going, because they knew so well. Do you mean to say you don't know?"

Edmund; alas, knew very well what she meant. He flung himself back into a chair with that sense of despairing which had seized him so strongly on various occasions already. What could he do to stop those steps of fate?

XIX.

ANOTHER TWILIGHT.

Roger went out into the twilight without seeing anything, with his head bent, taking long steps straight forward, as his sister had said. While he had been missing the fire had burned. All the way down in the silence of the noisy train, all through the dinner hour with its needful ceremonials, the thoughts so long repressed had been flowing on and on in a full stream, until his heart was full and could no longer contain itself. He had relieved himself a little by these enigmatical speeches about women. "A woman of the old type, like my mother, sweet and womanly and fond of home, and satisfied to be happy there — whoever she might be — would be better" — It was a relief to say this: it was the last development of the thought which had given him so much comfort, perhaps the first thought which had given him any comfort at all in the whole matter. Instead of a fast woman, or a horsey woman, or a woman given up to "fun"

and sport, to find one who was all a woman, the flower of life, the sweet, the gentle, and the true. No one could deny that; it was clear as daylight. It might be a good thing, if you so chanced it, to find such a woman in your own class, — one that knew all the little punctilios, how to receive your guests, and sit at the head of your table, and all that. Yes, it might be a good thing: one who had connections something like your own, though everybody says your wife's relations are a bore. That might be an advantage, if it so happened. But otherwise, instead of one of the society women, those creatures who cared for nothing but amusement, how much better to have a fresh and uncontaminated creature, vigorous and pure as nature could make her, knowing no harm nor thinking any! A wife like that brought new blood and new possibilities to a house. It was a thing that ought to be done, for mere policy, from time to time. True, there might be drawbacks, — drawbacks that were very evident on the face of them: the father and mother, for example, who would turn everything upside down. That could never be a pleasant thought: but it was better than a band of fast girls and doubtful men who would convert one's house into a bear-garden. People put up with these last because the offenders had good names, because they were in "society," though Heaven knows their manners were often bad enough, — worse than the Fords — the Fords — Well, no doubt that would be a bitter pill. But at least it was a thing which nobody would have any business with, — a skeleton which could be comfortably disposed of in the cupboard at home. Better that a thousand times than the other. He repeated this to himself again and again, or rather it turned over and over in his mind, giving him the most curious justification in everything he was doing. He had struggled before as against a thing that had

no excuse, but now he had found one; now it seemed to him of two possibilities the better one, — far better for himself, for the race, and the name.

The spring night was very sweet. There were great bushes of hawthorn here and there, gleaming whitely through the faint half light, filling the air with their fragrance. He wandered from point to point, half guided by those trees, taking much the same course that Stephen had done. It was a fortnight later, and the moon, which had been then young, was now on the wane and rose late. That was one element of enchantment withdrawn; and Roger, though much more apt to regard things poetically than his brother, was not doing so to-night. He did not think of the sweetness of the evening, scarcely even of her sweetness who was drawing him towards the place where she was. It was, he would have said, the serious, the practical part of the question that occupied him now. He had not any love meeting to look forward to, as Stephen had; no feeling of triumph, no excitement of the senses, was in him. He was going over the matter, as he thought, coolly, balancing the advantages and disadvantages, and for the first time seeing all that was to be said on the favorable side. He was hardly aware, even, that all this time he was coming nearer and nearer to Lily. He had not had any thought, when he set out, of seeing her that night.

When he saw something moving among the trees, not far from the West Lodge, Roger was startled, almost alarmed. He went towards the thing by instinct, saying to himself, however, that it must be one of the servants, or perhaps some passing villager, not aware that this was not the permitted way. He was in the clothes he had worn at dinner, and, like Stephen, the whiteness of his linen was like a moving speck in the dark. He went on, quickening his pace, he hardly knew why; going up to

the spot where somebody must be, partly with the instinct of proprietorship to warn off an intruder, partly with a less defined feeling. Something indistinct separated itself from the trees, as he went on, and turned towards him. There was a little cry, a tremulous Oh! and a sound like the flutter of a bird — and was it Lily, with a quick movement, who came to meet him, as if she had expected him, as if she would have run to him? He asked, with a sudden leap of his heart, “Who is it? who is it? — Lily?” — making a rapid step forward, so rapid that she was almost in his arms. Then there was a quick recoil, a cry almost wild, with a sharp note of wonder in it, — “Mr. Roger!” — and he saw that it *was* Lily, but Lily drawing back, startled and frightened; not ready, as he had thought, for one moment of surprise, to fling herself into his arms.

“Yes, it is Roger,” he said. “You thought it was — some one else?”

“I was looking for — my father — he is late, and I came out to look for him. Mother was — a little anxious.” Lily was breathless with alarm or some other feeling, and panted between the words — “and we did not know, sir, that you had come home.”

“You could not. I came on the impulse of the moment, I scarcely know why.”

“They say,” said Lily, still panting a little, “that it is very gay in London at this time of the year.”

“Yes, it’s very gay. I am not fond of gayety. The park here, and a young gentle creature, like you, walking in it in the sweet evening, that is more delightful to me.”

“Oh, Mr. Roger.”

“You think I don’t mean it, perhaps, but I do,” said Roger, feeling his own breath come a little quickly. “You suit the soft darkness of the evening, Lily. It is like poetry, and so are you.”

“I am only a poor girl, Mr. Roger,”

said Lily. It was not a speech such as she was usually disposed to make. She could not tell, indeed, by what impulse it came from her. There was a little vexation in it, for she could not help thinking, with a faint pang, that Stephen had never said anything to her so pretty as this. But then Stephen laughed at poetry: he was superior to it.

“Poor or rich makes little difference that I know of,” said Roger, who also had struck a quite unusual vein. “A true woman is always in her fit place.”

“It is very good of you to say so, Mr. Roger,” exclaimed Lily, rousing up to the occasion, “for there are some people who don’t think so well of us as that: they scold poor mother for me, as if I were not fit for my own home.”

“I hope you will not be offended, Lily, but no one can help seeing that the keeper’s lodge is not the sort of place from which one would expect you to come.”

“It is my home, though,” said the girl; and she added tremulously, “Do you think, if I were in the position of a lady, I would n’t, I should n’t — shame those that put me there” —

“Shame!” Roger cried, with indignation. It all seemed to him very strange, as if he had walked into some fairy place where there were no disguises, and carried his breast uncovered, so that the throbbings might be seen. “I cannot imagine any place,” he added gravely, “so beautiful or so refined that you would not be in your place there.”

Even in the uncertainty of twilight Roger saw the blush of delight that covered the girl’s face; but he did not know that it was not for him.

“Thank you,” she said, “perhaps I’ll never be anything but what I am: but if I should ever be different, I am glad to know that you don’t think I’d bring my — friends to shame.”

“Hush! hush!” he said, “that can never have anything to do with you.”

*M. O. W. Oliphant.
T. B. Aldrich.*

THE LETTER.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL (ANDREW HEDBROOKE), DIED FEBRUARY 27, 1887.

I HELD his letter in my hand,
And even while I read
The lightning flashed across the land
The word that he was dead.

How strange it seemed! His living voice
Was speaking from the page
Those courteous phrases, tersely choice,
Light-hearted, witty, sage.

I wondered what it was that died!
The man himself was here,
His modesty, his scholar's pride,
His soul serene and clear.

These neither death nor time shall dim,
Still this sad thing must be —
Henceforth I may not speak to him,
Though he can speak to me!

WALKER'S HISTORY OF THE SECOND CORPS.

OF the recent works on the war written from the Northern standpoint, this is by far the most interesting and valuable. The history of the Second Corps¹ is to a great extent that of the Army of the Potomac. What General Walker has done in this book is to give us that history from the inside, as it were; to tell us and show us what all the strategic movements and great battles, of which we have read and heard so much, meant to those who were engaged in them. We have here not, to be sure, a strictly personal narrative; but the story, told as

it is by one whose service was so active as was that of the writer, who was for nearly two years and a half the assistant adjutant-general of the corps, is full of that vivid and peculiar interest which nothing but actual participation in the experience of the corps could have supplied. One can get in this narrative as hardly anywhere else the feelings and opinions of the time. The book is not a critical history, though there is abundant explanation of the movements, and sufficient criticism of them and of their authors. It is primarily a narrative of the

¹ *History of the Second Army Corps in the Army of the Potomac.* By FRANCIS A. WALKER, Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Vols., Assistant Adjutant-General of the Corps, October

9, 1862-January 12, 1865. With Portraits and Maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

doings of the Second Corps, and it also faithfully portrays the estimates current among the best officers of that gallant command in regard to the operations and the generals of the army. It needs not to be said that this feature of the work gives to it a great and a peculiar value to all students of the civil war.

For example, the great services rendered by Hooker in the winter and early spring of 1863 are fully recognized. "Whatever his merits or his shortcomings as a commander, Hooker was surely an ideal inspector-general. That branch of the staff was not so much reorganized as created; new energy was breathed into all the departments, and important changes were made in the organization and distribution of the army trains. It was in this period that the cavalry was brought to the point of discipline, address, and courage which ever afterward made it formidable, even to the Confederate infantry; preparing for the noble work it was to do at Brandy Station, at Gettysburg, at Yellow Tavern, at Ream's Station, and in a score of other actions. The artillery, too, was carried to a pitch of perfection in all exercises never before thought of. Our volunteer gunners had, indeed, from the first been wonderfully expert; but it is not merely shooting straight on certain occasions which makes a battery useful. There must be the care of pieces, horses, accoutrements, and ammunition, in camp and on the march, and the thorough discipline of men and animals which will enable a battery to go through a long and arduous campaign, amid discomfort and privation, without loss of strength or spirit, without 'slumping in' at critical moments, or finding anything lacking, or broken down, or misplaced, no matter how quick the call or how sharp the emergency. There are a hundred exigencies with artillery beyond those known to infantry, which render first-

class training and discipline enormously profitable in a campaign. Under Hooker, for the first time, the difference between regulars and volunteers ceased to exist so far as this arm of the service was concerned. Up to that time, notwithstanding the rare excellence of certain batteries, like Hazard's, Arnold's, and Pettit's, with their peerless gunners, that difference was still perceptible; clearly so at the beginning of a campaign, and more so at the close of one.

"Hooker caused it to disappear entirely. Amid the forty-eight guns which formed the battery of the Second Corps in April, 1863, no eye, however skilled, could discern which belonged to regular and which to volunteer batteries, even though the former comprised such as I of the First, with Edmund Kirby in command, or A of the Fourth, under Alonzo Cushing.¹ The infantry, too, gained greatly in discipline, carriage, and perfection of appointments, under Hooker, although here less had been left to be done in making the volunteers of 1861 and 1862 effective for all the purposes of camp, march, and battle.

"Another feature introduced in General Hooker's administration was the adoption of 'corps badges,' which became very dear to the troops, a source of much emulation on the part of the several commands, and a great convenience to the staff, in enabling them, quickly and without troublesome inquiries, to identify divisions upon the march or along the line of battle. The device assigned to the Second Corps was the trefoil, or clover leaf, the first division having it in red, the second in white, the third in blue."

With equal fidelity, too, our historian gives us the opinion of the army on the movements in the campaign which followed this reorganization, — that of Chancellorsville: —

"At the Chandler House, about nine

he was to make illustrious by his life and by his death.

¹ Lieutenant Cushing had, after the battle of Fredericksburg, been transferred from the engineers to that branch of the service which

o'clock in the evening [of April 30th], appeared General Hooker, on his way to the front, in great spirits. Thus far the campaign had, indeed, been a triumphant success. Without any appreciable loss, Hooker had placed his right wing, consisting of three infantry corps and two divisions, in a position threatening Lee's left flank; his own left wing, consisting of three infantry corps and one division, had effected a bloodless crossing of the river below Fredericksburg; and Lee was yet altogether in uncertainty as to the real intention of the Union commander. . . . While the movements of the Union commander, from the 27th to the 29th of April, had been not only brilliant, but audacious, it had been observed that, even on approaching Chancellorsville, General Hooker showed signs of that hesitation which was, two days later, to thwart his own project. The concentration of the right wing on the 30th of April had been effected much less rapidly than it might have been, without distressing the troops, and the morning of the 1st of May found General Hooker irresolute when victory was already within his grasp. Sickles' Third Corps, which had been called up from the left so soon as the occupation of Chancellorsville was assured, was now crossing at United States Ford. With such superiority of numbers on the Union side, there was no justification for an hour's delay. The cry should have been 'forward,' at least until the turning column, consisting now of four corps and two divisions, should be deployed before Lee's positions. Not only is this the sole policy of safety and success in movements like those which Hooker had undertaken, but two additional reasons, perfectly obvious at the time, existed to make such a policy in this instance peculiarly imperative. One was that the farther Hooker pushed forward from Chancellorsville toward Fredericksburg, the better was the opportunity afforded

for the development of his superior infantry and artillery. The ground about Chancellorsville was low, much of it densely wooded. By moving promptly out toward Fredericksburg, Hooker would have placed his army on high ground, obtaining commanding positions for his artillery and comparatively clear ground for the movements and manoeuvres of his infantry. The second reason, special to the situation, imperatively demanding an immediate advance, was that to gain four or five miles toward Fredericksburg was to uncover Banks' Ford, and, by so doing, to shorten by nearly one half the distance over which the troops of the left wing could be brought to reinforce the right. So plain was this dictate of the situation that General Hooker, though after a hesitation most ominous of evil, gave the order for an advance. . . . The ground in front was largely open; the roads behind sufficiently numerous for a rapid reinforcement of the line or for a safe retreat. The field was exactly such a one as the men of the Army of the Potomac had always been crying out for, — one on which they could see the enemy they were called to fight. Yet this position General Hooker, in an evil hour, determined to abandon, not for one farther advanced, but for the low and wooded ground about Chancellorsville; relinquishing the very form and show of aggression, retreating before the enemy, and taking up a line which was completely commanded by the high ground already occupied. The act was little short of suicide. At about two o'clock orders were sent to the commanders of the several columns to withdraw to the vicinity of the Chancellor House. So manifest and so monstrous was the blunder that the officers who were sent with this message could not bear to carry it, nor could the officers to whom it was sent bring themselves to believe that General Hooker had such an intention."

There is always enough of explanation and comment to make the narrative intelligible and attractive. Everything, in fact, which can help the reader is included in his book, — excellent, though very simple maps, — portraits of all the commanders of the corps, and of many of those hard-fighting brigadiers whose names were household words to the soldiers of the Second Corps twenty years ago, such as Miles, Brooke, Beaver, Webb, Zook, Cross, Hayes, of whom some died long ago on the field of honor, while the fame of others has hardly reached the men of the present generation.

We have said that General Walker's book reflects the best opinion of the day in regard to the officers and the campaigns of the army. We desire furthermore to call attention to the great good sense and impartiality with which he has dealt with subjects in regard to which there has been much contention and hard feeling. He has the rare gift of expressing the most decided disapproval, without making insinuations against motives and character. He has, moreover, the still rarer gift of never losing sight of the meritorious side of the men whose actions he is obliged to condemn. There is nothing bitter in his criticisms on the unpardonable hesitation of McClellan on the Chickahominy, or on that officer's inexplicable delay before Antietam. Yet the delay and the hesitation are pointed out with a clearness that leaves no room for mis-

conception. Even the terrible failure of Burnside draws down upon that presumptuous officer no tirade of abuse, although in no account of the battle of Fredericksburg is it more clearly seen how entirely that dreadful disaster was due to a total disregard of the rules of ordinary common sense. Of Hooker we have already had occasion to speak. Of the brief period during which the army was under the sole charge of General Meade, a period illustrated by Gettysburg and Bristoe Station, and marked with not a single reverse, there is a full and a most interesting account. Entire justice, too, is done to the terrible campaign that followed, when Grant drove the much-enduring Army of the Potomac against the entrenched lines of their veteran antagonists from the Wilderness to Petersburg. The reader will perceive that the author is fully alive to the great qualities shown by the Northern leader, his untiring energy and persistency, his unfailing resolution in always taking and keeping the initiative, while he will not fail to find in General Walker another witness to the truth of the fact that Grant's tactical methods exhausted and depleted the army without achieving any decided or counterbalancing success.

It is unnecessary to say that we cordially recommend this book to all who desire to read a fresh, vivid, clearly told story of the doings of one of the famous corps in the Army of the Potomac, — told, too, in a spirit of great consideration and of entire impartiality.

LIGHT TRAVEL.

THERE was a time when the stately traveler made the grand tour in his chariot. One day the foot-traveler, with knapsack and stick, crossed his path. Then the chariot fell to pieces, or rather

was transformed into the railway-coach; and now the Cook's tourist looks out of the window and sees the bicycle with its alert rider, or the tricycle with its club of two, go twinkling down some by-road.

A philosophy of legs is needed to coördinate travel and the rise of democracy. With the decay of travel as a luxury for privileged classes has come the decadence also of the ponderous literature of travel, and with the rise of the light infantry has sprung up the jaunty literature which suggests a land where it is always Saturday afternoon.

Of course, when our Philosophy of Legs, with its abundant foot-notes, comes to be written, due attention will be given to the appliances of modern civilization. When half the world is busy trundling and paddling the other half, when the development of legs has been carried to a high power by the introduction of steam and cyclic contrivances, and the chief end of man is to go somewhere, there are endless opportunities for travelers' tales; and as one always reads in his morning newspaper with greatest eagerness the report of the fire which burned his own house, so the people who have been anywhere are those who read the books which tell about it. Literature follows in the wake of this human activity of motion, and partakes of its character. People travel much more for entertainment than formerly, and they like their books of travel to be entertaining. Moreover, they know, or assume that they know, the commonplaces of the earth, and they wish to get these commonplaces individualized. The newspaper and the school geography have killed off the solid traveler by making his information no longer necessary. The frisky tourist and the leisurely saunterer who have succeeded him are at liberty to occupy themselves with more fleeting forms. Since all the world knows how high the spire of Cologne Cathedral is, and how defective the drainage of the town, the traveler is spared the necessity of setting such facts down, and is free to amuse himself with certain children whom he saw dancing down the street, their white heads wagging to the sound of music, as he stood idle at the door of

the Victoria Hotel; or with a study of the delicate, almost transparent nose of the shopkeeper who dealt in the only genuine farina, and tested by a mere sigh of a sniff the traveler's flask which had been brought to be refilled.

Mr. Warner had already shown himself a master in the new art of travel-writing when he essayed to look in at the watering-places where Americans amuse themselves during the summer months. We wonder if he has on his top shelf a copy of a book in which one of his Connecticut predecessors in literature set down his observations on successive tours through the States, early in the present century. President Dwight, setting out from New Haven in his chaise to study the morals and manners of New England and New York, and Mr. Warner leaving Hartford in a fast express on a similar errand, offer a capital opportunity for a comparative study, and we present the subject to some German scholar who wishes to invent a United States, past and present.

For our own part, since we wish only to be amused, Dwight may stay on the top shelf, but Warner must lie handy. The charm of his book¹ is suggested when we say that one is in no hurry to finish it, and has but slight difficulty in laying it down. This is not to say that the reader takes only a languid interest in the adventures of Mr. King, but that the leisurely character of that gentleman's movements, even when he is uncertain whether he is still engaged or not, corresponds with the reader's placidity of temper as he follows the gentle course of the book. There is nothing to ruffle one's spirit, nothing to set him pondering, nothing to excite him, but a deal to tickle him, to make him smile, to entertain him honestly. Surely a book which can make one forget strikes and tie-ups without first throwing him into

¹ *Their Pilgrimage.* By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Illustrated by C. S. REINHART. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1887.

an artificial fever, is a blessing to much enduring educated humanity.

We suspect that Mr. Warner's reputation suffers a little, and with it his own peace of mind, from the sudden popularity of his first book, *My Summer in a Garden*. It is difficult to persuade people who have read that book only that Mr. Warner is not an American humorist, whereas his later books, and notably this last, take him out of that crowd altogether, and show him as a true humorist, who does not need a house-top for his platform. It would be difficult to name a severer test of genuine humor than a roving commission among the watering-places of the United States, with instructions to sketch phases of vacation life. The temptations to caricature are on every hand, not only in the exaggerated types to be met, but in the fancied necessity of individualizing the separate resorts. Nor would one easily escape the perils of the satirist, since the opportunities are numberless for emphasizing the contrasts of idleness and work, and for stripping off the flimsy disguises of cheap aristocracy.

Mr. Warner set himself a different task. He chose to look at the American when resting, and resting in crowds; he knew very well how thin was the formation of watering-places, how merely transient the life there, and so he gave himself little trouble about the philosophy of the thing, and simply essayed with a light touch to sketch the outside show, the picturesque variety. In this he has been undeniably successful. Our only criticism of his art is that he does not treat the successive scenes with quite enough attention to composition. That is to say, his sketches lack light and shade; they are all light. There are no contrasts. We do not mean that he should have imported contrasts of poverty into his pictures of this well-to-do American idleness, but that he might have heightened the effect of his scenes by a greater variety of figures. The

poor forlorn wretch who hovers on the verge of the comedy, forlorn not through poverty, but through ineptitude (who has not seen him at watering-places?), the studious fellow who has stumbled upon gayety almost unintentionally, the shy girl who peers at it all from a corner, — there are plenty of stray actors in the little comedy who serve as grotesque or melancholy foils.

Mr. Warner evidently felt that a mere series of episcopal visitations to watering-places would result in a somewhat disjointed book, and accordingly took up with the natural method of involving his explorer in a continuous adventure; and thus we have a mild love story as the thread upon which to string the several beads of description. The expedient is a simple one, and has this advantage, that it presents the different watering-places as they appeared to one or two persons. The very slight assumption of a third person for the first — an assumption which Mr. Reinhart has slyly done his best to demolish — enables the author to tell how everything struck him without obtruding himself, after all. Mr. King and Mr. Forbes see and sketch, and the reader good-naturedly accepts them, without calling on Mr. Warner and Mr. Reinhart to account for themselves.

The few people of the story, who skip back and forth over the land for no other purpose, apparently, than to be on hand when Mr. King arrives at any particular spot, are quickly introduced to the reader, and are just sufficiently individualized to answer the purposes of light conversation. If there had been more of a story, the object of the book might have been lost sight of. As it is, the mildness of the tale comports capitally with the superficial society that one is asked to look upon. There is something delightfully ingenuous in the manner in which the author manages his little drama. The play is always the same; the characters are the same; only

the scenery is changed; but since the scenery is charmingly painted and has plenty of graphic detail, the spectator does not much mind what the players are saying or doing. He knows the two pairs will be married in the end. There is a sudden pause in one place: he perceives that something has gone wrong with two of the lovers, but discovers that it is only to give opportunity for the shifting of some scenes, and so he settles himself to a renewed enjoyment of the stage and its setting.

It is possible that Mr. Warner may have worried himself over a failure to produce a story; that he may have asked himself, in moments of depression, if there were any story at all, and wondered what would happen if he were to draw up an "argument" of the whole thing. We beg him to give himself no concern. He is a most agreeable traveling companion. His lazy but not drawling humor, his frequent penetration, his lurking playfulness, render the book altogether delightful, and one is not at all disposed to regard it as an undeveloped novel. The few people with whom one becomes acquainted are only summer acquaintances; but then the summer! — that is what remains in the mind. Added to this, Mr. Warner had a genuine double in Mr. Reinhart, whose interpretations of scenes and people are always happy, and often unobtrusively humorous. We especially rejoice over the fact that the wood-cuts in the book are really wood-cuts, and do not fail when a delicate touch is needed. The trouble with most process cuts is that they break down just when one needs a line instead of a dot.

Until the new modes of locomotion become familiar, there is always danger that a traveler, in describing his experience, will dwell heavily upon how he got

to a place rather than give his attention to what was worth seeing on the way. To the wayfarer, incredulous of the great advantage of bicycles and tricycles, the riders of these vehicles, however expert, are mainly occupied with the guidance of their steeds. The rigid grasp of the bicycler, especially, with his stony stare and absorption in the great business of keeping on, preclude much leisure for the enjoyments of nature; and even the tricyclers, whose wits may be supposed to be more disengaged, do not seem yet to have become centaurs, with minds on their bows and arrows rather than upon their equine legs. Something of this defect is apparent in the unassuming little work of the Pennells,¹ descriptive of their jaunt from Florence to Rome on a "companion" tricycle. Mr. Pennell is known as a draughtsman of singular delicacy and refinement of touch; his pictures in this book even have some of the qualities of his etchings, though reproduced with a rude frankness and wise economy of line. Mrs. Pennell has won good repute as a thoughtful student and writer, and it is she, presumably, who has indited the book. But the pair, with all their prerequisite faculty, prove to be ridden by their steed. Even if it were intended to demonstrate the delights of a tricycle journey, we fear the main impression left upon the mind of the reader is that the tricycle was always breaking down; that it was very toilsome business working it up hill; that the road was usually hot, dusty, and uninteresting; and that the journey might, after all, have been made more agreeably on foot, certainly much more agreeably in a cart. One has a right to expect that a journey taken upon an unusual vehicle, and by by-roads, would afford a cross-section of the country traveled over; but the only

¹ *Two Pilgrims' Progress from Fair Florence to the Eternal City of Rome*; delivered under the similitude of a Ride, wherein is discovered the manner of their setting out, their danger-

ous journey, and safe arrival at the desired city. By JOSEPH and ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1886.

uncommon diversion appears to have been the rest at Monte Oliveto Maggiore, where the tricycle for the nonce is dismissed, and we get a very pretty traveler's tale. Not that there are not other bits which are readable, as the description of the theatre at Siena, and the adventure with the enthusiastic bicyclist, but the book is, after all, rather a disappointing one; the tricycle pervades it, and instead of making the travel-sketch more unique, it seems to get in the way clumsily. A balky horse may add liveliness to a tale of adventure, but a broken tricycle awakens no sympathy. Who cares for three wheels and a body? the mechanism has not even apparent instinct.

It is a somewhat opposite fault that we find in Mr. Champlin's *Chronicle of the Coach*.¹ Mr. Champlin, and we suppose Mr. Chichester, were members of a coaching party, headed by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and containing among others Mr. Black and Mr. Matthew Arnold, as the very slight disguises enable us to say without rebuke. The coach started from Charing Cross, and traveled due west to the Somersetshire coast. The way led through one of the most picturesque stretches of English country, and took in Winchester, Hursley, Salisbury, Exeter, and Bideford, besides places of lesser note, but with charms of their own. The party included persons of distinction and of marked individuality. Mr. Champlin, the chronicler of the excursion, had no objection, apparently, to giving a somewhat minute and personal account of adventures and conversation. Here surely was an opportunity for a delightful book. The mode of conveyance was a distinct aid to good-fellowship and to new views of nature and life, and it is to be doubted if a company so organized gave itself up to very serious study of history and archæology.

¹ *Chronicle of the Coach*. Charing Cross to Ilfracombe. By JOHN DENISON CHAMPLIN, Jr. Illustrated by EDWARD L. CHICHESTER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

Alas for the hopes which the book raised! Its bright cover and liberal sprinkling of sketchy illustrations, and its occasional glimpse of conversation, suggest something very different from the ordinary book of travel. In point of fact most of the work could have been written in any well-appointed library, and the portion which depends upon the personal experiences of the coaching party might have been invented by a clever romancer, and probably would have been livelier than it is. We do not wish to insinuate that the party was dull, but we must take refuge in the conclusion that Mr. Champlin did not make the most of his opportunities. For a single slight indication of this, it appears that Mr. Champlin never before heard of William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet; and when one of the company gives an "interesting account" of him, he merely reproduces a few faint characteristics of external appearance. A good many people in America would have bought Mr. Champlin's book cheerfully, if they had thought they would get a dozen pages of first-hand information about Mr. Barnes. Our clever romancer again, with Mr. Thomas Hardy's newspaper sketch before him, could have invented Major Bonden's "interesting account," and made it more telling.

A man may cross England on the top of a millionaire's coach, and write only a moderately interesting book. Another may tramp with a knapsack all over Europe, at fifty cents a day, and make a book² equally disappointing in another way, but also more unique. Mr. Meriwether, whose enterprising countenance looks out from the frontispiece of his book, is a Western journalist, who desired to see something of low life in Europe, and so donned the blouse and hobnailed shoes of a workman, and spent a year in tramping from Gibraltar to the

² *A Tramp Trip*. How to see Europe on Fifty Cents a Day. By LEE MERIWETHER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1887.

Bosphorus. At first blush the author seems to have followed the example of Bayard Taylor, and to have merited an equal renown, missing it only because he was number two instead of number one. There is a certain likeness between the two travelers. They were both ingenuous young men, and were not afraid of roughing it; but Taylor was a poet, and though he described his personal adventures, he also was open to impression from the highest sources. Mr. Meriwether is a shrewd, quick-sighted statistician, who has no nonsense about him. He has one gift which the reader will quickly recognize, — he speaks briefly and to the point. He has also an entertaining drollery, and indulges in more humor, we suspect, than he intends. He closes his chapters on Italy with some sententious passages, reinforcing his opinions with a couple of verses of what might have passed for tramp poetry, if he had not handsomely referred them by asterisk to Will H. Kernan. We can only say that Mr. Kernan ought to have made the trip with Mr. Meriwether. What might not this poet have done at fifty cents a day, when he could stay at home and write, —

“From cradle to coffin we struggle and seek,
Till the fugitive years of our lives are past;
But whether our lots be blessed or bleak,
We are tossed like dogs to the worms at last.

“What is the use of it, then, I say?
Why are we brought from the blank unknown,
To weep and dance through a little day
That drifts us under a burial stone?”

Another of Mr. Meriwether's foot-notes defines Baedeker as “a guide-book,” and one is only surprised that he does not hurl some epithet after it, for the tourist's red book sadly inflames him.

“One of the delights of Capri,” he says in this passage, “is its comparative freedom from tourists and beggars. Of the two, it is hard to say which are the greater pests. The beggars you can get

rid of, but the tourist is always there, opera-glass strapped over his shoulder, and red-covered Baedeker in hand. In my laborer's garb I was more than once mistaken for an Italian by the opera-glass, red-book people. One day, on the Via Roma, in Naples, a man with a guide-book in his hand stopped me, and addressed me in a peculiar kind of Italian that he had doubtless himself invented. He said, ‘Sono io sulla via alla stazione?’

“I saw at once that he was English, that he did not understand ten words of Italian.

“‘Una, due, tre, quattro’ (one, two, three, four), I began, rapidly counting in Italian.

“‘The d—l!’ exclaimed the tourist, ‘what is this thick-headed fellow talking about? Stazione, signore, stazione. I want to go to the stazione.’

“‘Cinque, sei, sette, otto’ (five, six, seven, eight), I continued; and the Englishman, thinking I was complying with his request to direct him to the railway station, got out a dictionary, and asked me to speak more slowly. I said, ‘Would n't it be better to talk English?’

“The man with the Baedeker and opera-glass wilted.”

Mr. Meriwether traveled in full possession of all his faculties, and showed an alertness and a readiness for getting out of small scrapes which will entertain the reader. This and his parentheses and foot-notes, together with his frequent tables of expenses and his occasional clever sketches of phases of life not ordinarily seen by the tourist, make his book a little out of the ordinary run of books of travel, and justify us in including it among those which entertain rather than instruct. For real insight into the life of the workingman one must look elsewhere. Unfortunately for the author's purpose, something more than an outside blouse and a stout stick is needed to qualify one for this delicate task.

A VOLUME OF *L'ART*.

THE twelve numbers preceding the first of January, 1887, which form the forty-first volume of *L'Art*,¹ round out its twelfth year. It is now published simultaneously in Paris and London, and as its influence spreads beyond the borders of France, it exhibits a laudable tendency to widen its scope, so that everything good in the way of art, on both sides of the channel and of the ocean, may be recognized and fostered. For a long time the editor of *L'Art* has been playing the ungrateful part of a Cassandra, constantly warning the government and people that France is in danger of losing her preëminence, not only in the art of painting, but also in the various applied arts which are the life of her manufactures; he has rung all the changes upon the risks of foreign competition, with the purpose of arousing public opinion to the economic importance of what is called "industrial" art. The rapid growth of the "art movement" in the United States has not escaped his anxious notice, and we find, in an article on American Museums, by Alexandre de Latour, a note of unfeigned apprehension, caused by the realization of the potential as well as the actual artistic resources of this country. "We have not neglected," says Mr. de Latour solemnly, "nor shall we neglect, any opportunity to point out to the nation the perilous progress made by foreign countries;" and he prophesies that American competition is to be more dangerous to France than that of all Europe combined. In a series of severe critical papers on the Salon of 1886, Paul Leroi intimates very distinctly that medals should have been bestowed upon American artists, — Julius G. Melchers

and Alexander Harrison being particularly commended as worthy of the highest honors, — and he expresses the current belief that the sole reason for passing them by was that they belonged to "the country of the thirty-three per cent." (duty on works of art). He reminds the jury of the humiliating fact that such men as Delacroix, Rousseau, Decamps, Corot, Millet, Diaz, were repeatedly shut out of the Salon, and mentions several almost unknown painters who have no peers in the immense army of the *médailleurs*. All in all, *L'Art* is no more inclined now than it was a year ago to agree with Sterne that "they order this matter better in France."

It is a relief to turn from this pessimistic view of the present and future to the calm, the cheerfulness, and the judicial temper of the critical essays by Emile Michel, or to the pungent and breezy periods of G. Dargenty. The articles by these writers are the most compact, complete, and lucid examples of purely critical work in the volume. Both deal with painters of bygone days: the one with Hobbema, the Dutch landscapist, the other with Gros, the French battle-painter, of whose huge canvases all visitors to the Louvre must have some recollection. M. Michel's study of Hobbema is illustrated by the author with several drawings after Hobbema's landscapes in the Louvre and the National Gallery. In fertility, in sustained power, in grandeur of composition, in force of sentiment, in perception of unity, and in poetic elevation, he places Hobbema far below Ruysdael. M. Dargenty describes the five epic works of "the painter of the Empire," as he calls the Baron Gros, — *The Plague at Jaffa*, *The Battle of Aboukir*, *The Battlefield of Eylau*, *The Battle of the Pyramids*, and *The Battlefield of Wa-*

¹ *L'Art*. Revue Bi-mensuelle Illustrée. Vol. XLI. Paris: J. Rouam, 29, Cité d'Antin. New York: Macmillan & Co.

gram,—and recounts how the genius of their author was stifled by David's influence.

There are several other contributions which belong to the realm of art criticism: thus Philippe Burty reviews a new biography of Regnault, and brings to light some of that brilliant artist's hitherto unpublished letters; M. Michel describes and comments upon the new museum at Amsterdam; Oscar Berggruen gives a learned account of the works of Rubens in Austria; Eugène Müntz considers Verrocchio as the master and precursor of Leonardo da Vinci; and Gustave Gruyer signs an interesting paper on Fra Bartolommeo's drawings. Belonging rather to the department of historical research and of curiosity are Charles Yriarte's articles on the Chantilly art collections lately given to the Institute by the Duc d'Aumale; Edmond Bonnaffé's papers on French sixteenth-century wood-carvings; Emile Molinier's description of the Correr museum in Venice, and his report of progress in the department of sculpture in the Louvre; Paul Lafond's *History of Psyche*, being an account of a remarkable series of antique anonymous tapestries in the castle of Pau; Charles Cournault's sketch of the life and works of Ligier Richier, a sculptor of Lorraine two centuries ago, who gave form to some of the most horrible and melancholy thoughts of the human mind; Germain Bapst's articles on The Germans of Paris, a family of goldsmiths, whose productions are as rare as they are precious; M. Champfleury's study of La Demoiselle Camargo, a dancer, whose portrait in pastels by La Tour in some degree excuses the infatuated nobleman, who is said to have abducted her; and L. de Veyran's description of four canvases by Fragonard. Relating to music, there are Adolphe Jullien's disquisitions upon Hector Berlioz and Charles Gounod; and in the line of

fiction, Paul Bourget's short story, *Un Scrupule*, the work of an impressionist whose touch is light and dextrous.

The twenty-six full-page plates of the volume comprise twelve etchings, six wood-engravings, five "process" prints, one steel-engraving, one lithograph, and one photogravure. The most meritorious etchings are E. Bocourt's sympathetic reproduction of Nicholas Maas's *Happy Child* (from the original in the collection of the Baron Alphonse de Rothschild), a charming family group of three persons; Alfred Boilot's broad and powerful interpretation of a boy's head in charcoal by Ulysse Butin; Daniel Mordant's *Music Lesson*, after Terburg (from the original in the Princess Demidoff's collection); and P. E. Leterrier's plucky endeavor to transcribe a *Fortuny* with the needle. On the other hand, M. Mordant's *Corps-de-Garde*, after Teniers, is dull and mechanical; and Henri Dumont's *Salomé* can hardly be regarded as a downright etching, for nine tenths of its effects are of tint, and not of line, being due to the printer. There is a dreamy poetic strain in Fantin-Latour's lithographic illustrations of Wagner's operas, but in workmanship his *Lohengrin* is not to be compared with the admirable lithographic plates of the Frenchmen of fifty years ago. The most interesting example of wood-engraving is J. J. Puyplat's block, after Luis Jimenez's painting of Breton old women in church. None of the engravings *dans le texte* have more weight than the reduction of J. Schmutzer's brilliant plate after Rubens's *St. Ambrose* forbidding the Emperor Theodosius to enter the Church after the *Masacre of Thessalonica*. The exuberant and audacious Habert-Dys still disports himself over great spaces in his pen-and-ink borders, which often leave but a few square inches of room for the text. Some of his recent conceits, however, have been unusually graceful.

TENNYSON'S AND BROWNING'S LATEST POEMS.

"THIS dramatic monologue," as Tennyson describes the title-poem of his latest volume¹ in his dedication of it to his wife, has met with little justice at the hands of the public. Just how much the poet meant to convey by this explicit assertion of the dramatic character of so important a composition is uncertain. It is easy to give too much significance to a slight thing merely because it is unusual; but may it not be that Tennyson set that exact phrase across the head of his poem to warn his critics and readers against too close and definite an identification of himself with the old man who pours forth his gray thoughts with such iron vigor, with the passion, the elevation, and something of the possession of a prophet saying his last? If Tennyson had any such apologetic purpose in view, he failed to make his meaning plain. The reception given the poem illustrates once more, unfortunately, the degree to which public regard for him has lessened, in consequence of his acceptance of a peerage. Whatever may be the merits of the case, he is believed to have joined the party of yesterday, to be numbered among the "lost leaders;" and as the public likes its treachery, real or fancied, to be of the deepest possible dye, certain phrases and moods of the new *Locksley Hall* were seized upon at once, not without a trace of ill-natured satisfaction, and scattered broadcast as a proof, if any more proof were necessary, that the noble lord is a Bourbon among reactionists. Against this tide of opinion the poem could not bear up; and it is much to be feared that a really great composition of the poet who stands without a rival in his age is generally regarded as evidence of dotage.

¹ *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After, etc.* By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

This prejudice of the public and the hasty judgment which it made possible are the more to be regretted, because the poem offers difficulties enough to the reader without any addition from outside. It is hard to understand at once, and to follow through all its turns and episodes. It requires to be read many times, to be familiarized, in fact, before the general mood of the speaker, the sequence of the incidents and their bearing, and the flow of the ideas about society and human life disclose their harmony and combined power, and move as rapidly in one's mind as on the page. This is partly because of the breaks, the changes, the incoherent or incomplete phrases, that belong to the dramatic structure of the poem. It is, indeed, dramatic in a severe and strict sense, and so truly is the experience of the old man its centre that in reading it one must let all thought of approval or disapproval go, and identify himself with this stern Nestor. It will be time enough to say he is foolish and garrulous, and overestimates the size and prowess of his old companions in the days of their youth, when one has mastered the experience of these *Sixty Years*, which is woven in this shifting web of memories, reflections, and maxims. But the difficulty of the poem is not merely verbal: the monologue is abrupt in its transitions as well as in its expression; thought breaks in on emotion, some picture of the past comes back, a fact of the boy's life to whom he is speaking recurs to point the old man's world-knowledge, or the landscape before them catches his eye, or the general fate of the world pushes aside all other interests. Altogether the work is very intricate, very full of events, overflowing with thought; it compresses, indeed, within its limits not only the career of the speaker, but several indi-

vidual lives connected with his, and the general life of the world in his generation. The sweep is thus long and wide, and Tennyson has employed, moreover, his most compact and rapid style; with every couplet there is a step taken and an effect is gained, and it is a strong head that can keep the pace when the poet is at once so intense, so profound, and so dramatic. Most of the lines are, of course, plain, but there is often one that does not yield its thought or picture, and particularly its relation to the rest, unless the mind lingers upon it; and on the other hand, the idea or the image is often so brilliant, and made as it were at a single casting, that it stands out too much by itself, and one forgets the story that is being told and the total mood that is being developed. It is not superfluous to dwell thus a little at length on the difficulty in the mere reading of this poem, if it reminds us that poetry is not always as easily intelligible as a sneer at it is; and in this case Tennyson has certainly suffered by a lack of that attention to which his labors have given him the right. One ought to remark, furthermore, that there is no real obscurity in the poem, but only a speed and vividness to which one must first accustom his mind, as he does his eyes to a strong light.

But all this, it may be said, is merely prefatory. What of the poem itself? Is it not a pæan of the counter-revolution, a negation of one of the most stirring hymns of progress ever written, a kind of recantation of the poet's youth? For ourselves, we are not disposed to seek any shield for Tennyson in the notion that this is a "dramatic monologue," and not the expression of personal views; be the facts what they may, the tenor of the new Locksley Hall is in consonance with too much of his later work to allow us to doubt that in its social, political, and artistic views it represents its maker with practical fairness. It may be admitted, too, that the Sixty Years

have made a difference in the heart of the young man whose musing bivouac has become so famous. Hope belongs to the twenties, and it is not unnatural to find the clouds taking on their traditional "sober coloring" at fourscore; the question is not whether there has not been change, but whether there has been through all the changes loyalty to the one aim, — whether the voice at eve is or is not "the voice obeyed at prime." In what respect, then, is it held that this poem fails of the mark set by the old one so long ago? It does not fail in the ideal of personal duty, of which the manly English pattern is celebrated in the boy's father's death and in the squire's long life, and is inculcated very nobly by the old man in his direct advice to the boy; and it is to be observed that all is definite and practical now, whereas the old poem was essentially vague. It does not fail, either, in the appreciation of worth as the stamp of manhood, and the assertion that it is independent of rank, to be found often among the people in its most noble and useful forms; and this position, commonplace as it is, is stated with marked emphasis, and in no half-hearted or reluctant words. In point of humanity, certainly nothing can be advanced against it, for the condition of the poor in modern life has never been set forth in lines of more burning shame than here. It is true he denounces Zolaism; but in "the years of April blood," of which he once wrote, he would surely have done the same, and now he would find young hands enough to hold up his arm in that cause, if there were any need. So one might go through the whole poem, to find that the words are those of wisdom; unless, indeed, some doubt should arise with regard to the couplets which seem aimed at the doctrine of government by suffrage, and in these he does not so much protest as express doubt and hesitation. The fact is that in particulars most persons of sense and judgment will agree

with this poem; but at the same time many of them, who are still possessed of the hopefulness and energy of life, will feel a certain unfriendliness in the mood of Tennyson, a certain cold and grinness, which has in it just a shade of despair. This does pervade the poem, and finds definite expression in the sense of how little is accomplished toward reforming the world in any one age, how much of personal error there is in individual life, how often in the life of nations there are periods of decline and failure, and in like commonplaces, which gather more weight and meaning in proportion as one grows in experience; and especially it is to be remarked that, in defining the characteristics of the present age, the poet dwells upon what makes for danger and sorrow and all things evil, to the exclusion of the other half of the horizon. The poem, so far as it goes, is just and sound, and it touches upon great phases of the general life in a thoroughly humane, wise, and righteous way; but it is an imperfect view, — imperfect even for old age; and if we were asked wherein its great deficiency lies we should be forced to answer that the speaker, whether he be Tennyson or only a character of imagination, lacks faith, both in the overruling of Providence and in man himself. We have found it impossible to reconcile the general drift and temper of the poem in regard to society with the acknowledgment of the divine power, which is one of its leading traits. Such a subject, however, is to be touched with a light hand; and we have already said enough to explain our judgment that this new Locksley Hall is a really great poem, which must in time recover from the odium under which it lies, and take a high place among the works

of its author. In detail it is crowded with beautiful English scenes and with noble poetic images; its workmanship, though difficult, is in the grand style of art; and in ethical power it exceeds the earlier poem, because its passion is not that of a selfish and heated youth, but is identified with the uncertain tragedy of impersonal humanity in the mass. Since *The Revenge*, Tennyson has written no work of this lofty kind; nor does the remainder of this collection — *The Fleet*, and *The Promise of May* — contain anything in the same level.

We would gladly find it in our power to say a word in advocacy of the volume which Browning has just published,² with even less recognition from the public than is the lot of his great contemporary. These "people of importance in their day" have been brought back into a very dubious after-fame, in these imaginary conversations or reflective monologues in which they play their silent part as the text of the sermon. After one ends the reading, he does not feel very much better acquainted with them than he did before, and his notion of what they thought and did is at the best a confused one. It may be that greater patience with verbal difficulties would suffice to unlock the treasure, but no number of re-readings works the charm for us. For one who retains the words and grammar of English, Browning comes marvellously near to writing in a foreign language, and often his verse makes the same impression on the mind as a very corrupt passage of Greek poetry; one feels the nobleness of the thought, but is futilely exasperated by the text. There are some lines in these poems that exhibit his familiar earnestness and force, and a Roundhead lyric that will cling to the memory; there is,

¹ *Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day*. To wit, Bernard de Mandeville, Daniel Bartoli, Christopher Smart, George Bubb Dodington, Francis Furini, Gerard de Lairese, and Charles Avison. Intro-

duced by a dialogue between Apollo and the Fates; concluded by another between John Fust and his Friends. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

in particular, a page about Prometheus which is a fine example of the Brown-ingesque, the neo-Æschylean, or whatever you choose to call it, and in the last dialogue, which takes dignity and eloquence from its subject, there are two or three strokes of intense dramatic power. For the rest, it is to be acknowledged that the volume belongs with those works of Browning which it is the special province of his organized admirers to make explorations in, and to report progress upon from time to time. *In extenso* it is not for the uninitiated; it is not for lovers of limpid speech, of the music of words and those poetic harmonies of sense and feeling that steal upon the reader with sudden self-revelations of beauty; it is not for those who

find in poetry the simplest expression of thought; but if one has a metaphysical taste and delights in reasoning curiously about men and things, and if he does not particularly notice whether it is Greek, or German, or English, or a music-score, that he is reading, then this volume is a gift of the Muses to him. All that we have said, it is understood, Mr. Browning would admit and defend. The only defense worth anything lies in the work itself; and there are many persons, apparently, who think highly of just such work as this from the same hand, and who doubtless will duly appreciate the addition to the set. Their opinion is to be kept in mind; and, for our part, we can only congratulate them on a pleasure which is denied to us.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Faults or Defects? **FAULTS** or defects, — which are most trying in those nearest to us? Theoretically we may incline to say the former, but, judging by experience, I, for one, have decided that it is much harder to put up with defects than with faults of character in one's family and friends. (It will be seen that I am not one of those who cannot or will not see anything wanting in those they love. Minify, excuse, forgive their faults, I can, but with the best will in the world to do so, I am not able to shut my eyes to them.) The common judgment differs from mine, I think: the persons most generally liked in a community are the men and women of qualities rather negative than positive, good-natured people, whose ideas and opinions are not so important and dear that they are disposed to make a stand for them, whose individual characteristics are not so marked that others run against them unpleasantly.

It is a great mistake to undervalue

true amiability, but it is possible to place it relatively too high in the scale of virtues. It is so useful a virtue that it is sure of general appreciation. Yet commend me to the warm heart that wraps me round with affection and creates a glow within me, even though to-morrow I may feel the blaze of some quickly kindled, quickly consumed fire of resentment. Let my brother or my friend give me something positively precious to have and to hold, something of himself, out of his own character, to strengthen, cheer, or comfort me on my way in life, and I will pardon and bear with much from him. But suppose him lacking in the qualities that stir my confidence, admiration, and affection, — what is it to me that I see no special fault in him to complain of? He does not offend me, but neither does he win me; I remain amiably disposed but cold to him. Even with ordinary acquaintance the case is the same. It is positive qualities that

call out my interest in the people I meet in the world. I may find some of their personal traits displeasing; I may disapprove heartily of many of their ideas and sentiments; but if I am to care anything about them, they must have ideas and sentiments of their own, of some sort, and an individual character to distinguish one from the other. When I talk with a person on this or that subject, I don't mind stumbling upon some opinion which I think all wrong, or a prejudice I have to stop and take account of. What throws me into despair is to find he has never taken any interest whatever in the matter in hand. It is pleasant to agree, and sometimes very interesting to disagree, on questions of taste or sentiment with your companion for the time being, but what a blank sensation comes over you at the discovery that said companion simply has no sympathy or no taste to express, never having troubled his or her head about the matters on which you have thought and felt so deeply.

The Keeper-In and the Blurter-Out.

— Two good friends of mine have now for years stood to my mind as types of two opposite dispositions with regard to secretiveness. The one seems never to say anything without pausing first to consider within himself whether, after all, it might not be better not to say it. The other seems never to let any

“Craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on the event”

hinder her from the utterance of whatever she has to say. The one I call a keeper-in; the other, a blurter-out. It has been an interesting study with me to observe these two characters, and the results of their two methods both on others and on themselves.

The keeper-in would appear, at first sight, to have all the wisdom on his side. He certainly has the support of all the “little hoard of maxims.” Do not the proverbs all preach a sharp surveillance of that “unruly member,” the tongue?

Did not the Greek philosopher wag his hoary head, and aver that he had often been sorry for what he had said, but never for what he had refrained from saying? Does not George Sand testify that, in her experience, words are always dangerous except when they are necessary? And sings not warningly the German poet, —

“Am Baum des Schweigens hängt
Seine Frucht, der Friede”?

Nevertheless, I am compelled to record, as the result of my own observations, the opinion that the least harm and the most good have come from the method of the blurter-out. And why not? Are we to admit that there is, on the whole, more evil than good in people's minds to be expressed? Can we believe that “winged words” are oftener envenomed arrows than bearers of good tidings?

No doubt there is a kind of confidence which the keeper-in inspires among his friends. We know that if we impart a secret to him it is safe. We are sure that in any deliberative council, where a word is to be fitly spoken only at a certain moment, he will not go off *semi-retinaculum*. If the success of an undertaking, or the peace of a family, hangs on silence, he will be “golden through and through.” But then, on the other hand, we are equally and sadly sure that if there suddenly comes a crisis in our affairs, or in public affairs, where a quick, courageous utterance is the indispensable thing, the keeper-in can be relied on to fail to utter it. It is true that, in talking with him at my fireside, I can relate to him with perfect confidence the good story of my catching our neighbor at my hen-roost; but then, how can I be sure that our neighbor has not been to him with just such a merry tale (lacking only the basis of fact) about me? How do I know that he esteems me as a truthful and virtuous man, when I am aware that he would look me in the face with the same inscrutable

repose of manner if he suspected me of being a liar and a thief?

But with the blurter-out, on the contrary, I know just what she thinks of me, and just what she does not think of me; and I know that she knows that I know, and is glad of it. The only anxiety she appears to have is lest people should suppose she thinks more of them than she does. I have observed a little stir of apprehension in a company when she enters the room, or the conversation. No one knows exactly what she may say next. And it is a pretty thing to see the way in which a certain kindly relative of hers will anxiously bend forward, as she talks, ready to whisper a gentle and nudging "Now, Jane!"

I admit that the keeper-in avoids some awkward situations, and that the blurter-out gets into a certain amount of hot water. It might be urged by some that the best course would be a happy mean between the two. But, for my part, I would rather risk it on the penalties of the impetuous truth-teller than to adopt any sort of a happy mean that consists in being meanly happy.

— The human mind is pretty hard to suit. It gets tired of old things, but when everything in the environment seems brand-new it experiences a still more profound dissatisfaction. Then an inveterate craving for something ancient asserts itself. Thus we are as "difficult" as the boarding-house boy of whom my bachelor friend tells me: when they help him to syrup on his buckwheat cake, and ask with fond solicitude, "Do you want it drizzle-drozzle or crinkle-crinkle?" he responds only with a vague scowl; and when the honeyed stream descends in the latter form he whines, "You *knew* I wanted it drizzle-drozzle!"

When the hunger for something good and old is strong upon us, we Americans are driven to cross the ocean in search of it. But even in the old countries it is not everything that can satisfy us. A

comrade of mine, who has been roaming up and down Europe, writes me that "Nürnberg is the only city that really keeps its promise of seeming old." When we cannot conveniently travel for it, this periodical want of the flavor of antiquity sends us to the Old Curiosity Shops. We accumulate old truck of various sorts. Worm-eaten furniture may for the moment soothe our madness. Moss-grown and tumble-down houses become captivating to our fancy. We are even patient of old jokes. We seek the society of the elders, and hear with constantly renewed pleasure their castanean anecdotes. We refuse to read any book that has a clean new cover. The gleam of fresh paint vexes our eyes, as we walk along the rows of spick-span houses. Even our letter-paper must have torn and ragged edges, as if we had found it in our great-grandmother's portfolio, in a chest in the garret.

This hankering is itself an old trait. Infallible Bartlett, in that volume of inexhaustible interest to those who like to turn over the quintessential distillations of the wit and wisdom of all times, — the Familiar Quotations, — gives quaint illustrations of it under the head of "Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust!" It was this same mood that made Dan Chaucer assert (as everybody remembers, but as nobody resents hearing over again, — it is, would say our friend the Judge, "so deliciously wrong"), —

"For out of the old fieldes, as men saithe,
Cometh al this new corne fro yere to yere,
And out of olde bookes, in good faith,
Cometh al this new science that men lere."

Yet, in the form in which we feel it in this country, this hunger for the old is one of the six or seven thousand traits which our British cousins find it difficult to comprehend. We cross the sea to find a cathedral that is truly ancient, and they point us with pride to this summer's restorations; but while the group stands admiring them, the Ameri-

*What is the
Oldest
Thing in the
World?*

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can slides away quietly, and "slips behind a tomb," or is found rapt on some dear unrestored nook of the ivied cloister. Just so it is on the Continent: Paris is always too wonderfully new and shining, as if Orpheus had strummed it up only this very morning from entirely new materials. My favorite spot is in the Louvre, between the five-footed bull of Assyria and the rose-colored granite sarcophagus of Rameses III. The Hague is delightfully swept-up and washed-down and immaculately fresh and resplendent; but my best moment there was when, in the museum, I took in my hand a gold coin of Alexander, and as it lay cool and smooth in my palm I thought it was probably one that the conqueror himself flung ringing against the tub-staves of Diogenes, the day that worthy growled at him to "get out of his sunshine."

Sometimes the question has presented itself, What is the very oldest thing in the world that was seen by the men of yore and is still visible to us? What is the object, or line, or point, which we can now behold, that was gazed on by human eyes farthest back in antiquity? It is certainly not to be looked for in this country. We are ridiculously new. It was only the other day that Columbus discovered us, and it was but a little while previous that, as red Indians, we had appeared on the scene; not long enough, obviously, to have thinned out the deer and partridges. As mound-builders, we had only a short time before thrown up our queer constructions for the puzzling of the antiquaries. The very soil here under me, as I write, is painfully recent. It was but a few thousand years ago that some sportive glacier came capering down from the Pole, and plastered it, in the shape of rock-meal, over our bare sandstones. Over in the Sierra Nevadas, it is true, I lay one sunshiny afternoon along a gleaming slope of the primeval granite, and cooled my cheek against its ice-planed

polish, and admitted that here at last was something pretty old. Yet "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun" as was this gigantic adamantine couch, there was a still older thing playing at that very moment about us. It was the mountain wind. I could put out my hand to it, and reflect that it might have been this very identical breath of air that bubbled up through the sea when the towers of Atlantis went down; or it may have flickered the flame on Abel's altar. "You need not," I might have said to it, "think to palm yourself off as a freakish young zephyr, just born of yonder snow-streak and the sun-warmed rock; you have been roaming this planet ever since its birth. You have whirled in cyclones, and danced with the streamers of the aurora; it was you that breathed Job's curses, and the love-vows of the first lover that was ever forsworn."

But there is still an older thing to link us with the earliest of our race: it is the nightly procession of the stars. How old are the names of these familiar constellations? Ptolemy gives a list of forty-eight of them; and some were certainly known to Homer and to the eldest of the Hebrew writers. Is it an utterly wild speculation that they may be so ancient as to have once fairly represented the outlines of the bears and lions, archers and hunters, whose names they carry? The stars, we know, are forever shifting their relative positions, if only a few hair's-breadths every thousand years. Now the Scorpion is still a fairly suggestive scorpion, and Draco a tolerable dragon, winding his scaly length about the Little Bear. May it not be that Ursa Major took his name so many æons ago that he was then a veritable ursine figure, instead of the later Wain and the Great Dipper of our own day? Let not the severe scientist frown at this fancy of a mere literary man. Let him keep his temper, remembering the dictum of that other and more solemn literary man who averred that only "the

undevout astronomer gets mad," or words more or less to that effect.

At least we may have the satisfaction of feeling, when we look up at the stars, that our eyes are fastened on the very oldest things we know of in the world. We can be sure that human eyes traced out, night after night, those very lines, — squares, triangles, rings, the arrow of the Archer, the wings of the Swan, the scales of the Balance, the "bands of Orion," — longer ago than in the case of any shapes and forms that our eyes can now behold; unless it be the wrinkled visage of the Man in the Moon, or the fiery circle of the sun itself.

—If the best French lyric poetry of modern days has indisputably a charm of refinement and delicate beauty all its own, the best of the German has an inveterate earnestness and a depth of feeling that endear it to all who have really come into its world. One does not so often say of it, "How exquisite!" "How beautiful!" but if there be in any one's pocket-book some long-treasured scrap of verse, well worn now at the fold and edges, the chances are that if it is not English — written, I mean, on English soil — it is German.

Not only does the time-spirit work his special wonders, giving to one epoch the ballad, to another the drama, to another the subjective lyric, but the place-spirit, as well, has always wrought his own characteristic marvels. Each continent, and island, and mountain rampart, and valley basin, has had its particular dippings in the sea and liftings into the air, its glacier-ploughing and meteor-sowing, not in vain. The result is that each spot produces its own flowers and its own weeds in literature. So, if no German could ever have written Béranger's rollicking "Je suis vilain et très vilain, — Je suis vilain," or Hugo's *Le Cimetière d'Eylau*, or De Vigny's *Le Cor*, or De Musset's *Le Poète*, or Coppée's *Intimités*, or *Les Épreuves* of

Sully Prudhomme, it is equally certain that no Frenchman could have written Freiligrath's "O lieb', so lang du lieben kannst!" or Hartmann's *Seit Sie Gestorben*, or Grün's *Der Letzte Dichter*, or any poem of Goethe's or Schiller's.

It would be difficult to say just what this essence is which exists in one and not in the other. We vaguely feel the difference, rather than distinctly perceive it. The persistent earnestness of the German poem is one thing. The French lyric may be serious enough, and even sad; but we feel it to be a passing mood, or a mood that surely *will* pass, in time. The German poem appears to go down, for foundation, to a sense of the permanent and essential seriousness of all human existence. It is written against a background that reflects a "sober coloring" upon all its feeling. The French lyric may be "a thing woven as out of rainbows," but not on this "ground of eternal black."

The contrast in the two views of nature is very marked. The French poet sees a thousand delicate shades that the German misses. Is there a German equivalent for the *nuance* of the French perception and feeling? But the everyday, obvious scenes of nature, its massive aspects and forces, the things that every man encounters, — these the German poet renders again with a full heart.

Perhaps the best topics on which to feel the difference are those two immortal inspirers of song, war and love. When the German poet sings of war, it is with the solemnity of Körner's *Gebet Während der Schlacht*. When the French poet sings of it, it is with the "Gai! Gai!" of Béranger. In the one, you hear the heavy tread of men, a dull, regular beat, which, after all, is not very distinguishable to the ear, as to whether it be an advancing column or a funeral march. In the other, you hear only the bugles ringing, and shouts of enthusiasm and excitement.

In their treatment of love there is even sharper contrast. The German word *liebe* has quite a different atmosphere of suggestion from the French *amour*. The German poet sings of love and home; you feel that there is at least a possibility that the passion of to-day will outlast the year, or the years. Constancy is one of its very elements. When the French poet sings of love, it is very delicate, rosy, beautiful, but we do not hear of home. When his mistress is past her youth, we ask ourselves, will she be thus loved and sung?

There is another side, certainly. It is only the German side that I am just now undertaking to defend, and it is easy to fall into the advocate's fault of ignoring the opposite point of view. The truth is, it is a good thing that we have both these literatures. Both strains of music are a delight: the deep, steady, human tones of the German 'cello, and the brilliant, vibrant, penetrating notes of the French violin.

The German poetry has certainly less variety than the French; but it speaks of life, and is not life, in its depth and essence, something of a monotone? Seek variety as we may, there is but one winter, one summer, in the year. There is but one sort of friendship, one species of abiding love, one ultimate close to all our comedies or tragedies.

Let me not be understood to imply that the French poet is never in earnest, never elemental and hearty in his feeling. It is too easy to make these partial statements sound universal, and therefore manifestly unjust. Skillful as so many of the French are in writing what merely makes the hour pass delightfully, there are some who know how to enrich it as well. There is no national literature that furnishes too many of those magicians who not only fillip the hour-glass, but make it run pure gold.

A source of frequent injustice to the German lyric poets is the abominable English translation that is usually fur-

nished with German songs. If they contain sonorous syllables, fairly suited to the voice, it is all that seems to be required by the publishers of music; any beauty or sense is permitted to evaporate in passing from one language to the other. I was struck by a new instance of this, only yesterday, in the Polish songs of Chopin. One of them was rendered so badly that I thought I might venture to give here another version, imperfect as it is, and not yet tried with the notes:—

MIR AUS DEN AUGEN.

"Away! Let not mine eyes, my heart, behold you!"

It was your right to choose; I heard you say,

"Forget! We must forget!" Love might have told you

'T was vain. You could not, more than I, obey.

As the dim shadows down the pastures lengthen,

The further sinks the day-star's fading fire,

So in your breast will tender memories strengthen,

Deeper and darker as my steps retire.

At every hour, in every place of meeting,

Where we together shared delight and pain,

Yes, everywhere will dear thoughts keep repeating,

"Here, too, his voice, his look, his touch, remain!"

And since I have given a German lyric, it might not be amiss to close with a French one, of which I have tried to give some hint, at least, in English,—a sonnet from the new volume of Sully Prudhomme:—

L'AMOUR ASSASSINÉ.

Poor wretch! that smites, in his despair insane,

The tender mouth for which he has no bread,

And in some lonely spot, ere it be dead,

Covers the little corse, yet warm, ill-slain:

So I struck down dear Love for being born!

I smoothed the limbs, and closed the eyes, and lone

The darling form was left, 'neath ponderous stone;

Then, at my deed dismayed, I fled forlorn.

I deemed my love was dead indeed, in vain!
 Ere he speaks, close by the open tomb,
 Mid April lilacs even there in bloom,

With immortelles his pale brow glorified:
 "Thou didst but wound; I live to seek her
 side;
 Not by thy hand, not thine, can I be slain!"

The Two
 Dromios in
 Every Man's
 Comedy of
 Errors.

— If every man's life is a Comedy of Errors, it is because there are two Dromios wrapped up together in his parcel. We are all like the little boy who said, when asked why his clothes were just like his brother's, "'Cause I'se twins!" The one of us makes for the other to mar. The one of us arranges our life with careful reasonableness, as if it were some stately feast; invites the guests, prepares the viands and the decorous music; then steps out a moment, and on returning finds everything in hurly-burly, with the other of us grimacing and anticking in the midst. "O villain!" cries the tane of us to the tither, "thou hast stolen both mine office and my name!"

Dromio of Ephesus does all the mischief, and Dromio of Syracuse gets all the beating. The exasperated world, naturally, can see but one man in the two, and when it sees a head, hits it. Then protests the good Dromio, —

"But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?"

And the world (in the mask of Antipholus) exclaims, half puzzled, —

"Dost thou not know?"

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten. . . . Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Dromio of Syracuse, for example, is a scrupulous and conscientious literary man. He dots all his *i*'s, and crosses his *t*'s, and puts beautiful carets under all omitted words, and verifies all his quotations before the manuscript leaves his hand. Then cometh Dromio of Ephesus, and inserts frightful blunders in his finished work. The Syracusan

knows his Latin grammar to a dot, *ad unguem*. But the Ephesian writes in a second-declension accusative for us on a third-declension adjective, and when we read it we sit down and rend our garments.

The good Dromio in us never thinks of sending a copy of verses to the magazine until they have been hammered while still at fiery heat, and filed when cold, and beaten back into plasticity again, —

"And heated hot with burning fears,
 And dipt in *bah*'s, and kisses, and tears,
 And battered with the 'why 'd you do 'em'
 To shape and use."

But the bad Dromio in us will still be jigging off some flippant rhyme, and posting it away so hot and unformed that it fairly sizzles the postage-stamp on the envelope.

Only the other day I was shown some verses in print that my friends insist are mine, and indeed there is my name to them in repulsive distinctness; but I never wrote them. They are a wretched forgery by the other Dromio.

"O Dromio, Dromio, wherefore art thou t'other Dromio?"

Why, even at the risk of being made singular, could I not have been made single? Was there not "red clay" enough to body forth with a separate integument this shiftless, whimsical, miscalculating, blundering dunce of a t'other we? Then might *his* cheek alone have blushed all night at the flat speech (*verbum flat sapientibus*) made the evening before at somebody's fireside. Then might *he* have had the responsibility of that perfectly idiotic letter that now is signed with my name, sealed, and slid into the avuncular slit, and irretrievably shuffled up with wiser screeds.

And if there be any reader who has never, in his own case, discovered the fraud, let him straightway put himself in ambush for the detection. You can never be sure when the impostor will

not play you some scurvy trick. He will tie you to the wrong friends. He will untie you from the right ones ; or make foes of them by some little three words that he makes you fail to say. He will take you (if still a youth) to the wrong college. He will woo the wrong maid. He will say the wrong word to the wrong person. He will tickle your wise brain with the desires of a lunatic.

A Comedy of Errors, quotha? It will be a Tragedy of Errors, rather.

Suppress him, if possible, early in the play. Tie him up with the clothes-line of control, and gag him with the mittens of silence, and pin him down with the tongs of security. Or, if worst come to worst, at least "let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in 's own house."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Travel. A Study of Mexico, by David A. Wells. (Appleton.) Mr. Wells is an economist, a statistician, and a student in sociology. His visit to Mexico naturally led him to pursue inquiries in the field where he was most at home, and the results which he reaches are those of a trained mind. But it must not be overlooked that one who saw everything with an economic eye, and especially one who was committed by long advocacy to certain theories of economic law, might miss some very simple and interesting developments of the national life, as the author's frank foot-note in his preface intimates. Mr. Wells takes a somewhat discouraging view of the future of Mexico and of the trade connections with the United States, but what he says is well worth heeding. — Our Arctic Province, Alaska and the Seal Islands, by Henry W. Elliott. (Scribners.) If we understand Mr. Elliott's preface, this book is the product of personal travel and an extensive survey of the literature of Alaskan travel. It is marked by great fullness, especially in the departments of anthropology and natural history. The style is somewhat heavy, but the author is evidently interested in his work, and the reader who is after information rather than amusement will get it, well arranged and digested. The illustrations are frequent and intelligible, but not beautiful. — Mexico of To-Day, by Solomon Bulkley Griffin. (Harpers.) Mr. Griffin is a journalist of quick eye and ready judgment. The training which he had upon the Springfield Republican was an excellent one to qualify him for his mission, and he writes not only with confidence, but with a reserve which leads one to trust him. He probably would agree on many points with Mr. Wells. — Cannibals and Convicts, notes of personal experiences in the Western Pacific, by Julian Thomas. (Cassell.) The writer is an Aus-
tralian

journalist, who for several years has been traveling to and fro in the Pacific, and this volume is a summary of his adventures. A very lively book it is, and Mr. Thomas, who is frank and vigilant, has produced one of the brightest volumes of travel we have seen for many a day. One must take with the brightness a good deal of free and easy English, but it is impossible not to like the rollicking, swaggering traveler. — Brazil, its Conditions and Prospect, by C. C. Andrews. (Appleton.) Mr. Andrews as formerly consul-general to Brazil was placed in a position where he could acquire a good deal of information. His personal observations were mainly in Rio Janeiro, but he has availed himself of statistical and other reports, and has made a plain, unadorned account of the country, chiefly in its business aspects. — Cathedral Days in Southern England, by Anna Bowman Dodd (Roberts Brothers), is an unusually fresh and sparkling record of a tour through certain of the old cathedral towns. The reader who has visited Salisbury, Wells, Exeter, and Glastonbury will be charmed to see them again through such appreciative eyes as the writer's ; and the reader who is unfamiliar with the out-of-the-way places described cannot do better than read this volume. — From the Forecastle to the Cabin, by Captain S. Samuels. (Harpers.) Captain Samuels begins his book with a serious frown for such boys as leave their homes for the sea, and then proceeds with a tale of adventure drawn from his own experience which is enough to make sailors by the shipful out of his boy readers. His narrative is very vivid, has touches of dry humor, and altogether is as entertaining a sailor's yarn as we have seen for many a day. — Haifa, or Life in Modern Palestine, by Laurence Oliphant. (Harpers.) Mr. Oliphant's three years' sojourn in Palestine enabled him

to write a series of letters to the New York Sun, in which he noted impressions received on the spot by a man singularly open to new impressions. Mr. Oliphant's interest in familistic schemes found abundant opportunity of reception in Palestine, which has been catching all the queer futurists of Judaism and Christianity, and the book gives one an odd sense of a mixture of Bible and newspaper. — *Roba di Roma*, by William Wetmore Story. (Houghton.) In this new edition of a work which has settled down as a regular part of the Roman tourist's outfit, Mr. Story has taken the occasion to annotate what he said some thirty years ago. Rome has undoubtedly changed greatly within this period, but after all the dust heaps of a great city are the last part of it to undergo radical change, and much of Mr. Story's entertaining work is the product of a chiffonier's industry. These notes of life in Rome have just enough system to make the book good continuous reading, while the great variety of subjects renders it a delightful book to dip into.

Fiction. *Agatha and the Shadow* (Roberts) is a second in the Old Colony Series of novels. We wish all possible success to the anonymous author of these books, and we are ready to acknowledge his thoughtfulness and occasional poetic insight; he has also industry, and some of his descriptive scenes are well done, but he has not yet succeeded in marrying history and romance. The heroine is the daughter of Elder Brewster. — *The Buchholz Family*, *Sketches of Berlin Life*, by Julius Stinde, translated by L. Dora Schmitz. (Scribners.) The great vogue which this book has had in Germany is due apparently to its interminable chatter and to the frankness with which the author lifts the lid from the social pot. Outside barbarians will enjoy rather the occasional humor, though all is not fun that smiles, and the succession of foreign photographs. — *Borderland*, by Jessie Fothergill. (Holt.) A volume of the Leisure Hour Series. — *Sons and Daughters*, by the author of *The Story of Margaret Kent*. (Ticknor.) A bright, entertaining, illogical, idle story. — *The Master of the Ceremonies*, by George Manville Fenn. (Appleton.) A novel which is apparently written for the manly reader, with ever so much plot and very little character. — *A Zealot in Tulle*, by Mrs. Wildrick. (Appleton.) A somewhat enigmatical story of a treasure hid in an exploded Spanish fort in Jackson's day, and brought to light seventy years after, chiefly as affording the means for telling a complicated love story. — *Taken by Siege* (Lippincott) tells the story of a country boy who goes to New York to try his fortune as a journalist, finds work on the *He— no*,

Dawn, newspaper, falls in love with a prima donna, finally becomes managing editor of the *Her— no*, *Dawn*, and marries the prima donna. There is an air of ingenuousness about the book which half redeems it, but it is an innocent story enough. — *The Matrimonial Agent of Potsdam*, a humoro-social romance, from the German of A. Von Winterfeld. (T. R. Knox, New York.) The humor is of the native German order, that does not stand transplanting; it looks very wilted in an American pot. — *In One Town*, by Edmund Downey. (Appleton.) — *Happy Dodd*, or "She hath done what she could," by Rose Terry Cooke. (Ticknor.) A religious story with Mrs. Cooke's warm sympathy in it, but without so much of her shrewd wit and happy characterization as we have been used to seeing. — *Miss Churchill*, a Study by Christian Reid. (Appleton.) The formality of the conversation gives the book the air of being a serious attempt on the part of the author to get out of a wonted style into another, and to make much of character and relations in place of incident and plot. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are *Gladys Fane*, by T. Wemyss Reid, and *The Fawcetts and Garods*, by Säimath. — *The Egoist*, a Comedy in Narrative, completes Roberts Brothers' edition of George Meredith's remarkable novels. In spite of his prolixity George Meredith is a great story-writer. — *Some Chinese Ghosts*, by Lafcadio Hearn (Roberts Brothers), contains six Chinese legends, so fantastic and delightful in themselves and told with so much skill as to make us wish to have from Mr. Hearn's hand a large collection of this flowery folk-lore. Each of these little tales is a poem full of color and quaint felicity. — *The Jesuit's Ring*, a Romance of Mount Desert, by A. A. Hayes. (Scribners.) Mr. Hayes has a clever fancy of connecting by means of a ring a modern romance of society with the seventeenth-century history of Mount Desert. There is a superficial naturalness about his fiction which robs it of any glamour, and yet does not give it the attractiveness of a carefully studied piece of realism. — *Roger Camerden* (George J. Coombes, New York) is called on the title-page *A Strange Story*, but we think most readers could lay it down at any point. It is based upon a bit of physiological psychology, which seems to be supplying the motif of fiction at present. It looks as if novelists would have first to take a course at the medical schools, and indeed we think such a course would be of service to a good many writers who use sickness and mental disorder in a somewhat reckless fashion in their books. — *Victims*, by Theo Gift, is a new volume of the Leisure Hour Series (Holt), in which the reader

is kept on an emotional rack by the complications of love, religion, and race. — The same author produces also Lil Lorimer (Appleton), the story of English girls at a consulate in a South American city. There is a good deal of local color and of petty detail in order to bring out a story of flirtation, repentance, sorrow, and reconciliation. — A Question of Identity is a recent number of the No Name Series. (Roberts.) It really is of no consequence who wrote it. With so violent an assumption as the existence of twin sisters absolutely undistinguishable, a writer of moderate ingenuity ought to be able to tell a complicated story; but this writer's ingenuity is very moderate, and an air of unreality hangs over the book from the start. It is something, however, that the author should rely on action to express the individuality of the several characters — The Hornet's Nest, by Edward P. Roe. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A short historical romance, the scene laid in the mountains of North Carolina, near the close of the war for independence. The book is better than a dime novel.

Philosophy and Theology. — Philosophical Realism, by W. I. Gill. (W. H. Bradley, Boston.) Mr. Gill, if we understand him, sets out to demonstrate the spirituality of the universe, and thereby the exaltation of humanity, since man contains within himself the forces of the universe. It is derivative from him, not he from it. The metaphysics of this book, if, at first sight, opposed to prevalent phases of thought, has at least an appearance of consistency, and Mr. Gill writes like one who has worked out his philosophy. — Some Problems of Philosophy, by Archibald Alexander. (Scribners.) In this little volume the author has taken up eighteen subjects, generally connected, but not falling into any systematic order, and has touched upon the difficulties which rise before the intelligent reader. He writes simply and freely, and with precision. — The Conception of the Infinite and the Solution of the Mathematical Antinomies, a study in psychological analysis, by George S. Fullerton. (Lippincott.) A clearly written, cogent little book, which ought to do much in making men's vague beliefs agree with logical processes. — Introduction to Psychological Theory, by Borden P. Bowne. (Harpers.) The author defines his work as aiming less at a knowledge of facts than at an understanding of principles. Professor Bowne, in his stout volume, shows himself a sturdy thinker, who is not to be misled by any brilliant promises of what physiological psychologists will some day do. — The Self-Revelation of God, by Samuel Harris. (Scribners.) The four parts of Dr. Harris's great work give as briefly as can be given the argument: I. God revealed in experience or con-

sciousness as the object of religious faith and service. II. God revealed in the universe as the absolute being. III. God revealed in the universe as personal spirit through the constitution and course of nature and the constitution and history of man. IV. God revealed in Christ as the redeemer of man from sin. The work is a true aid to faith. We only wish that Dr. Harris, with his power of compact statement, had limited the treatment of the subject, and not allowed himself so full an explication. — Realistic Philosophy Defended in a Philosophic Series, by James McCosh. (Scribners.) This work, in two volumes, — I. Expository, II. Historical and Critical, — sets out with the rather *ad captandum* promise of establishing an American system of philosophy. Certainly, let us have one, and let it be realistic if you will, but can any one explain wherein Dr. McCosh's results differ from those to be obtained by a Scotchman "anxiously careful and resolute in adhering to observation"? There have been and still are philosophers in America who differ as widely from each other as Hegel and Mill, and their contributions to philosophic inquiry are not less valuable because they own and follow different masters. Dr. McCosh writes with his customary vigor and his somewhat irritating dogmatism, but we think he is talking a little nonsense when he prates of republican philosophy as distinguished from monarchical. He may be representing a Princeton school in his two readable volumes, but we should think his philosophy more justly entitled to the name he demands for it, if it sought for criteria among the laws of society. — History of Modern Philosophy, by Kuno Fischer: Descartes and his School, translated by J. P. Gordy and edited by Noah Porter. (Scribners.) The special subject of this work is preceded by a rapid survey of the history of philosophy up to the time of Descartes, which the author takes as the starting-point of modern philosophy. The work is manifestly for the general reader, and includes much biographical and historical material. The clearness of Dr. Fischer's style and the animation with which he writes enable the reader to get over the ground rapidly and with pleasure.

Education and Text Books. Short Stories from the Dictionary, by Arthur Gilman. (The Interstate Publishing Company, Chicago.) Mr. Gilman has hit upon a very clever expedient for interesting young people and starting their minds on separate hunts. He shows them how by consulting the dictionary they may make a museum of curious words, more interesting by far than a postage-stamp album. By disclosing the history of certain words he suggests a capital exercise for school-rooms and families.

—Through a Microscope, by Samuel Wells, Mary Treat, and F. L. Sargent. (The Interstate Publishing Company, Chicago.) This hand-book, besides recording curious observations indoors and out, gives directions for a home-made microscope. Since the microscope is an instrument for increasing the power of the eye, the real purpose of the book is to teach one how to use the eye when thus artificially intensified, and the writers of this useful little volume are too sensible to mislead children into the notion that the use of the microscope is an end in itself. — Psychology, by John Dewey. (Harpers.) Professor Dewey, who writes this book for use in the class-room, has aimed to solve the problem of making psychology an introduction to philosophical study. But it is a little doubtful if he has solved the equally insistent problem of showing the relation of psychology to physiology. — The Lay of the Last Minstrel, edited with notes by W. J. Rolfe. (Ticknor.) Mr. Rolfe, as in former issues, takes great pains with his text, and we are rather surprised accordingly that he is willing to send the book out without recurring to the first edition. It would not seem to be an impossible thing to accomplish this by correspondence, if he could find no copy in this country. — Lectures in the Training Schools for Kindergartners, by Elizabeth P. Peabody. (Heath.) Miss Peabody's book is a valuable one, because it deals with principles and illustrates them with concrete examples. The difficulty with most Kindergartners appears to be that they set a too high estimate on certain methods in their work, and that they do not recognize the rapidity with which the child's mind may outgrow the material which they are using in their methods. Miss Peabody sees clearly the necessity at every point of connecting the development of a child's mind with the revelation that is always going on of the eternal mind, and her book is of great value for its reiteration of this truth. — Le Romanisme Français, a selection from writers of the French Romantic School, 1824-1848, edited by T. F. Crane. (Putnams.) Mr. Crane has wisely restricted his examples to the works of a few leaders, Hugo, De Musset, and Gautier being most fully represented. He has furnished his book with a useful introduction and suggestions as to books to be read and consulted. — Representative English Prose and Prose Writers, by Theodore W. Hunt. (Armstrong.) Dr. Hunt has produced a careful, studied work, in which he economizes his subject by taking a few great names and giving full analytical account of each. His conclusions are generally sound, though he may be said to lack something on the æsthetic side, the ethical being unduly developed. His own style is not

to be commended. It is heavy, pretentious at times, and at others inelegant, but the book is better for its purpose than most of its class.

Hygiene and Medicine. The Poison Problem, or the cause and cure of intemperance, by Felix L. Oswald. (Appleton.) Dr. Oswald argues stoutly in favor of absolute eradication of the cause of intemperance; that is, he sees the cause in intoxicating drinks, and would by legislation and by subjective remedies utterly exclude alcohol and alcoholic drugs. — If Dr. J. M. Anders is right in the conclusions which he reaches in his House-Plants as Sanitary Agents, or the relation of growing vegetation to health and disease (Lippincott), he has brought welcome news to many households. We have always been told that plants should be carefully removed from chambers, but Dr. Anders treats the whole subject with care and with authority, and rids us of a very troublesome bugbear. His book also comprises a consideration of the subject of practical floriculture, and of the sanitary influences of forests and plantations. — Cocoa and Chocolate, a short history of their production and use, with a full and particular account of their properties, and of the various methods of preparing them for food. (Walter Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.) The well-known firm of manufacturers of various forms of cocoa have given in this little volume a clear and interesting account of cocoa, and have added a number of practical receipts. The book is laudably free from advertisements in the contents, such matter being reserved for the advertising pages.

Political and Social Economy. American Patriotism, an essay by Putnam P. Bishop. (Putnams.) Mr. Bishop writes sensibly and seriously upon the duty of the American citizen. He inquires into the foundation of patriotism and into the possibility of cultivating the temper of love of country, and finds the strongest stimulus in active participation in public affairs. — Applied Christianity, moral aspects of social questions, by Washington Gladden. (Houghton.) Mr. Gladden is well known as an earnest and forcible writer and speaker on current topics relating to the social order. He has in some quarters been a suspect in theology, but no one who reads this book can doubt that his Christianity is an active force in his thought, and not a mere matter of speculation. — The Conflict of East and West in Egypt, by John Eliot Bowen (Putnams), is an expansion of the thesis offered by the author for his doctorate in philosophy. Mr. Bowen includes in his study a consideration of the recent troubles in Egypt, and reaches the conclusion that a complete English protectorate is essential to the welfare of both countries. — Sociology, by John Bascom.

(Putnams.) Mr. Bascom, who is one of our most virile thinkers, and who is valuable more for the profound suggestions which he makes than for his systematic philosophy, has in this volume taken up a number of related subjects, and treated them in the light of the philosophy which he has worked out and has more than once outlined. His book is stimulating to the thinker, because it will very often excite opposition. With the best of Mr. Bascom's work there seems to be mingled something whimsical, capricious, as if he had hobbies as a philosopher. — *Railway Practice, its Principles and Suggested Reforms Reviewed*, by E. Porter Alexander. (Putnams.) This little book is chiefly a criticism of Mr. Hudson and Professor Ely. — Mr. John Jay, late minister to Vienna, has printed a letter to Mr. Evarts on *The Fisheries Dispute*, in which he suggests its adjustment by abrogating the convention of 1818, and resting on the rights and liberties defined in the treaty of 1783. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) — *Secret Sessions of the Senate*, their origin, their motive, their object, their effect, by Dorman B. Eaton. (Henry Bessey, New York.) A vigorous pamphlet, in which Mr. Eaton lends his efficient aid in knocking down the very thin wall which now shields the Senate. — *Social Studies*, by R. Heber Newton. (Putnams.) Mr. Newton tackles a number of the questions of the day, always with strong sympathy with the poor and needy, with little regard for the merely conventional reverences, and with refreshing faith in the kingdom of God. If he sometimes strikes wildly, his earnestness compels forgiveness from the man or system wrongly hit. — *Talks about Law*, a popular statement of what our law is and how it is administered, by Edmund P. Dole. (Houghton.) This is an attempt on the part of a practicing lawyer to give an intelligible account of what to most people is wrapped in mystery. The Latin of a physician's prescription is not more obscuring to many than the ordinary terms of the law, and Mr. Dole has treated his profession somewhat as a doctor might translate into familiar terms the hieroglyphics of his recipes. He treats of courts, lawyers, the conduct of a lawsuit, the development of law, and then of those relations in society which frequently involve recourse to law, as partnerships, marriage, guardianship, corporations, and the like. He writes clearly, if sometimes with a little unnecessary diffuseness, and the book becomes, not Every man his own lawyer, but Every man a more intelligent man. It is a pity that Mr. Dole had not treated his subject with some regard to historical development.

Science. The fifty-seventh volume of the *International Scientific Series* (Appleton) is

The Geographical and Geological Distribution of Animals, by Angelo Heilprin. In the preparation of this book the author had two objects in view: "that of presenting to his readers such of the more significant facts connected with the past and present distribution of animal life as might lead to a proper conception of the relations of existing faunas; and secondly, that of furnishing to the student a work of general reference, wherein the more salient features of the geography and geology of animal forms could be sought after and readily found." — *A Century of Electricity*, by T. C. Mendenhall (Houghton), is a rapid, lucid survey of the progress made in electrical science since Galvani began his experiments. The limits which the author set himself seem to have kept him very close to the main line of his subject, and he writes with a brevity which proceeds from a clear perception of what most needs to be told. There is an occasional bit of humor in the book which helps to put the reader on friendly terms with the writer. — *Microscopy for Beginners, or Common Objects from the Ponds and Ditches*, by Alfred C. Stokes. (Harpers.) The writer has confined himself to aquatic objects, and writes with enthusiasm and an eagerness which are quite catching. He avoids technicalities as far as possible, and is not burdened by too much desire to classify and be systematic. — The fourth report of the *United States Entomological Commission* (Government Printing Office, Washington) deals with the Cotton Worm and the Boll Worm. The author is the chief of the Commission, Charles V. Riley.

Ethics and Manners. *About Money and Other Things* is the title of a miscellany of short papers, sketches and bits of travel, by the Author of *John Halifax, Gentleman* (Harpers), in which that cheery, sensible, and sentimental gentlewoman chats with girls about the use of money, describes some personal adventures, tells one or two simple stories, and in the main treats her audience as old friends rather than unknown readers. — *Essays*, by James Vila Blake. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) Mr. Blake's essays disclose a more vigorous and better trained mind than his poems. There is a mannerism about them, which seems to have come from much reading of two or three great essayists, and there is a good deal of derived wisdom, but on the whole Mr. Blake blazes away pretty steadily at his targets, and never knows when he makes a poor shot. — *Quiet Observations on the Ways of the World*, by Erasmus Wilson. (Cassell.) A collection of newspaper articles, none of them especially noteworthy, and the work apparently of a man who sees a good many things on the outside and walks round his subjects.

But walking round does not always bring one to the inside.

Art and Illustrated Books. Mural Painting, by Frederic Crowninshield. (Ticknor.) Mr. Crowninshield apologizes for the limitations of his book, but one would rather thank him for doing such excellent service. He has written for students, and he has made his work the outcome of his own experience and training. It is greatly to be hoped that the book will stimulate careful study of the interesting problems connected with mural painting. — *History of Mediæval Art*, by Dr. Franz von Reber, translated by Joseph Thacher Clarke. (Harpers.) The scope of this book includes Asiatic art as well, and all the forms of graphic, fictile, and vitreous art. The illustrations are abundant, and exceedingly helpful. By means of its full indexes, the book, while arranged in chronological order, becomes valuable also as a cyclopædia. The style is somewhat dry, but one is secured thereby from the obtrusion of philosophy and sentiment. — *The Making of Pictures*, by Sarah W. Whitman. (The Interstate Publishing Company, Chicago.) Mrs. Whitman in this little book talks simply and clearly to young people regarding the elementary principles of art as exhibited in paintings, drawings, engravings, and the like. The freedom from attempting anything beyond a pleasant talk makes the book more agreeable than such books are apt to be, but let not the easy-going young reader fancy that art is a pastime! — *The History of Music*, by Emil Naumann, translated by F. Praeger, edited by the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley. (Cassell.) Two large octavo volumes, liberally illustrated, take up the history of music from the earliest times, and deal not only with Western but also with Eastern forms. When the subject gets into contemporaneous condition, the author and editor deal with individuals very fully, so that one has pretty full reference to living composers, and even some executants. The editor adds, in their proper place, some chapters on English music, and in so doing uses a simple, straightforward style which is refreshing after the windy, diffuse manner of much of the original. The book bears a good many marks of the publisher about it, especially in the array of pictures, which do not always hold exact relation to the text. — *Principles of Art*, by John C. Van Dyke. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Mr. Van Dyke has attempted to disclose these principles both by a study of the historical development of the civilized being from the savage, and by a study of the

ideas, sentiments, and subjects of contemporaneous art. There is a good deal of sharp criticism and some dogmatic utterances, but the author writes like a person who has arranged his ideas. — *Studies in Musical History*, by Louis S. Davis. (Putnam's.) Mr. Davis correctly says that there is no organization in the country so fundamental in its influence on music and so powerful in its opportunities as the Christian Church, and he adds the vigorous statement: "The Protestant church in this country is degrading rather than elevating the standard of music: first, through the musical ignorance of her ministers; and second, the trifling inducement which it offers for good music." Most of his essays come back sooner or later to this theme, and he writes with a picturesque candor which makes his book entertaining even if rather headlong at times.

Sports and Games. Whist Scores and Card-Table Talk, with a bibliography of whist, by Rudolf H. Reinhardt. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.) This pretty little volume is a very ingenious hand-book for lovers of whist, since, while every other page has a blank score for convenience, the rest of the book is taken up with the literature of whist, preceded by a careful bibliography. The book thus becomes a record of games, and when one is waiting for the table to be full he can entertain the prompt hands by reading aloud the anecdotes, and so whet the appetite for the game.

Books for Young People. Parlor Varieties, Part Three, Plays, Pantomimes, and Charades, by Olivia Lovell Wilson. (Lee & Shepard.) A lively little introduction explains how a couple of children amused themselves with private theatricals. Then follow a number of plays, some of which are bright and amusing, but we think the author might have made her plays just as effective without introducing so much kissing and fooling. — *Professor Johnny*, by Jāk. (Crowell.) We think this writer is too sensible, and has struck on too good a line of work, to continue so enigmatical and senseless a pseudonym. This little book has to do with experiments in physics, and employs the usual apparatus of boys and girls and their elders. There is a quietness and general moderation about it which commend it, and there is not much resort to artificial stimulant. — *The Story of Persia*, by S. G. W. Benjamin (Putnam's), is a plain, straightforward narrative, in which the author seems desirous only of telling his story in an orderly fashion. Not much enthusiasm has gone into the work, and not much will come out of it.